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HEYWOOD'S DRAMATIC WORKS

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HE DRAMATIC WORKS OF THOMAS HEYWOOD NOW FIRST COLLECTED WITH

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR
IN SIX VOLUMES

Aut prodesse folent, aut Delectare-

VOLUME THE FOURTH



LONDON

JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1874

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THE

ENGLISH

TRAVELLER.

AS IT HATH BEENE

Publikely acted at the Cock-Pit in Drury-lane:

By Her Maiesties seruants.

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare-



LONDON,

Printed by Robert Raworth: dwelling in Old Fish-street, neere Saint Mary Maudlins Church. 1633.



Dramatis Personæ.

Geraldine. \
Dalauill. \
Olde Wincott
His Wife
Prudentilla
Reignald
Robin
Lionell
Blanda
Scapha
Rioter
Two Gallants
Roger the Clowne
Two profititutes
Olde Lionell

A Sernant
Olde Mr. Geraldine
An VJurer
and his man.
A Gentleman
Beffe

Two yong Gentlemen.

The husband.
A yong Gentlewoman.
Sifter to the wife.
A parafiticall feruing-man.
A countrey feruing-man.
A riotous Citizen.
A Whore.
A Bawde.
A Spend-thrift.
His Companions.
Seruant to Olde Wincott.
Companions with Blanda.
A Merchant father to yong Lionell.
To Olde Lionell.

Companion with Dalauill. Chambermaid to Mistris Wincott.

Father to yong Geraldine.

A Tauerne Drawer

Mafter Ricott

A Merchant.

The Owner of the house, supposed to be possess.



To the Right WORSHIPFVLL

Sir HENRY APPLETON,
Knight Barronet, &c.

NOBLE SIR,



Or many reasons I am induced, to present this Poem, to your fauourable acceptance; and not the least of them that alternate Loue, and those frequent curtesses which

interchangably past, betwixt your selfe and that good old Gentleman, mine vnkle (Master Edmund Heywood) whom you pleased to grace by the Title of Father: I must confesse, I had altogether slept (my weaklines and bashfullnesse discouraging mee) had they not bin waken'd and animated, by that worthy Gentleman your friend, and my countreyman, Sir William Eluish, whom (who for his vnmerited loue many wayes extended towards me,) I much honour; Neither Sir, neede you to thinke it any vnderualuing of your worth, to vndertake the patronage of a Poem in this nature, since the like hath beene done by Roman Leelius, Scipio, Mecænas, and many other mighty Princes and Captaines, Nay, euen by Angustus Cæstar himselfe, concerning whom Ouid is thus read, De tristi: lib. 2.

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Inspice ludorum sumptus Auguste tuorum Empta tibi magno, talia multa leges Hæc tu spectasti, spectandaque sæpe de desti Maiestas adeo comis vbique tua est.

So highly were they respected in the most flourishing estate of the Roman Empire; and if they have beene vilesied of late by any Separisticall humorist, (as in the now questioned Histrio-massix) I hope by the next Terme, (Minerua assistente) to give such satisfaction to the world, by vindicating many particulars in that worke maliciously exploded and condemned, as that no Gentleman of qualitie and iudgement, but shall therein receive a reasonable satisfaction; I am loth by tediousnesse to grow troublesome, therefore conclude with a gratefull remembrance of my service intermixt with Miriads of zealous wishes for your health of body, and peace of minde, with superabundance of Earths blessings, and Heauens graces, ever remaining;

Yours most observant,

Thomas Heywood.



To the Reader.



F Reader thou hast of this Play beene an auditour? there is leffe apology to be vsed by intreating thy patience. This Tragi-Comedy (being one referued amongst two hundred and

twenty, in which I have had either an entire hand, or at the least a maine finger, comming accidentally to the Presse, and I having Intelligence thereof, thought it not fit that it should passe as filius populi, a Bastard without a Father to acknowledge it: True it is, that my Playes are not exposed unto the world in Volumes, to beare the title of Workes, (as others) one reason is, That many of them by shifting and change of Companies, have beene negligently lost, Others of them are still retained in the hands of fome Actors, who thinke it against their peculiar profit to have them come in Print, and a third, That it never was any great ambition in me, to bee in this kind Volumniously read. All that I have further to fay at this time is onely this: Cenfure I intreat as fauourably, as it is exposed to thy view freely, euer

Studious of thy Pleafure and Profit,

Thomas Heywood.



The Prologue.



Strange Play you are like to have, for know, We ife no Drum, nor Trumpet, nor Dumbe show;

No Combate, Marriage, not fo much to day, As Song, Dance, Mafque, to bumbaste out a

Play;
Yet thefe all good, and still in frequent vse
With our best Poets; nor is this excuse
Made by our Author, as if want of skill
Caus'd this defect; it's rather his felse will:
Will you the reason know? There have so many
Beene in that kind, that Hee desires not any
At this time in His Sceane, no helpe, no straine,
Or stash that's borrowed from an others braine;
Nor speakes Hee this that Hee would have you feare it,
He onely tries if once bare Lines will beare it;
Yet may't afford, so please you silent sit,
Some Mirth, some Matter, and perhaps some Wit.



THE

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

Actus primus. Scena prima,

Enter young Geraldine and master Dalauill.

Dal.



H friend, that I to mine owne Notion
Had ioyned but your experience; I
haue the Theoricke, But you the
Practicke.

Y. Ger. I perhaps, haue seene what you haue

onely read of.

Dal. There's your happinesse.

A Scholler in his study knowes the starres,
Their motion and their influence, which are fixt,
And which are wandering, can decipher Seas,
And giue each seuerall Land his proper bounds;
But set him to the Compasse, hee's to seeke,
When a plaine Pilot can, direct his course
From hence vnto both th' Indies; can bring backe
His ship and charge, with profits quintuple.

B 2

I haue read Ierusalem, and studied Rome, Can tell in what degree each City stands, Describe the distance of this place from that, All this the Scale in euery Map can teach, Nay, for a neede could punctually recite The Monuments in either; but what I Haue by relation only, knowledge by trauell Which still makes vp a compleat Gentleman, Prooues eminent in you.

Y. Ger. I must confesse,

I haue feene Ierufalem and Rome, haue brought
Marke from th' one, from th' other Testimony,
Know Spaine, and France, and from their ayres haue
fuckt

A breath of euery language: but no more Of this difcourfe fince wee draw neere the place Of them we goe to vifit.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Noble master Geraldine, worshipfull master Dalauill.

Dal. I fee thou still remember'st vs.

Clo. Remember you, I have had fo many memorandomes from the multiplicities of your bounties, that not to remember you were to forget my felfe, you are both most ingeniously and nobly welcome.

Y. Ger. And why ingeniously and nobly?

Clo. Because had I given your welcomes other attributes then I have done, the one being a Souldier, and the other seeming a Scholler, I should have ked in the first, and shewed my selfe a kind of blockhead in the last.

Y. Ger. I fee your wit is nimble as your tongue,

But how doth all at home?

Clo. Small doings at home fir, in regard that the age of my Master corresponds not with the youth of my Mistris, and you know cold Ianuary and lusty May seldome meet in coniunction.

Dal. I doe not thinke but this fellow in time may for his wit and vnderstanding make Almanackes?

Clo. Not fo fir, you being more iudicious then I, ile giue you the preeminence in that, because I see by proofe you haue such iudgement in times and seasons.

Dal. And why in times and feafons?

Clo. Because you have so feasonably made choise, to come so instant dinner time; you are welcome Gentlemen, ile goe tell my Master of your comming.

Exit Clowne.

Dal. A pleafant knaue.
Y. Ger. This fellow I perceiue
Is well acquainted with his Mafters mind,

Oh tis a good old man.

Dal. And flee a Lady
For Beauty and for Vertue vnparraleld,
Nor can you name that thing to grace a woman
Shee has not in a full perfection,
Though in their yeeres might feeme disparity
And therefore at the first, a match vnfit;
Imagine but his age and gouernement,
Withall, her modesty, and chaste respect;
Betwixt them, there's fo sweet a simpathie,
As crownes a noble marriage.

Y. Ger. 'Tis acknowledged, But to the worthy gentleman himfelfe, I am fo bound in many courtefies, That not the leaft, by all th' expression My Labour, or my Industry can shew, I will know how to cancell.

Dal. Oh you are modest.

Y. Ger. Hee studies to engrosse mee to himselfe, And is so wedded to my company, Hee makes mee stranger to my Fathers house, Although so neere a neighbour.

Dal. This approues you, To be most nobly propertied, that from one So exquisite in Iudgement, can Attract So affectionate an eye.

Y. Ger. Your Carracter, I must bestow on his vnmerrited loue, As one that know I have it, and yet ignorant Which way I should deserve it: Heere both come.

Enter old Mr. Wincott, Wife, Prudentilla the fifter, and the Clowne.

Winc. Gentlemen, welcome, but what neede I vse A word fo common, vnto fuch to whom My house was neuer private; I expect You should not looke for such a needles phrase, Especially you Master Geraldine, Your Father is my neighbour, and I know you, Euen from the Cradle, then I loued your Infancy, And fince your riper growth better'd by trauell; My wife and you, in youth were play-fellowes, And nor now be strangers; as I take it, Not aboue two yeeres different in your Age.

Wife. So much hee hath out stript mee.

Winc. I would have you

Thinke this your home, free as your Fathers house, And to command it, as the Master on't; Call bouldly heere, and entertaine your friends, As in your owne poffessions, when I fee't, Ile fay you loue me truely, not till then; Oh what a happinesse your Father liath, Farre aboue mee, one to inherit after him, Where I (Heauen knowes) am childleffe.

Y. Ger. That defect

Heauen hath supplied in this your vertuous Wife, Both faire, and full of all accomplishments, My Father is a Widower, and heerein Your happinesse transcends him.

Wife. Oh Master Geraldine, Flattery in Men's an adjunct of their fex, This Countrie breeds it, and for that, fo farre You needed not to have trauell'd.

Y. Ger. Trueth's a word,

That should in euery language relish well,

Nor haue I that exceeded.

Wife. Sir, my Husband

Hath tooke much pleasure in your strange discourse

About Ierusalem and the Holy Land;

How the new Citie differs from the old,

What ruines of the Temple yet remayne,

And whether Sion, and those hills about,

With these Adiacent Townes and Villages,

Keepe that proportioned distance as wee read:

And then in Rome, of that great Piramis

Reared in the Front, on foure Lyons Mounted,

How many of those Idoll Temples stand,

First dedicated to their Heathen gods,

Which ruined, which to better vse repayred,

Of their Panthæon, and their Capitoll,

What Structures are demolish't, what remaine.

Winc. And what more pleasure to an old mans eare.

That neuer drew, faue his owne Countries aire, Then heare fuch things related. I doe exceed him

In yeeres, I must confesse, Yet he much older

Then I in his experience.

Prud. Master Geraldine,

May I bee bould to aske you but one question,

The which I'de be resolued in.

Y. Ger. Any thing, that lies within my knowledge.

Winc. Put him too't,

Doe Sifter, you shall finde him (make no doubt)

Most pregnant in his answere.

Prud. In your trauells

Through France, through Sauoye, and through Italy, Spaine, and the Empire, Greece and Paleftine,

Which breedes the choycest beauties.

Y. Ger. Introath Lady,

I neuer cast on any in those parts

A curious eye of censure, since my Trauell

Was onely aymed at Language, and to know;

These past me but as common objects did. Seene, but not much regarded.

Prud. Oh you striue

To expresse a most vnheard of modestie, And feldome found in any Traueller, Especially of our Countrey, thereby seeking To make your felfe peculiar.

Y. Ger. I should be loath Professe in outward shew to be one Man.

And prooue my felfe another. Prud. One thing more,

Were you to marry, You that know these clymes, Their states and their conditions, out of which Of all these countries would you chuse your wife.

Y. Ger. Ile answere you in briefe, (as I obserue) Each feuerall clime for object, fare, or vfe, Affords within it felfe, for all of thefe What is most pleasing to the man there borne; Spaine, that yeelds fcant of food, affords the Nation A parfimonious flomach, where our appetites Are not content but with the large exceffe Of a full table; where the pleasing'st fruits Are found most frequent, there they best content; Where plenty flowes, it askes abundant Feafts; For fo hath prouident Nature dealt with all; So in the choyce of Women, the Greeke wantons

Compel'd beneath the Turkish slauery, Vasfaile themselues to all men, and such best Pleafe the voluptious, that delight in change; The French is of one humor, Spaine another, The hot Italian hee's a straine from both, All pleafed with their owne nations, euen the Moore. Hee thinks the blackest the most beautifull; And Lady, fince you so farre taxe my choyce, Ile thus refolue you; Being an English man, Mong'st all these Nations I have seene or tri'd, To pleafe me best, heere would I chuse my bride.

Pru. And happy were that Lady, in my thoughts, Whom you would deine that grace too.

Wife. How now Sister,

This is a fashion that's but late come vp, For maids to court their husbands.

Winc. I would wife

It were no worfe, vpon condition,

They had my helping hand and purse to boote, With both in ample measure; oh this Gentleman,

I loue, nay almost doate on.

Wife. Ya'ue my leaue, To giue it full expression.

Winc. In these armes then,

Oh had my youth bin bleft with fuch a fonne, To have made my eftate to my name hereditary, I should have gone contented to my grave, As to my bed; to death, as to my sleepe;

But Heauen hath will in all things, once more welcome.

And you fir, for your friends fake. Dal. Would I had in mee,

That which he hath, to have clam'd it for mine owne, How ever, I much thanke you.

Enter Clowne.

Winc. Now fir, the newes with you.

Clo. Dancing newes fir,

For the meat flands piping hot vpon the dreffer, The kitchin's in a heat, and the Cooke hath so bestir'd

himfelfe,

That hee's in a fweat. The Iacke plaies Muficke, and the Spits

Turne round too't.

Winc. This fellowes my best clocke,

Hee still strikes trew to dinner.

Clo. And to supper too sir, I know not how the day goes with you, but my stomacke hath strucke twelve, I can assure you that.

Winc. You take vs vnprouided Gentlemen, Yet fomething you shall finde, and wee would rather Giue you the entertaine of houshold guests, Then complement of strangers, I pray enter.

Exeunt. Manet Clo. od hofpitality, there

Clo. Ile fland too't, that in good hofpitality, there can be nothing found that's ill, he that's a good house-keeper, keepes a good table, a good table, is neuer without good slooles, good slooles, feldome without good guess, good guess, neuer without good cheere, good cheere, cannot bee without good sloomackes, good sloomackes, without good digestion, good digestion, keepes men in good health, and therefore all good people, that beare good minds, as you loue goodnesse, be fure to keepe good meat and drinke in your houses, and so you shall be called good men, and nothing can come on't but good, I warrant you.

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Secundus.

Enter two feruing-men Reignald and Robin.

Reig. Away you Corridon.

Rob. Shall I bee beate out of my Masters house

Reig. Thy Master, wee are Lords amongst our felues,

And heere we Liue and Reigne, Two yeeres already Are past of our great Empire, and wee now

Write, Anno Tertio.

Rob. But the old man liues,
That shortly will depose you.
Reig. Ith' meane time,
I, as the mighty Lord and Seneshcall
Of this great house and castle, banish thee,

The very fmell ath' kitchin, bee it death, To appeare before the dreffer.

Rob. And why fo?

Reig. Because thou stink'st of garlike, is that breath Agreeing with our Pallace, where each Roome, Smells with Muske, Ciuit, and rich Amber-greece, Alloes, Cassia, Aromaticke-gummes, Persumes, and Pouders, one whose very garments Scent of the fowlds and stables, oh sie, sie, What a base nastie rogue tis.

Rob. Yet your fellow.

Reig. Then let vs put a Cart-Horse in rich trappings,

And bring him to the Tilt-yard.

Rob. Prancke it, doe, Waste, Ryot, and Consume, Mispend your Howres In drunken Surfets, lose your dayes in sleepe, And burne the nights in Reuells, Drinke and Drab,

Keepe Christmasse all yeere long, and blot leane

Out of the Calender; all that masse of wealth Got by my Masters sweat and thrifty care, Hauocke in prodigall vses; Make all slie, Powr't downe your oylie throats, or fend it smoaking Out at the tops of chimnies: At his departure, Was it the old mans charge to haue his windowes Glister all night with Starres? his modest House Turn'd to a common Stewes? his Beds to pallats Of Lusts and Prostitutions? his Buttrey hatch Now made more common then a Tauernes barre, His Stooles that welcom'd none but civill guests, Now onely free for Pandars, Whores and Bawdes, Strumpets, and such.

Reig. I fuffer thee too long, What is to me thy countrey; or to thee The pleasure of our Citie? thou hast Cowes, Cattell, and Beeues to feed, Oues and Boues, These that I keepe, and in this pasture graze, Are dainty Damosellaes, bonny Girles;

If thou be'st borne to Hedge, Ditch, Thrash and

Plough

And I to Reuell, Banquet and Carrowfe; Thou Peffant, to the Spade and Pickaxe, I The Battoone and Steeletto, thinke it onely Thy ill, my good, our feuerall lots are caft,

And both must be contented.

Rob. But when both our feruices are questioned.

Reig. Looke thou to one, My answere is prouided.

Enter Y. Lionell.

Rob. Farewell Musk-Cat. Exit.

Reig. Adue good Cheese and Oynons, stuffe thy guts

With Specke and Barley-pudding for difgestion,

Drinke Whig and fowre Milke, whileft I rince my Throat,

With Burdeaux and Canarie.

Y. Lio. What was hee?

Reig. A Spie Sir,

One of their Hindes oth' countrey, that came prying To fee what dainty fare our kitchin yeelds,

What Guests we harbour, and what rule we keepe, And threats to tell the old man when he comes; I thinke I fent him packing.

Y. Lio. It was well done.

Reig. A whorefon-Iack-an-apes, a base Baboone, To infinuate in our secrets.

Y. Lio. Let fuch keepe, the Countrey where their charge is.

Reig. So I said Sir.

Y. Lio. And vifit vs when we command them thence,

Not fearch into our counfels.

Reig. 'Twere not fit.

Y. Zio. Who in my fathers abfence should command,

Saue I his only fonne?

Reig. It is but iustice.

Y. Lio. For am not I now Lord?

Reig. Dominus fac totum. And am not I your Steward?

Y. Lio. Well remembred,

This night I have a purpose to bee Merry,

Iouiall and Frollicke, how doth our cash hold out ?

Reig. The bag's still heavy.

Y. Lio. Then my heart 's still light.

Reig. I can affure you, yet tis pritty deepe,

Tho fcarce a mile to th' bottome.

Y. Lio. Let mee haue

to Supper, Let mee fee, a Ducke-

Reig. Sweet Rogue.

Y. Lio. A Capon— Reig. Geld the Rafcall.

Y. Lio. Then a Turkey ---

Reig. Now spit him for an Infidell. Y. Lio. Greene Plouer, Snite,

Partridge, Larke, Cocke, and Phessant.

Reig. Nere a Widgin?

Y. Lio. Yes, wait thy felfe at Table.

Reig. Where I hope your felfe will not be abfent.

Y. Lio. Nor my friends.

Reig. Weele haue them then in plenty.

Y. Lio. Cauiare, Sturgeon, Anchoues, pickle

Oysters: Yes.

And a Potato Pie; besides all these, What thou think'st rare and costly.

Reig. Sir, I know

What's to be done; the flocke that must be spent,

Is in my hands, and what I have to doe,

I will doe fuddenly.

Y. Lie. No Butchers meat, Of that, beware in any cafe.

Reig. I still remember,

Your father was no Grafier, if he were,

This were a way to eate vp all his Fields,

Hedges and all.

Y. Lio. You will be gone fir.

Reig. Yes, and you are ith way going.

Exit.

Y. Lia. To what may young men best compare themselves?

themfelues? Better to what, then to a house new built? The Fabricke strong, the Chambers well contriu'd, Polisht within, without, well beautifi'd; When all that gaze vpon the Edifice, Doe not alone commend the workemans craft, But either make it their faire president By which to build another, or at least, Wish there to inhabite: Being set to fale, In comes a flothfull Tenant, with a Family As lase and debosht; Rough tempests rife, Vntile the roofe, which by their idlenesse, Left vnrepaired, the stormy showres beat in, Rot the maine Postes and Rafters, spoile the Roomes, Deface the Seelings, and in little space, Bring it to utter Ruine, yet the fault, Not in the Architector that first reared it, But him that should repaire it: So it fares With vs yong men; Wee are those houses made, Our Parents raife these Structures, the foundation Laid in our Infancy; and as wee grow In yeeres, they striue to build vs by degrees, Story on flory higher; vp at height, They cover vs with Councell, to defend vs From stormes without: they polish vs within, With Learnings, Knowledge, Arts and Disciplines; All that is nought and vicious, they sweepe from vs, Like Duft and Cobwebs, and our Roomes concealed, Hang with the costliest hangings; Bout the Walls, Emblems and beautious Symbols pictured round; But when that lasie Tenant, Loue, steps in, And in his Traine, brings Sloth and Negligence, Lust, Disobedience, and profuse Excesse; The Thrift with which our fathers tiled our Roofes, Submits to euery storme and Winters blast.

Enter Blanda a Whore, and Scapha a Bawde.

And yeelding place to euery riotous finne, Giues way without, to ruine what's within: Such is the flate I fland in.

Blan. And how doth this Tire become me? Sca. Rather aske, how your fweet carriage,

And Court behaviour, doth best grace you, for Louers regard,

Not fo much the outward habit, as that which the garment couers.

Y. Lio. Oh heer's that Haile, Shower, Tempest,

Storme, and Gust,

That shatter'd hath this building; Let in Lust, Intemperance, appetite to Vice; withall, Neglect of euery Goodnesse; Thus I fee, How I am fincking in mine owne difeafe, Yet can I not abide it.

Bla. And how this Gowne? I prethee view mee well.

And speake with thy best Judgement.

Sca. What doe you talke of Gownes, and Ornaments;

That have a Beautie, pretious in it felfe,

And becomes any thing.

Y. Lio. Let me not live, but the speaks nought but truth.

And ile for that reward her.

Bla. All's one to mee, become they mee, or not, Or bee I faire, or fowle, in others eyes, So I appeare fo to my Lionell, Hee is the glaffe, in whom I judge my face, By whom in order, I will dreffe these curles,

And place these Iewels, onely to please him, Why do'ft fmile.

Sca. To heere a Woman, that thinks her felfe fo wife, fpeake fo foolishlie, that knowes well, and does ill.

Bla. Teach me wherein I erre.

Sca. Ile tell thee Daughter; In that thou knowest thy felfe to bee beloued of fo many, and fetlest thy affection, only vpon one; Doth the Mill grinde onely, when the Wind fits in one corner? Or Shipps onely Saile, when it's in this, or that quarter? Is hee a cunning Fencer, that lies but at one Guard? Or he a Skilfull Mufician, that plaies but on one String? Is there but one way to the Wood? And but one Bucket that belongs to the Well? To affect one, and defpife all other, becomes the precife Matron, not the Proftitute; the loyall Wife, not the loofe Wanton: Such haue I beene, as you are now, and should learne, to Saile with all Windes, defend all Blowes, make Muficke with all Strings, know all the wayes, to the Wood, and like a good trauelling Hackney, learne to drinke of all Waters.

Y. Lio. May I mifcarry in my Blandaes loue; If I that old damnation, doe not fend

To Hell, before her time.

Bla. I would not have you Mother, teach me ought,

That tends to injure him.

Sea. Well looke too 't when 'tis too late, and then repent at leafure, as I haue done: Thou fee'ft, heeres nothing but Prodigallity and Pride, Wantoning, and Wasting, Rioting, and Reuelling, Spoyling, and Spending, Gluttony, and Gormondifing, all goes to Hauocke, and can this hold out? When he hath nothing left, to helpe himselfe, how can he Harbour thee? Looke at length, to Drinke from a dry Bottle, and feed from an emptie Knap-sacke, looke too 't, 'twill come to that.

Y. Lio. My parfemony shall begin in thee, And instantly, for from this houre, I vow, That thou no more shalt Drinke vpon my cost, Nor taste the smallest Fragment from my Board; Ile see thee starue ith' street first.

Sca. Liue to one man? a leaft, thou may'ft afwell, tie thy felfe to one Gowne; and what Foole, but will

change with the Fashion, Yes, doe, Confine thy selfe to one Garment, and vse no Varietie, and see how foone it will Rot, and turne to Raggs.

Y. Lio. Those Raggs, be thy Reward; Oh my

fweet Blanda,

Onely for Thee, I wish my Father dead, And neere to Roufe vs from our Sweet delight; But for this Hag, this Beldam, shee whose backe, Hath made her Items, in my Mercers Bookes, Whose rauenous Guts, I have Stuft with Delicates, Nay euen to Surfit; and whose frozen Blood, I haue Warmed with Aquauitæ; Be this day My last of Bounty, to a Wretch Ingrate, But vnto Thee, a new Indenture Sealed, Of an affection fixt, and Permanent, Ile loue thee still, bee 't but to give the lye, To this old Cancker'd Worme.

Bla. Nay, be not angrie.

Y. Lio. With thee, my Soule shall euer be at peace, But with this loue seducer, still at Warre.

Enter Rioter and two Gallants.

Sca. Heere me but speake.

Y. Lio. Ope but thy lips againe, it makes a way, To have thy Tongue pluck'd out.

Rio. What all in Tempest?

Y. Lio. Yes, and the Storme, raised by that Witches Spells,

Oh 'tis a Damn'd Inchantresse.

Rio. What's the businesse?

Bla. Onely fome few words, flipt her vnawares,

For my Sake, make her peace. Rio. You charge me deepely,

Come Friend, will you be Moou'd at womens Words,

A man of your knowne judgement? Y. Lio. Had you but heard,

The damn'd Erronious Doctrine that shee taught, You would have judg'd her to the Stake.

Bla. But Sweet heart,

Shee now Recants those Errours, once more Number her

Amongst your Houshold servants.

Rio. Shall she beg, and be denyed ought from you? Bla. Come this Kiffe, Shall end all former quarells.

Rio. 'Tis not possible,

Those Lippes should mooue in vaine, that two wayes plead;

Both in their Speech, and Silence.

Y. Lio. You have preuail'd,

But vpon this Condition, noway elfe,

Ile Senfure her, as fhee hath Sentenc'd thee;

But with fome fmall Invertion.

Rio. Speake, how's that ?

Bla. Not too feuere, I prethee, fee poore wretch, Shee at the barre, stands quaking.

Y. Lio. Now, hold vp ? Rio. How man, how?

Y. Lio. Her hand, I meane; And now il'e fentence thee,

According to thy Councell giuen to her:

Saile by one Winde; Thou shalt, to one tune Sing, Lie at one Guard, and Play but on one String, Hencefoorth, I will Confine thee to one Garment, And that shall be a cast one, Like thy selfe Iuft, past all Wearing, as thou past all Vse, And not to be renewed, til't be as Ragged, As thou art Rotten.

Bla. Nay fweet.

Y. Lio. That for her Habbit. Sca. A cold Sute, I haue on't.

Y. Lio. To preuent Surfit,

Thy Diet, shall bee to one Dish confin'd, And that too Rifled, with as vncleane hands,

As ere were laid on thee.

Sca. What hee fcants me in Victuals, would he but alow mee in Drinke.

V. Lio. That shall be the refuse of the Flagons, Iacks.

And Snuffes, fuch as the naftieft Breathes shall leaue; Of Wine, and Strong-water, neuer hope,

Hencefoorth to Smell.

Sca. Oh me, I Faint already.

Y. Lio. If I fincke in my State, of all the rest,

Be thou excused, what thou proposed to her, Beldam, is now against thy felfe decreed,

Drinke from drie fprings, from empty Knap-facks feede.

Sca. No burnt Wine, nor Hot-waters.

She Swounds.

Y. Lio. Take her hence.

Bla. Indeede you are too cruell.

Y. Lio. Yes to her,

Onely of purpose, to be kind to thee;

Are any of my Guests come?

Rio. Feare not Sir,

You will haue a full Table.

Y. Lio. What, and Musicke?

Rio. Best Consort in the Citie, for fixe parts.

Y. Lio. Wee shall have Songs then?

Rio. Bith' eare.

Whifpers.

Y. Lio. And Wenches?

Rio. Yes bith' eye.

Bla. Ha, what was that you faid?

Rio. We shall haue such to beare you company,

As will no doubt content you.

Y. Lio. Euer then:

In Youth there is a Fate, that fwayes vs still, To know what's Good, and yet purfue what's Ill.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter old Master Wincott, and his Wife. Winc. And what's this Dalauill?

Wife. My apprehension, Can giue him no more true expression, Then that he first appeares, a Gentleman, And well conditioned.

Winc. That for outward flew; But what in him haue you observed else, To make him better knowne?

Wife. I have not Eyes,
To fearch into the inward Thoughts of Men,
Nor euer was I studied in that Art,
To iudge of Mens affection by the face;
But that which makes me best opinion'd of him,
Is, That he's the Companion, and the Friend
Beloued of him, whom you so much commend,
The Noble Master Geraldine.

Winc. Thou hast spoke, That which not onely crownes his true defert, But now instates him in my better thoughts, Making his Worth, vnquestioned.

Wife, Hee pretends

Loue to my fister Pru. I haue obseru'd him,

Single her out, to private conference.

Winc. But I could rather, for her owne fake, wish Young Geraldine would fixe his thoughts that way, And shee towards him; In such Affinity, Trust me, I would not vee a sparing hand.

Wife. But Loue in these kindes, should not be

compel'd,

Forc'd, nor Perfwaded; When it freely Springs, And of it felfe, takes voluntary Roote, It Growes, it Spreads, it Ripens, and brings foorth, Such an Vfurious Crop of timely Fruit, As crownes a plentious Autume.

Enter Clowne.

Winc. Such a Harueft,
I should not be th' vngladdest man to see,
Of all thy sisters friends: Now, whence come you?
Clo. Who, I Sir, From a Lodging of Lardgesse, a

House of Hospitality, and a Pallace of Plenty; Where there's Feeding like Horses, and Drinking like Fishes; Where for Pints, w'are ferued in Pottles; and in stead of Pottle-pots, in Pailes; in stead of Siluer-tanckards, we drinke out of Water-tanckards; Clarret runs as freely, as the Cocks; and Canarie, like the Conduits of a Coronation day; Where there's nothing but Feeding and Frollicking; Caruing in Kissing; Drinking, and Dauncing; Musicke and Madding; Fidling and Feasting.

Winc. And where, I pray thee, are all thefe

Reuels kept?

Clo. They may be rather called Reakes then Reuells; As I came along by the doore, I was call'd vp amongst them; Hee-Gallants, and Shee-Gallants, I no fooner look'd out, but faw them out with their Kniues, Slashing of Shoulders, Mangling of Legs, and Lanching of Loynes, till there was scarce a whole Limbe left amongst them.

Winc. A fearefull Maffacre.

Clo. One was Hacking to cut off a Necke, this was Mangling a Breft, his Knife flip from the Shoulder, and onely cut of a Wing, one was picking the Braines out of a Head, another was Knuckle deepe in a Belly, one was Groping for a Liuer, another Searching for the Kidneyes; I faw one plucke the Sole from the Body (Goofe that she was to suffer't) another prickt into the Breast with his one Bill, Woodcocke to indure it.

Wife. How fell they out at first ?

Clo. I know not that, but it feemes, one had a Stomacke, and another had a Stomacke; But there was fuch biting and tearing with their teeths, that I am fure, I faw fome of their poore Carcasses pay for't.

Winc. Did they not fend for Surgeons?

Clo. Alas no, Surgeons helpe was too late; There was no flitching vp of those Wounds, where Limbe was pluckt from Limbe; Nor any Salue for those Scarrs, which all the Plaister of Paris cannot Cure.

Winc. Where grew the quarrell first?

Clo. It feemes it was firit Broacht in the Kitchin; Certaine creatures being brought in thither, by fome of the House; The Cooke being a Colloricke fellow, did so Towse them and Tosse them, so Plucke them and Pull them, till hee left them as naked as my Naile, Pinioned some of them like Fellons; Cut the Spurres from others of their Heeles; Then downe went his Spits, Some of them he ranne in at the Throat, and out at the Back-side: About went his Basting-Ladle, where he did so besawce them, that many a shrode turne they had amongst them.

Wife. But in all this, How did the Women scape? Clo. They fared best, and did the least hurt that I saw; But for quietnesse sake, were forc'd to swallow what is not yet digested, yet euery one had their share, and shee that had least, I am sure by this time, hath

her belly full.

Winc. And where was all this hauocke kept?

Cio. Marry Sir, at your next neighbours, Young Master Lionell, Where there is nothing but Drinking out of Dry-Fats, and Healthing in Halfe-Tubs, his Guests are fed by the Belly, and Beggers serued at his Gate in Baskets; Hee's the Adamant of this Age, the Daffadill of these dayes, the Prince of Prodigallity, and the very Cæsar of all young Citizens.

Winc. Belike then, 'twas a Massacre of meat, not

as I apprehended?

Clo. Your grauity hath gest aright; The chiefest that fell in this Battell, were wild Fowle and tame Fowle; Phessants were wounded in stead of Alfaresse, and Capons for Captaines, Anchoues stood for Antiants, and Cauiare for Corporals, Dishes were assaulted in stead of Ditches, and Rabbets were cut to pieces vpon the rebellings, some lost their Legs, whil'st other of their wings were forc'd to slie; The Pioner vndermind nothing but Pie-crust; And—

Winc. Enough, enough, your wit hath plai'd too

long vpon our patience;

Wife, it grieues me much both for the yong and old man, the one,

Graces his head with care, endures the parching heat and biting cold,

The terrours of the Lands, and feares at Sea in trauell, onely to gaine

Some competent estate to leave his sonne;

Whiles all that Merchandife, through Gulfes, Croffe-Tides.

Pirats and Stormes, he brings fo farre, Th' other

Heere Shipwrackes in the Harbour.

Wife. Tis the care of Fathers; and the weakeneffe Incident to youth, that wants experience.

Enter Y. Geraldine, Dallauill, Prudentilla, laughing.

Clo. I was at the beginning of the Battell,

But heere comes fome, that it feemes

Were at the rifling of the dead Carcaffes;

For by their mirth, they have had part of the Spoile. Winc. You are pleafant, Gentlemen, what I entreat.

Might be the Subject of your pleafant fport,

It promifeth fome pleafure?

Prud. If their recreation

Bee, as I make no question, on truth grounded,

'twill beget fudden laughter.

Wife. What's the Proiect? Dal. Who shall relate it.

Winc. Master Geraldine, if there be any thing can please my Eare,

With pleafant foundes, your Tongue must be the Instrument,

On which the String must strike.

Dal. Bee't his then.

Prud. Nay heare it, 'tis a good one.

Wife. Wee intreat you, Possesse vs oth' Nouell.

Winc. Speake, good Sir.

Y. Ger. I shall then, with a kind of Barbarisme,

Shaddow a Ieast, that askes a smoother Tongue, For in my poore discourse, I doe protest, 'twill but loofe his lufter.

Wife. You are Modest.
Winc. Howeuer, speake, I pray; For my sake doo't?

Clo. This is like a hastie Pudding, longer in eating,

then it was in making.

Y. Ger. Then thus it was, this Gentleman and I, Past but iust now, by your next Neighbours house, Where as they fay, dwels one Young Lionell.

Clo. Where I was to night at Supper.

Winc. An vnthrift Youth, his Father now at Sea. Y. Ger. Why that's the very Subject, vpon which It feemes, this Iest is grounded, there this Night, Was a great feaft.

Clo. Why fo I told you, Sir.

Winc. Bee thou still dumbe, 'tis hee that I would heare.

Y. Ger. In the height of their Carowfing, all their braines.

Warm'd with the heat of Wine; Discourse was offer'd, Of Ships, and Stormes at Sea; when fuddenly, Out of his giddy wildnesse, one conceiues The Roome wherein they quafft, to be a Pinnace, Moouing and Floating; and the confused Noise, To be the murmuring Windes, Gusts, Marriners; That their vnftedfast Footing, did proceed From rocking of the Veffell: This conceiu'd, Each one begins to apprehend the danger, And to looke out for fafety, flie faith one Vp to the Maine-top, and discouer; Hee Climbes by the bed post, to the Teaster, there Reports a Turbulent Sea and Tempest towards; And wills them if they'le faue their Ship and liues, To cast their Lading ouer-board; At this All fall to Worke, and Hoyste into the Street, As to the Sea, What next come to their hand, Stooles, Tables, Treffels, Trenchers, Bed-fteds, Cups,

Pots, Plate, and Glaffes; Heere a fellow Whiftles, They take him for the Boat-fwaine, one lyes ftrugling Vpon the floore, as if he fwome for life, A third, takes the Bafe-violl for the Cock-boate, Sits in the belly on't, labours and Rowes; His Oare, the Sticke with which the Fidler plaid; A fourth, beftrides his Fellowes, thinking to fcape As did Arion, on the Dolphins backe, Still fumbling on a gitterne.

Clo. Excellent Sport.

Winc. But what was the conclusion?

Y. Ger. The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the fpoyle
Cast from the windowes, went bith' eares about it;
The Constable is called to Attone the broyle,
Which done, and hearing such a noise within,
Of eminent Ship-racke; enters the house, and finds
them

In this confusion, They Adore his staffe, And thinke it Neptunes Trident, and that hee Comes with his Tritons, (so they cal'd his watch) To calme the Tempest, and appease the Waues; And at this point, wee left them.

Clo. Come what will, ile steale out of Doores, And see the end of it, that's certaine. Exit.

Winc. Thanks Master Geraldine, for this discourse, Introath it hath much pleased mee, but the night Begins to grow faste on vs, for your parts, You are all young, and you may sit vp late, My eyes begin to summon mee to sleepe, And nothing's more offensive vnto Age, Then to watch long and late.

Y. Ger. Now good Rest with you.

Dal. What fairs faire Prudentilla? Maids and Widdows,

And wee young Batchelors, fuch as indeed Are forc'd to lie in Solitary beds, And fleepe without diffurbance, wee methinks, Should defire later houres; when Married Wiues, That in their amorous armes, hug their delights; To often wakings fubiect; their more haft, May better bee excused.

Prud. How can you,

That are as you confesse, a fingle man, Enter so farre into these Misticall secrets Of Mariage, which as yet you neuer prooued.

Dal. There's Lady, an inflinct innate in man, Which prompts vs to the apprehensions Of th' vses wee were borne to; Such we are Aptest to learne; Ambitious most to know, Of which our chiefe is Marriage.

Prud. What you Men

Most meditate, wee Women seldome dreame of.

Dal. When dreame Maids most?

Prud. When thinke you?

Dal. When you lie vpon your Backs, come come, your Eare. Exit Dal. and Prud.

Y. Ger. Wee now are left alone.

Wife. Why fay wee be who should be icalous of vs?

This is not first of many hundred Nights,
That wee two haue beene priuate, from the first
Of our acquaintance, when our Tongues but clipt
Our Mothers-tongue, and could not speake it plaine,
Wee knew each other; As in stature, so
Increast our sweet Societie; Since your trauell,
And my late Marriage, Through my Husbands loue,
Mid-night hath beene as Mid-day, and my Bedchamber,

As free to you, as your owne Fathers house,

And you as welcome too't. Y. Ger. I must confesse,

It is in you, your Noble Courtefie, In him, a more then common confidence, And in this Age, can fcarce find prefident.

Wife. Most trew, it is withall an Argument, That both our vertues are so deepe imprest In his good thoughts, hee knowes we cannot erre. Y. Ger. A villaine were hee, to deceive fuch trust,

Or (were there one) a much worse Carracter.

Wife. And she no lesse, whom either Beauty, Youth, Time, Place, or opportunity could tempt, To injure fuch a Husband.

Y. Ger. You deferue, euen for his fake, to be for

euer young;

And hee for yours, to haue his Youth renew'd; So mutuall is your trew coniugall Loue; Yet had the Fates fo pleaf'd

Wife. I know your meaning.

It was once voye'd, that wee two should have Matcht, The World fo thought, and many Tongues fo spake, But Heauen hath now difpof'd vs otherwayes; And being as it is, (a thing in me, Which I protest, was neuer wisht, nor fought) Now done, I not repent it.

Y. Ger. In those times,

Of all the Treasures of my Hopes and Loue, You were th' Exchequer, they were Stor'd in you; And had not my vnfortunate Trauell crost them, They had bin heere referued still.

Wife. Troath they had,

I should have beene your trusty Treasurer.

Y. Ger. However let vs Loue still, I intreat: That, Neighbour-hood and breeding will allow; So much the Lawes Diuine and Humaine both, Twixt Brother and a Sifter will approue; Heauen then forbid, that they should limit vs Wish well to one another.

Wife. If they should not,

Wee might proclaime, they were not Charitable, Which were a deadly fin but to conceiue.

Y. Ger. Will you resolue me one thing? Wife. As to one,

That in my Bosome hath a second place,

Next my deere Husband.

Y. Ger. That's the thing I craue, And onely that, to have a place next him. Wife. Prefume on that already, but perhaps, You meane to firetch it further.

Y. Ger. Onely thus farre,

Your Husbands old, to whom my Soule doth wish, A Nesters age, So much he merits from me; Yet if (as proofe and Nature daily teach) Men cannot alwayes liue, especially Such as are old and Crazed; Hee be cal'd hence, Fairely, in full maturity of time, And we two be reserved to after life,

Will you conferre your Widow-hood on mee?

Wife. You aske the thing, I was about to beg;
Your tongue hath spake mine owne thoughts.

Y. Ger. Vow to that. Wife. As I hope Mercy.

Y. Ger. 'Tis enough, that word

Alone, inflates me happy; Now fo please you, Wee will divide, you to your private Chamber,

I to find out my friend.

Wife. Nay Master Geraldine, One Ceremonie rests yet vnperform'd, My Vow is past, your oath must next proceed, And as you couet to be sure of me, Of you I would be certaine.

Y. Ger. Make ye doubt?

Wife. No doubt; but Loue's still Iealous, and in that

To be excufed; You then shall sweare by Heauen, And as in all your future Acts, you hope To thriue and prosper; As the Day may yeeld Comfort, or the Night rest, as you would keepe Entire, the Honour of your Fathers house, And free your Name from Scandall and Reproach, By all the Goodnesse that you hope to enjoy, Or ill to shun—

Y. Ger. You charge me deeply Lady.
Wife. Till that day come, you shall referue your felse

A fingle man; Conuerfe nor company With any Woman, Contract nor Combine, With Maid, or Widow; which expected houre, As I doe wish not haste, so when it happens, It shall not come vnwelcome; You heare all, Vow this.

Y. Ger. By all that you have faid, I fweare, And by this Kiffe Confirme.

Wife. Y'are now my Brother, But then, my fecond Husband.

Exeunt.

Enter Y. Lionell, Rioter, Blanda, Scapha, two Gallants, and two Wenches, as newly wak'd from fleepe.

Y. Lio. Wee had a flormy night on't.

Bla. The Wine still workes,

And with the little rest they have tooke to night, They are scarce come to themselves.

Y. Lio. Now 'tis a Calme,

Thankes to those gentle Sea-gods, that have brought vs To this safe Harbour; Can you tell their names?

Sca. He with the Painted-staffe, I heard you call

Neptune.

Y. Lio. The dreadfull god of Seas,

Vpon whose backe neere stucke March slees.

Gall. One with the Bill, keepes Neptunes Porpofes,

So Ouid fayes in 's Metamorphofis.

2. Gall. A third the learned Poets write on, And as they fay, His name is Triton.

Y. Lio. Thefe are the Marine gods, to whom my father

In his long voyage prayes too; Cannot they That brought vs to our Hauen, bury him In their Abiffe? For if he fafe arrue, I with these Sailors, Syrens, and what not, Am fure heere to be shipwrackt.

1. Wen. Stand vp stiffe.

Rio. But that the ship so totters: I shall fall. I. Wen. If thou fall, Ile fall with thee.

Rio. Now I fincke,

And as I diue and drowne, Thus by degrees,
Ile plucke thee to the bottome. They fall.

Enter Reignald.

Y. Lio. Amaine for England, See, fee, The Spaniard now strikes Saile.

Reig. So must you all.

1. Gall. Whence is your ship, from the Bermoothes? Reig. Worse, I thinke from Hell:

We are all Loft, Split, Shipwrackt, and vndone, This place is a meere quick-fands.

2. Gall. So we feared.

Reig. Wher's my young Master?

Y. Sio. Heere man, fpeake, the Newes?

Reig. The Newes is, I, and you-

Y. Lio. What ?

Reig. Shee, and all thefe-

Bla. I?

Reig. We and all ours, are in one turbulent Sea Of Feare, Difpaire, Difaster and mischance swallowed: Your father, Sir——

Y. Lio. Why, what of him? Reig. He is, Oh I want breath.

Y. Lio. Where?

Reig. Landed, and at hand.

Y. Lio. Vpon what coast? Who faw him? Reig. I, these eyes.

Y. Lio. Oh Heauen, what shall I doe then?

Reig. Aske ye me

What shall become of you, that have not yet Had time of studdy to dispose my selfe;

I fay againe, I was vpon the Key,

I faw him land, and this way bend his course; What drunkard's this, that can out sleepe a storme Which threatens all our ruines? Wake him.

Bla. Ho, Rioter, awake. Rio. Yes, I am wake;

How dry hath this Salt-water made me; Boy, Giue me th' other Glasse.

Y. Lio. Arife, I say,

My Fathers come from Sea.

Rio. If he be come, Bid him be gone againe.

Reig. Can you trifle

At fuch a time, when your Inuentions, Braines, Wits, Plots, Deuices, Stratagems, and all Should be at one in action? each of you That loue your fafeties, lend your helping hands, Women and all, to take this drunkard hence, And to beflow him elfe where.

Bla. Lift for Heauens fake. They carry him in.
Reig. But what am I the neerer, were all these
Convey'd to sundry places and vnseene;

The staine of our disorders still remaine, Of which, the house will witnesse, and the old man Must finde when he enters; And for these

Enter againe,

I am here left to answere: What is he gone?

Y. Lio. But whither? But into th' felse same house
That harbours him; my Fathers, where we all
Attend from him surpriseall.

Reig. I will make

That Prifon of your feares, your Sanctuary;

Goe get you in together. Y. Lio. To this house?

Reig. Your Fathers, with your Sweet-heart, thefe and all;

Nay, no more words but doo't.

Bla. That were to betray vs to his fury.

Reig. I haue 't heere,

To Baile you hence at pleasure; and in th' interim, Ile make this supposed Goale, to you, as safe From the iniur'd old mans iust incensed spleene, As were you now together ith' Low-Countreyes,

Virginia, or ith' Indies.

Bla. Present seare,

Bids vs to yeeld vnto the faint beliefe

Of the leaft hoped fafety.

Reig. Will you in?

Omn. By thee we will be counfell'd.

Reig. Shut them fast.

Y. Lio. And thou and I to leave them?

Reig. No fuch thing,

For you shall beare your Sweet-heart company,

And helpe to cheere the reft.

Y. Lio. And fo thou Meanest to escape alone?

Reig. Rather without,

Ile fland a Champion for you all within;
Will you be fwai'd? One thing in any cafe
I must aduife; The gates boulted and lockt,
See that 'mongst you no liuing voyce be heard;
No not fo much as a Dog to howle,
Or Cat to mewe, all silence, that I charge;

As if this were a meere forfaken house,

And none did there inhabite.

Y. Lio. Nothing elfe ?

Reig. And though the old man thunder at the gates

As if he meant to ruine what he had rear'd,

None on their liues to answere.

Y. Lio. 'Tis my charge; Remaines there nothing else?

Reig. Onely the Key;

For I must play the goaler for your durance, To bee the Mercurie in your release,

Y. Lio. Me and my hope, I in this Key deliuer

To thy fafe trust.

Reig. When you are fast you are safe,

And with this turne 'tis done': What fooles are thefe, To truft their ruin'd fortunes to his hands

That hath betrai'd his owne; And make themselues

Prisoner to one deserues to lie for all,
As being cause of all; And yet something prompts me,
Ile stand it at all dangers; And to recompence
The many wrongs vnto the yong man done:
Now, if I can doubly delude the old,
My braine, about it then; All's husht within,
The noise that shall be, I must make without;
And he that part for gaine, and part for wit,
So farre hath trauell'd, striue to soole at home:
Which to effect, Art must with Knauery ioyne,
And smooth Dissembling meet with Impudence;
Ile doe my best, and howsoere it prooue,
My praise or shame, 'tis but a feruants loue.

Enter old Lionell like a civill Merchant, with Watermen, and two fervants with Burdens and Caskets.

Old Lio. Discharge these honest Sailors that haue brought

Our Chefts a shore, and pray them haue a care, Those merchandise be safe we lest aboord: As Heauen hath blest vs with a fortunate Voyage, In which we bring home riches with our healthes, So let not vs prooue niggards in our store; See them paid well, and to their sull content.

1. Ser. I shall Sir.

Old Lio. Then returne: These special things, And of most value, weele not trust aboord; Meethinkes they are not fase till they see home, And there repose, where we will rest our selues, And bid sarewell to Trauell; for I vow, After this houre no more to trust the Seas, Nor throw mee to such danger.

Reig. I could wish

You had tooke your leaue oth' Land too.

Old Lio. And now it much reioyceth me, to thinke
What a most sudden welcome I shall bring,
Both to my Friends and private Family.

Reig. Oh, but how much more welcome had he beene,

That had brought certaine tidings of thy death.

Old Lio. But foft, what's this? my owne gates thut vpon me,

And barre their Master entrance? Whose within

there?

How, no man fpeake, are all afleepe or dead,

That no foule stirres to open? Knocks aloud.

Reig. What madde man's that, who weary of his life.

Dares once lay hand on these accurred gates?

Old Lio. Whose that? my servant Reignald.

Reig. My old Mafter,

Most glad I am to see you; Are you well Sir? Old Lio. Thou see'st I am.

Reig. But are you fure you are?

Feele you no change about you? Pray you fland off. Old Lio. What flrange and vnexpected greetings this,

That thus a man may knocke at his owne gates, Beat with his hands and feet, and call thus loud,

And no man giue him entrance?

Reig. Said you Sir;

Did your hand touch that hammer?

Old Lio. Why, whose else?

Reig. But are you fure you toucht it ?

Old Lio. How elfe, I prethee, could I have made this noise?

Reig. You toucht it then?
Old Lio. I tell thee yet I did.

Reig. Oh for the love I beare you, Oh me most miserable, you, for your owne sake,

Of all aliue most wretched; Did you touch it?

Old Lio. Why, fay I did?

Reig. You have then a finne committed, No facrifice can expiate to the Dead;

But yet I hope you did not. Old Lio. 'Tis past hope,

The deed is done, and I repent it not.

Reig. You and all yours will doo't. In this one raffines,

You have vndone vs all; Pray be not desperate,

But first thanke Heauen that you have escapt thus well;

Come from the gate, yet further, further yet,

And tempt your fate no more; Command your feruants

Giue off and come no neerer, they are ignorant, And doe not know the danger, therefore pity That they should perish in 't; 'Tis full seuen moneths, Since any of your house durst once set soot Ouer that threshold.

Old Lio. Preethee speake the cause?

Reg. First looke about, beware that no man heare, Comnand these to remooue.

Old Lio. Be gone. Exit Seruants. Now speake. Reig. Oh Sir, This house is growne Prodigious, Fatall, Disasterous vnto you and yours.

Old Lio. What Fatall? what Difasterous?

Raig. Some Host that hath beene owner of this house,

In it his Guest hath flaine; And we suspect

'Twas he of whom you bought it.

Old Lo. How came this Difcouerd to you first?

Reig. Ile tell you Sir,

But further from the gate: Your fonne one night Suppt late abroad, I within; Oh that night, I neuer stall forget; Being safe got home, I saw him in his chamber laid to rest; And after went to mine, and being drowsie, Forgot by chance, to put the Candle out; Being dead asseep; Your sonne affrighted, calls So loud, that I soone waken'd; Brought in light, And soundhim almost drown'd in searefull sweat; Amaz'd to ee't, I did demand the cause: Who told ne, that this murdered Ghost appeared,

His body gasht, and all ore-stucke with wounds; And spake to him as followes.

Old Lio. Oh proceed, 'Tis that I long to heare. Reig. I am, quoth he,

A Tranf-marine by birth, who came well flored With Gold and Iewels, to this fatall house; Where seeking fasety, I encounter'd death: The couetous Merchant, Land-lord of this rent, To whom I gaue my life and wealth in charge; Freely to enjoy the one, rob'd me of both: Heere was my body buried, here my Ghost Must euer walke, till that haue Christian right; Till when, my habitation must be here: Then slie yong man, Remooue thy samily, And seeke some safer dwelling: For my death, This mansion is accurft; 'Tis my possession, Bought at the deere rate of my life and blood, None enter here, that aymes at his owne good. And with this charge he vanisht.

Old Lio. Oh my feare, Whither wilt thou transport me?

Reig. I intreat keepe further from the gite, and flie.

Old Lio. Flie whither? Why doest not thou flie too?

Reig. What need I feare, the Ghoft and I am friends.

Old Lio. But Reignald.

Reig. Tush, I nothing have deserved, Nor ought transgrest: I came not neere the gate.

Old Lio. To whom was that thou spakes? Reig. Was 't you Sir nam'd me?

Now as I liue, I thought the dead man call'l, To enquire for him that thunder'd at the gae Which he fo dearely pai'd for: Are you mald, To fland a fore-feene danger?

Old Lio. What shall I doe?

Reig. Couer your head and flie; Left looking backe,

You spie your owne confusion.

Old Liv. Why doest not thou flie too?

Reig. I tell you Sir,

The Ghoft and I am friends.

Old Lio. Why didst thou quake then?

Reig. In feare lest fome mischance may fall on you, That have the dead offended; For my part,

The Ghost and I am friends: Why flie you not,

Since here you are not fafe?

Old Lio. Some bleft powers guard me.

Reig. Nay Sir, ile not forsake you: I haue got the start:

But ere the goale, 'twill aske both Braine and Art.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter old Mafter Geraldine, Y. Geraldine, Mafter Wincott, and Wife, Dalauill, Prudentilla.

Winc. We are bound to you, kind Master Geraldine,

For this great entertainement; Troath your cost Hath much exceeded common neighbour-hood: You have feasted vs like Princes.

Old Ger. This, and more

Many degrees, can neuer counteruaile

The oft and frequent welcomes given my fonne:

You have tooke him from me quite, and have I thinke, Adopted him into your family,

He staies with me fo seldome.

Win. And in this,

By trusting him to me, of whom your felse May have both vie and pleasure, y'are as kind As money'd men, that might make benefit Of what they are possest, yet to their friends

In need, will lend it gratis. Wife. And like fuch,

As are indebted more then they can pay; Wee more and more confesse our selues engaged

To you, for your forbearance.

Prud. Yet you fee, Like Debtors, fuch as would not breake their day; The Treafure late received, wee tender backe, The which, the longer you can fpare, you still The more shall binde vs to you.

Old Ger. Most kind Ladies,

Worthy you are to borrow, that returne The Principall, with fuch large vfe of thanks.

Dal. What strange felicitie these Rich men take, To talke of borrowing, lending, and of vie;

The vfurers language right.

Winc. Y'aue Master Geraldine,

Faire walkes and gardens, I have praifed them, Both to my Wife and Sifter.

Old Ger. You would fee them,

There's no pleafure that the House can yeeld, That can be debar'd from you; prethee Sonne, Be thou the Vsher to those Mounts and Prospects May one day call thee Master.

Y. Ger. Sir I shall;

Please you to walke.

Prud. What Master Dalauill, Will you not beare vs company.

Dal. 'Tis not fit

That wee should leaue our Noble host alone,
Be you my Friends charge, and this old man mine.

Prud. Well, bee't then at your pleasure. Exeunt.

Manet Dalauill and Old Geraldine.

Dal. You to your Profpects, but there's proiect heere

That's of another Nature; Worthy Sir, I cannot but approue your happinesse, To be the Father of so braue a Sonne,

So euery way accomplish't and made vp, In which my voice is leaft: For I alasse, Beare but a meane part in the common quier, When with much lowder accents of his praife, So all the world reports him.

Old Ger. Thanke my Starres, They have lent me one, who as he alwayes was, And is my present ioy; If their aspect Be no wayes to our goods Maleuolent, May be my Future comfort.

Dal, Yet must I hold him happie aboue others,

As one that Solie to himselfe inioves

What many others aime at; But in vaine.

Old Ger. How meane you that ? Dal. So Beautifull a Mistresse. Old Ger. A Mistresse, said you? Dal. Yes Sir, or a Friend, Whether you pleafe to stile her. Old Ger. Mistresse? Friend?

Pray be more open languag'd.

Dal. And indeed. Who can blame him to abfent himfelfe from home, And make his Fathers house but as a grange, For a Beautie fo Attractive? Or blame her. Huging fo weake an old Man in her armes, To make a new choice, of an equal youth, Being in him fo Perfect? yet introath, I thinke they both are honest.

Old Ger. You have Sir,

Poffest me with fuch strange fancies.

Dal. For my part,

How can I loue the person of your Sonne, And not his reputation? His repaire So often to the House, is voyct by all, And frequent in the mouthes of the whole Countrey, Some equally addicted, praise his happinesse; But others, more Cenforious and Austere, Blame and reprooue a course so disolute; Each one in generall, pittie the good man,

As one vnfriendly dealt with, yet in my confcience, I thinke them truely Honeft.

Old Ger. 'Tis fuspitious.

Dal. True Sir, at best; But what when scandalous tongues

Will make the worst? and what good in it felse, Sullie and staine by fabulous mif-report; For let men liue as charie as they can, Their liues are often questioned; Then no wonder, If such as giue occasion of suspition, Be subject to this scandall: What I speake, Is as a Noble Friend vnto your Sonne; And therefore, as I glory in his Fame, I suffer in his wrong; for as I liue, I thinke, they both are honest.

Old Ger. Howfoeuer,

I wish them so.

Dal. Some course might be deuis'd,
To stop this clamor ere it grow too wrancke;
Lest that which yet but inconvenience seems,
May turne to greater mischies; This I speake
In Zeale to both, in soueraine care of him
As of a Friend; And tender of her Honour,
As one to whom I hope to be allyed,
By Marriage with her Sister.

Old Ger. I much thanke you, For you have cleerely given me light of that,

Till now I neuer dreamt on.

Dal. 'Tis my Loue, And therefore I intreat you, make not mee To be the first reporter.

Old Ger. You have done The office of a Noble Gentleman, And shall not be so iniur'd.

Enter againe as from Walking Winc. Wife, Y. Ger. Prud.

Winc. See Master Geraldine, How bold wee are, especially these Ladies Play little better then the theenes with you, For they have robb'd your Garden.

Wife. You might Sir,

Better haue term'd it faucenes, then theft; You fee we blush not, what we tooke in private, To weare in publicke view.

Prud. Besides, these cannot

Be mist out of so many; In full fields,

The gleanings are allow'd.

Old Ger. These and the rest,

Are Ladies, at your feruice.

Winc. Now to horse,

But one thing ere wee part, I must intreat; In which my Wife will be ioynt suter with me, My Sister too.

Old Ger. In what I pray.

Winc. That hee

Which brought vs hither, may but bring vs home;

Your much respected Sonne.

Old Ger. How men are borne,

To woe their owne difasters?

Wife. But to fee vs

From whence he brought vs Sir, that 's all.

Old Ger. This fecond motion makes it Palpable: To note a Womans cunning; Make her husband Bawde to her owne laciuious appetite,

And to Solicite his owne shame.

Prud. Nay Sir,

When all of vs ioyne in fo fmall a fuit, It were fome injurie to be deni'd.

Old Ger. And worke her Sister too; What will not woman

To accomplish her owne ends: But this disease, Ile seeke to Phisicke ere it grow too farre: I am most forrie to be vrg'd sweet Friends, In what at this time I can no wayes grant; Most, that these Ladies should be ought deni'd, To whom I owe all Seruice, but occasions Of weighty and important consequence,

Such as concerne the best of my Estate, Call him aside; excuse vs both this once, Presume this businesse is no sooner ouer, But hee's at his owne freedome.

Winc. 'Twere no manners
In vs to vrge it further, wee will leaue you,
With promife Sir, that he shall in my will,
Not be the last remembred.

Old Ger. Wee are bound to you; See them to Horfe, and infantly returne,

Wee haue Imployments for you.

Y. Ger. Sir I shall.

Dal. Remember your last promise.

Old Ger. Not to doo't,

I should forget my selfe: If I sinde him salse To such a friend, be sure he forseits me; In which to be more punctually resolu'd, I have a project how to sist his soule, How 'tis enclin'd; whether to yonder place,

Enter Y. Geraldine.

The cleare bright Pallace, or blacke Dungeon: See, They are onward on the way, and hee return'd.

Y. Ger. I now attend your pleafure.

Old Ger. You are growne perfect man, and now

you float

Like to a well built Veffell; 'Tweene two Currents, Vertue and Vice; Take this, you fleere to harbour Take that, to eminent shipwracke.

Y. Ger. Pray your meaning.

Old Ger. What fathers cares are, you shall neuer know,

Till you your felfe haue children, Now my studdy, Is how to make you such, that you in them May haue a feeling of my loue to you.

Y. Ger. Pray Sir expound your felfe; for I protest Of all the Languages I yet haue learn'd,

This is to me most forraine.

Old Ger. Then I shall;

I haue liued to fee you in your prime of youth And height of Fortune, fo you will but take Occasion by the forehead; to be briefe, And cut off all superfluous circumstance, All the ambition that I ayme at now, Is but to fee you married.

Y. Ger. Married Sir.

Old Ger. .And to that purpose, I have sound out one.

Whose Youth and Beauty may not onely please A curious eye; But her immediate meanes, Able to firengthen a state competent,

Or raife a ruined Fortune.

Y. Ger. Of all which,

I have beleeue me, neither need nor vfe; My competence best pleasing as it is; And this my singularity of life,

Most to my mind contenting.

Od Ger. I fuspect, but yet must proue him further; Say to my care I adde a Fathers charge, And couple with my counsell my command; To that how can you answere?

Y. Ger. That I hope:

My duty and obedience still vnblam'd, Did neuer merit such austerity;

And from a father neuer yet displeas'd.

Old Ger. Nay, then to come more neere vnto the point;

Either you must resolue for present marriage,

Or forfeit all your interest in my loue.

Y. Ger. Vn-say that language, I intreat you Sir, And doe not so oppresse me; Or if needs

Your heavy imposition stand in force,

Refolue me by your counfell; With more fafety

May I infringe a facred vow to heauen,

Or to oppose me to your strict command? Since one of these I must.

Old Ger. Now Dalauill,

I finde thy words too true.

Y. Ger. For marrie, Sir, I neither may, nor can.

Old Ger. Yet whore you may;

And that's no breach of any vow to Heauen: Pollute the Nuptiall bed with Michall finne; Asperse the honour of a noble friend; Forfeit thy reputation, here below, And th' interest that thy Soule might claime aboue, In you bleft City: Thefe you may, and can, With vntoucht conscience: Oh, that I should live To fee the hopes that I have flor'd fo long, Thus in a moment ruin'd: And the staffe, On which my old decrepite age should leane; Before my face thus broken: On which trufting,

Falls on the earth.

Fall headlong to my Graue. Y. Ger. It yet flands flrong; Both to support you vnto future life,

I thus abortiuely, before my time,

And fairer comfort.

Old Ger. Neuer, neuer fonne: For till thou canst acquit thy selfe of scandall, And me of my fuspition; Heere, euen heere, Where I have measur'd out my length of earth; I shall expire my last.

Y. Ger. Both these I can:

Then rife Sir, I intreat you; And that innocency, Which poyfon'd by the breath of Calumnie, Cast you thus low, shall, these few staines wipt off, With better thoughts erect you.

Old Ger. Well, Say on.

Y. Ger. There's but one fire from which this fmoake may grow;

Namely, the vnmatcht yoake of youth; And In which, If euer I occasion was,

Of the smallest breach; the greatest implacable mischiefe

Adultery can threaten, fall on me; Of you may I be disauow'd a sonne; And vnto Heauen a feruant: For that Lady, As she is Beauties mirror, so I hold her For Chastities examples: From her tongue, Neuer came language, that ariued my eare, That euen censurious *Cato*, liu'd he now, Could mis-interpret; Neuer from her lips, Came vnchaste kisse; Or from her constant eye, Looke sauouring of the least immodesty: Further——

Old Ger. Enough; One onely thing remaines, Which on thy part perform'd, affures firme credit To these thy protestations.

Y. Ger. Name it then.

Old Ger. Take hence th' occasion of this common fame;

Which hath already fpread it felfe fo farre, . To her dishonour and thy preiudice, From this day forward, to forbeare the house: This doe vpon my blessing.

Y. Ger. As I hope it, I will not faile your charge. Old Ger. I am fatisfied.

Exeunt.

Enter at one doore an Vfurer and his Man, at the other, Old Lionell with his feruant: In the midst Reignald.

Reig. To which hand shall I turne me; Here's my Master

Hath bin to enquire of him that fould the house, Touching the murder; Here's an Vsuring-Rascall, Of whom we haue borrowed money to supply Our prodigall expences; Broke our day, And owe him still the Principall and Vse: Were I to meet them single, I haue braine To oppose both, and to come off vnscarr'd; But if they doe assault me, and at once, Not Heraules himselfe could stand that odds: Therefore I must encounter them by turnes; And to my Master sirs: Oh Sir, well met.

Old Lio. What Reignald; I but now met with the

man,

Of whom I bought von house. Reig. What, did you Sir ?

But did you speake of ought concerning that Which I last told you.

Old Lio. Yes, I told him all.

Reig. Then am I cast: But I pray tell me Sir,

Did he confesse the murder? Old Lio. No fuch thing; Most stiffely he denies it.

Reig. Impudent wretch;

Then ferue him with awarrant, let the Officer Bring him before a Iustice, you shall heare What I can fay against him; Sfoot deni't: But I pray Sir excufe me, yonder's one With whom I have fome businesse; Stay you here, And but determine what's best course to take,

And note how I will follow't.

Old Lio. Be briefe then.

Reig. Now, If I can aswell put off my Vse-man, This day, I shall be master of the field.

That should be Lionells man.

Man. The fame, I know him.

Vfu. After fo many friuolous delaies,

There's now fome hope. He that was wont to flun vs. And to abfent himfelfe, accoasts vs freely;

And with a pleafant countenance: Well met Reignald.

What's this money ready? Reig. Neuer could you

Haue come in better time.

Vfu. Where's your master,

Yong Lionell, it fomething troubles me,

That hee should breake his day.

Reig. A word in private.

Tush, Private me no privates, in a word, Speake, are my moneys ready?

Reig. Not fo loud.

Vfu. I will be louder yet; Giue me my moneys, Come, tender me my moneys.

Reig. We know you have a throat, wide as your conscience:

You need not vie it now——Come, get you home.

Vfu. Home? Reig. Yes, home I fay, returne by three a Clocke, And I will fee all cancell'd.

Vfu. 'Tis now past two, and I can stay till three, Ile make that now my bufinesse, otherwayes,

With these lowd clamors, I will haunt thee still;

Giue me my Vfe, giue me my Principall.

Reig. This burre will still cleaue to me; what, no meanes

To shake him off; I neere was caught till now:

Come come, y'are troublesome. Vfu. Preuent that trouble,

And without trifling, pay me downe my cash; I will be fool'd no longer.

Reig. So so so.

Vfu. I have beene still put off, from time to time, And day to day; thefe are but cheating tricks,

And this is the last minute ale forbeare

Thee, or thy Master: Once againe, I say, Giue me my Vfe, giue me my Principall.

Reig. Pox a this vse, that hath vndone so many;

And now will confound mee.

Old Lio. Hast thou heard this? Ser. Yes Sir, and to my griefe. Old Lio. Come hither Reignald.

Reig. Heere Sir; Nay, now I am gone.

Old Lio. What vie is this?

What Principall hee talkes of? in which language Hee names my Sonne; And thus vpbraideth thee, What is't you owe this man?

Reig. A trifle Sir,

Pray stop his mouth; And pay't him.

Old Lio. I pay, what?

Reig. If I say pay't him; Pay't him.

Old Lio. What's the Summe ?

Reig. A toy, the maine about five hundred pounds; And the vse fiftie.

Old Lio. Call you that a toy?

To what vie was it borrowed? At my departure, I left my Sonne fufficient in his charge, With furplus, to defray a large expence, Without this neede of borrowing.

Reig. 'Tis confest,

Yet ftop his clamorous mouth; And onely fay, That you will pay't to morrow.

Old Lio. I paffe my word.

Reig. Sir, if I bid you doo't; Nay, no more words,

But fay you'le pay't to morrow. Old Lio. Ieast indeed,

But tell me how these moneys were bestowed?

Reig. Safe Sir, I warrant you. Old Lio. The Summe still safe,

Why doe you not then tender it your felues?

Reig. Your eare fir; This fumme joyn'd to the rest,

Your Sonne hath purchast Land and Houses.

Old Lio. Land, do'ft thou fay?

Reig. A goodly House, and Gardens.

Old Lio. Now ioy on him,

That whil'st his Father Merchandis'd abroad, Had care to adde to his estate at home:

But Reignald, wherefore Houses?

Reig. Now Lord Sir,

How dull you are; This house possest with spirits, And there no longer stay; Would you have had Him, vs, and all your other family,

To liue, and lie ith' streets: It had not Sir,

Beene for your reputation.

Old Lio. Blefsing on him, That he is growne fo thriftie.

Vfu. 'Tis strooke three,

My money's not yet tender'd.

Reig. Pox vpon him, See him difcharged, I pray Sir.

Old Lio. Call vpon me To morrow Friend, as early as thou wilt; Ile fee thy debt defraid. Vfu. It is enough, I have a true mans word.

Exit. Vfurer and man.

Old Lio. Now tell me Reignald,

For thou hast made me proud of my Sonnes thrist; Where, in what Countrey, doth this faire House stand.

Reig. Neuer in all my time, fo much to feeke;

I know not what to answere.

Old Lio. Wherefore studdiest thou?

Vse men to purchase Lands at a deere rate,

And know not where they lie?

Reig. 'Tis not for that;

I onely had forgot his name that fould them, 'Twas let me fee, fee.

Old Lio. Call thy felfe to minde.

Reig. Non-plust or neuer now; Where art thou braine?

O Sir, where was my memory; 'Tis this house

That next adioynes to yours.

Old Lio. My Neighbour Ricots.

Reig. The fame, the fame Sir; Wee had peniworths in't:

And I can tell you, haue beene offer'd well

Since, to forfake our bargaine.

Old Lio. As I liue,

I much commend your choice. Reig. Nay, 'tis well feated,

Rough-cast without, but brauely lined within;

You have met with few fuch bargaines.

Old Lio. Prethee knocke,

And call the Master, or the servant on't;

To let me take free view on't.

Reig. Puzzle againe on Puzzle; One word Sir, The House is full of Women, no man knowes, How on the instant, they may be imploy'd; The Roomes may lie vnhansome; and Maids stand Much on their cleanlinesse and huswiferie; To take them vnprouided, were disgrace, 'Twere sit they had some warning; Now, doe you

Fetch but a warrant, from the Iustice Sir; You vnderstand mee.

Old Lio. Yes, I doe. Reig. To attach

Him of fuspected murder, Ile fee't feru'd; Did he deny't? And in the intrim, I Will giue them notice, you are now ariu'd, And long to fee your purchase.

Old Lio. Councell'd well; And meet fome halfe houre hence.

Reig. This plunge well past, All things fall euen, to Crowne my Braine at last.

Exeunt.

Enter Dalauill and a Gentleman.

Gent. Where shall we dine to day?

Dal. At th' Ordinarie.

I fee Sir, you are but a stranger heere;
This Barnet, is a place of great refort;
And commonly vpon the Market dayes,
Heere all the Countrey Gentlemen Appoint,

Heere all the Countrey Gentlemen Appoint,
A friendly meeting; Some about affaires
Of Confequence and Profit; Bargaine, Sale,
And to conferre with Chap-men, fome for pleafure,
To match their Horfes; Wager in their Dogs,
Or trie their Hawkes; Some to no other end,
But onely meet good Company, difcourfe,
Dine, drinke, and fpend their Money.

Enter Old Geraldine and Yong Geraldine.

Gent. That's the Market, Wee haue to make this day.

Dal. 'Tis a Commoditie, that will be easily vented: What my worthy Friend,

You are happily encounter'd; Oh, y'are growne flrange,

To one that much respects you; Troath the House

Hath all this time feem'd naked without you; The good Old Man doth neuer fit to meat, But next his giuing Thankes, hee speakes of you; There's fcarce a bit, that he at Table taftes, That can digest without a Geraldine, You are in his mouth fo frequent: Hee and Shee Both wondering, what distaste from one, or either, So fuddenly, should alianate a Guest, To them, fo deerely welcome.

Old Ger. Master Dalauill. Thus much let me for him Apoligie; Diuers designes haue throng'd vpon vs late, My weakenesse was not able to support Without his helpe; He hath bin much abroad, At London, or elfe where; Besides 'tis Terme; And Lawyers must be followed, seldome at home, And fcarcely then at leafure.

Dal. I am fatisfied.

And I would they were fo too, but I hope Sir, In this restraint, you have not vs'd my name?

Old Ger. Not, as I liue.

Dal. Y'are Noble—Who had thought To have met with fuch good Company; Y'are it feeme

But new alighted; Father and Sonne, ere part, I vow weele drinke a cup of Sacke together; Phisicians say, It doth prepare the appetite And stomacke against dinner.

Old Ger. Wee old men,

Are apt to take these courtesies. Dal. What fay you Friend?

Y. Ger. Ile but enquire for one, at the next Inne,

And instantly returne.

Dal. 'Tis enough.

Exit.

Enter Besse meeting Y. Geraldine.

Y. Ger. Beffe: How do'ft thou Girle?

Beff. Faith we may doe how we lift for you, you

are growne fo

Great a franger: We are more beholding
To Mafter Dalauill, Hee's a conflant Gueft:
And howfoere to fome, that shall bee namelesse,
His presence may be gracefull; Yet to others—
I could say fomewhat.

Y. Ger. Hee's a noble fellow,

And my choice friend.

Beff. Come come, he is, what he is; and that the end will prooue.

Y. Ger. And how's all at home?

Nay, weele not part without a glaffe of wine, And meet fo feldome: Bov.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Anon, anon Sir.

Y. Ger. A Pint of Clarret, quickly. Exit Drawer. Nay, fit downe: The newes, the newes, I pray thee; I am fure, I haue beene much enquir'd of Thy old Master, and thy young Mistris too.

Beff. Euer your name is in my Masters mouth, and

fometimes too

In hers, when she hath nothing else to thinke of: Well well, I could say somewhat.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Heere's your wine Sir. Exit.
Y. Ger. Fill Boy: Here Besse, this glasse to both their healths;

Why do'ft weepe my wench?

Beff. Nay, nothing Sir.

Y. Ger. Come, I must know. Bess. Introath I loue you Sir,

And euer wisht you well; You are a Gentleman, Whom alwayes I respected; Know the passages And private whisperings, of the secret loue

Betwixt you and my Mistris; I dare sweare, On your part well intended: But——

Y. Ger. But what?

Bef. You beare the name of Land-lord, but another

Inioyes the rent; You doate vpon the shadow, But another he beares away the substance.

Y. Ger. Bee more plaine.

Beff. You hope to inion a vertuous widdow-hood; But Dalauill, whom you esteeme your friend,

Hee keepes the wife in common.

Y. Ger. Y'are too blame, And Besse, you make me angry; Hee's my friend, And she my second felse; In all their meetings, I neuer saw so much as cast of eye Once entertain'd betwixt them.

Beff. That's their cunning.

V. Ger. For her; I have beene with her at all houres,

Both late and early; In her bed-chamber, And often fingly viher'd her abroad: Now, would she haue bin any mans aliue, Shee had bin mine; You wrong a worthy Friend, And a chaste Mistris, y'are not a good Girle; Drinke that, speake better of her, I could chide you, But I'le forbeare; What you haue rashly spoke, Shall euer heere be buried.

Beff. I am forry my freeneffe fhould offend you, But yet know, I am her Chamber-maid.

Y. Ger. Play now the Market-maid, And prethee bout thy businesse.

Beff. Well, I shall——that man should be so fool'd.

Exit.

Y. Ger. Shee a Profitute?

Nay, and to him my troath plight, and my Friend;

As possible it is, that Heauen and Earth

Should be in loue together, meet and kiffe,

And so cut off all distance: What strange frensie

Came in this wenches braine, so to surmise?

Were she so base? his noblenesse is such,
He would not entertaine it for my sake:
Or he so bent? His hot and lust burnt appetite
Would be soone quencht, at the meere contemplation
Of her most Pious and Religious life.
The Girle was much too blame; Perhaps her Mistris
Hath stirr'd her anger, by some word or blow,
Which she would thus reuenge; Not apprehending
At what a high price Honour's to be rated;
Or else some one that enuies her rare vertue,
Might hire her thus to brand it; Or, who knows
But the yong wench may fixe a thought on me;
And to diuert me from her Mistris loue,
May raise this salse aspersion? howsoeuer,

Enter Clo. with a letter.

My thoughts on these two columnes fixed are, She's good as fresh, and purely chaste as faire.

Clo. Oh Sir, you are the Needle, and if the whole County of Middlefex had bin turn'd to a meere Bottle of Hay, I had bin inioyn'd to haue found you out, or neuer more return'd backe to my old Mafter: There's a Letter Sir.

Y. Ger. I know the hand that fuperfcrib'd it well; Stay but till I peruse it, and from me

Thou shalt returne an answere.

Clo. I shall Sir: This is Market-day, and heere acquaintance commonly meet; and whom haue I encounter'd? my gossip Pint-pot, and brim full; nay, I meane to drinke with you before I part, and how doth all your worshipfull kindred? your sister Quart, your pater-Pottle, (who was euer a Gentlemans fellow) and your old grandsier Gallon; they cannot chuse but be all in health, since so many healthes haue beene drunke out of them: I could wish them all heere, and in no worse state then I see you are in at this present; howsoeuer gossip, since I haue met you hand to hand, I'le make bould to drinke to you—Nay, either you must pledge me, or get one to doo't for you; Doe you open your mouth towards me? well, I know what you

would fay; Heere Roger, to your Master and Mistris, and all our good friends at home; gramercy gossip, if I should not pledge thee, I were worthy to be turn'd out to Graffe, and fland no more at Livery; And now in requitall of this courtefie I'le begin one health to you and all your fociety in the Celler, to Peter Pipe, Harry Hogshead, Bartholomew Butt and little master Randall Rundlet, to Timothy Tafter, and all your other great and fmall friends.

Y. Ger. Hee writes mee heere,

That at my discontinuance hee's much grieu'd;

Defiring me, as I have ever tender'd Or him or his, to give him fatisfaction

Touching my discontent; and that in person, By any private meeting.

Clo. I Sir, 'tis very true; The Letter speakes no more

Then he wisht me to tell you by word of mouth.

Y. Ger. Thou art then of his councell?

Clo. His Priuy and please you.

Y. Ger. Though neere fo strict hath bin my fathers charge,

A little I'le difpense with't, for his loue;

Commend me to thy Master, tell him from me,

On Munday night (then will my leafure ferue)

I will by Heauens assistance visit him.

Clo. On Munday Sir:

That's as I remember, iust the day before Tuesday.

Y. Ger. But 'twill be midnight first, at which late houre.

Please him to let the Garden doore stand ope,

At that I'le enter; But conditionally,

That neither Wife, Friend, Seruant, no third foule

Saue him, and thee to whom he trusts this message,

Know of my comming in, or passing out: When, tell him, I will fully fatisfie him

Concerning my forct abfence.

Clo. I am fomething oblivious; Your meffage

would bee the truelier deliuered if it were fet downe in blacke and white.

Y. Ger. I'le call for Pen and Incke, And infantly difpatch it.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Reignald.

Reig. Now impudence, but steele my face this once, Although I neere blush after; Heere's the house, Ho, whose within? What, no man to defend Enter Mr. Ricot.

These innocent gates from knocking ?

Ric. Whose without there?

Reig. One Sir that euer wisht your worships health; And those few houres I can find time to pray in, I still remember it.

Ric. Gramercy Reignald,
I loue all those that wish it: You are the men
Leade merry liues, Feast, Reuell, and Carowse;
You feele no tedious houres; Time playes with you,
This is your golden age.

Reig. It was, but now Sir, That Gould is turned to worse then Alcamy, It will not stand the test; Those dayes are past, And now our nights come on.

Ric. Tell me Reignald, is he return'd from Sea?
Reig. Yes, to our griefe already, but we feare
Hereafter, it may prooue to all our coft's.

Ric. Suspects thy Master any thing?

Reig. Not yet Sir;

Now my request is, that your worship being So neere a Neighbour, therefore most disturb'd, Would not be first to peach vs.

Ric. Take my word;

With other Neighbours make what peace you can, I'le not be your accufer.

Reig. Worshipfull Sir;

I fhall be still your Beads-man; Now the businesse That I was fent about, the Old Man my Master Claiming some interest in acquaintance past, Desires (might it be no way troublesome)

To take free view of all your House within.

Ric. View of my House? Why 'tis not set to Sale,

Nor bill vpon the doore; Looke well vpon't:

View of my House?

Reig. Nay, be not angry Sir,
Hee no way doth difable your eftate;
As farre to buy, as you are loath to fell;
Some alterations in his owne hee'd make,
And hearing yours by worke-men much commended,
Hee would make that his Prefident.

Ric. What fancies

Should at this age possesses in Knowing the cost, That hee should dreame of Building.

Reig. 'Tis fuppos'd,

He hath late found a Wife out for his Sonne;
Now Sir, to haue him neere him, and that neereneffe
Too, without trouble, though beneath one roofe,
Yet parted in two Families; Hee would build
And make what's pickt, a perfit quadrangle,
Proportioned iust with yours, were you so pleased,
To make it his example.

Rio. Willingly; I will but order fome few things

within,

And then attend his comming.

Reig. Most kind cox-combe,
Great Alexander, and Agathocles,
Cæfar, and others, haue bin Fam'd, they fay,
And magnified for high Facinerous deeds;
Why claime not I, an equall place with them?
Or rather a presedent: These commanded
Their Subiects, and their seruants; I my Master,
And every way his equalls, where I please,

Lead by the nofe along; They plac'd their burdens On Horfes, Mules, and Camels; I, old Men Of strength and wit, loade with my knauerie,

Enter Old Lionell.

Till both their backs and braines ake; Yet poore animalls.

They neere complaine of waight; Oh are you come Sir?

Old Lio. I made what hafte I could. Reig. And brought the warrant?

Old Lio. See heere, I hau't.

Reig. 'Tis well done, but fpeake, runs it

Both without Baile and Maineprize?

Old Lio. Nay, it carries both forme and power.

Reig. Then I shall warrant him;

I haue bin yonder Sir.

Old Lio. And what fayes hee? Reig. Like one that offers you

Free ingresse, view and regresse, at your pleasure; As to his worthy Land-lord.

Old Lio. Was that all?

Reig. Hee fpake to me, that I would fpeake to you, To fpeake vnto your Sonne; And then againe, To fpeake to him, that he would fpeake to you; You would release his Bargaine.

Old Lio. By no meanes,

Men must aduise before they part with Land, Not after to repent it; 'Tis most iust, That such as hazzard, and disburse their Stockes, Should take all gaines and profits that accrew,

Enter Mr. Ricot againe walking before the gate.

As well in Sale of Houses, as in Barter, And Traficke of all other Merchandize.

Reig. See, in acknowledgement of a Tenants duty, Hee attends you at the gate; Salute him Sir.

Old Lio. My worthy Friend.

Ric. Now as I liue, all my best thoughts and wishes

Impart with yours, in your fo fafe returne; Your feruant tels me, you have great defire To take furuiew of this my house within.

Old Lio. Bee't Sir, no trouble to you.

Ric. None, enter bouldly;

With as much freedome, as it were your owne.

Old Lio. As it were mine; Why Reignald, is it not?

Reig. Lord Sir, that in extremity of griefe, You'le adde vnto vexation; See you not How fad hee's on the fuddaine.

Old Lio. I observe it.

Reig. To part with that which he hath kept fo long;

Especially his Inheritance; Now as you loue Goodnesse, and Honessy, torment him not With the least word of Purchase.

Old Lio. Councell'd well; Thou teachest me Humanitie.

Ric. Will you enter?

Or fhall I call a feruant, to conduct you Through euery Roome and Chamber?

Old Lio. By no means;

I feare wee are too much troublesome of our felues.

Reig. See what a goodly Gate? Old Lio. It likes me well.

Reig. What braue caru'd poasts; Who knowes but

In time Sir, you may keepe your Shreualtie;

And I be one oth' Seriants.

Old Lio. They are well Caru'd.

Ric. And cost me a good price Sir; Take your pleasure,

I have businesse in the Towne. Exit.

Reig. Poore man, I pittie him;

H'ath not the heart to flay and fee you come,

As 'twere, to take Possession; Looke that way Sir, What goodly faire Baye windowes? Bayes.

Old Lio. Wondrous stately.

Reig. And what a Gallerie, How coftly Seeled; What painting round about?

Old Lio. Euery fresh object to good, adds better-

nesse.

Reig. Tarrast aboue, and how below supported; doe they please you?

Old Lio. All things beyond opinion; Trust me

Reignald,

I'le not forgoe the Bargaine, for more gaine

Then halfe the price it cost me.

Reig. If you would? I should not suffer you; Was not the

Money due to the Vfurer, tooke vpon good ground, That prou'd well built vpon? Wee were no fooles That knew not what wee did.

Old Lio. It shall be satisfied.

Reig. Please you to trust me with 't, I'le see 't discharged.

Old Lio. Hee hath my promife, and I'le doo't

my felfe:

Neuer could Sonne haue better pleas'd a Father, Then in this Purchase: Hie thee instantly Vnto my house ith' Countrey, giue him notice Of my arriue, and bid him with all speede Poaste hither.

Reig. Ere I fee the warrant feru'd?

Old Lio. It shall be thy first businesse; For my
Sonle

Is not at peace, till face to face, I approoue His Husbandrie, and much commend his Thrift; Nay, without paufe, be gone.

Reig. But a short iourney;

For hee's not farre, that I am fent to feeke: I have got the flart, the best part of the Race Is runne already, what remaines, is small, And tyre now, I should but forseit all.

Old Lio. Make haste, I doe intreat thee. Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. This is the Garden gate; And heere am I fet to stand Centinell, and to attend the comming of Young Master Geraldine: Master Dalauill's gone to his Chamber; My Mistresse to hers; 'Tis now about Mid-night; A Banquet prepared, bottles of Wine in readinesse, all the whole Houshold at their rest; And no creature by this, honeftly flirring, fauing I and my Old Master; Hee in a bye Chamber, prepared of purpose for their private Meeting; And I heere to play the Watchman, against my will; Chauelah,

Enter Young Geraldine.

Stand; Who goes there?

Y. Ger. A Friend. Clo. The Word?

Y. Ger. Honest Roger.

Clo. That's the Word indeed; You have leave to paffe freely

Without calling my Corporall.

Y. Ger. How goe the affaires within?

Clo. According to promife, the businesse is composed, and the servants disposed, my young Mistris reposed, my old Master according as you proposed, attends you if you bee exposed to give him meeting; Nothing in the way being interposed, to transpose you to the least danger: And this I dare be deposed, if you will not take my word, as I am honest Roger.

Y. Ger. Thy word shall be my warrant, but fecur'd

Most in thy Masters promise, on which building;

By this knowne way I enter. Clo. Nay, by your leaue,

I that was late but a plaine Centinell will now be your Captaine conducter: Follow me. Exeunt. Table and Stooles fet out; Lights: a Banquet, Wine.

Enter Master Wincott.

Winc. I wonder whence this ftrangenesse should proceed,

Or wherein I, or any of my house, Should be th' occasion of the least distaste; Now, as I wish him well, it troubles me;

Enter Clow, and Y. Ger.

But now the time growes on, from his owne mouth To be refolu'd; And I hope fatisfied: Sir, as I liue, of all my friends to me Most wishedly, you are welcome: Take that Chaire,

I this: Nay, I intreat no complement;

Attend-Fill wine.

Clo. Till the mouthes of the bottles yawne directly vpon the floore, and the bottomes turne their tayles vp to the feeling; Whil'st there's any blood in their bellies, I'le not leaue them.

Winc. I first falute you thus. Y. Ger. It could not come

From one whom I more honour; Sir, I thanke you.

Clo. Nay, fince my Master begun it, I'le see 't goe round

To all three.

Winc. Now giue vs leaue.

Clo. Talke you by your felues, while I find fomething to fay to this: I have a tale to tell him shall make his story heart relent.

Exit.

Y. Ger. Now, first Sir, your attention I intreat: Next, your beliefe, that what I speake is iust, Maugre all contradiction.

Winc. Both are granted.

Y. Ger. Then I proceed; With due acknowledgement

Of all your more then many curtefies:
Y'aue bin my fecond father, and your wife,
My noble and chafte Miftris; All your feruants
At my command; And this your bounteous Table,
As free and common as my Fathers house;
Neither 'gainst any, or the least of these,
Can I commence inst quarrell.

Winc. What might then be The cause of this constraint, in thus absenting

Your felfe from fuch as loue you?

Y. Ger. Out of many,
I will propose some few: The care I haue
Of your (as yet vnblemished) renowne;
The vntoucht honour of your vertuous wise;
And (which I value least, yet dearely too)
My owne faire reputation.

Winc. How can these, In any way be questioned? Y. Ger. Oh deare Sir,

Bad tongues haue bin too busie with vs all;
Of which I neuer yet had time to thinke,
But with sad thoughts and grieses vnspeakeable:
It hath bin whisper'd by some wicked ones,
But loudly thunder'd in my fathers eares,
By some that haue malign'd our happinesse;
(Heauen, if it can brooke slander, pardon them)
That this my customary comming hither,
Hath bin to base and forded purposes:
To wrong your bed; Iniure her chastity;
And be mine owne vndoer: Which, how false?

Wenc. As Heauen is true, I know't.

Y. Ger. Now this Calumny
Ariuing first vnto my fathers eares,
His easie nature was induc'd to thinke,
That these things might perhaps be possible:
I answer'd him, as I would doe to Heauen:
And cleer'd my selfe in his suspitious thoughts,
As truely, as the high all-knowing Iudge
Shall of these staines acquit me; which are meerely

Aspersions and vntruthes: The good old man Posses with my fincerity, and yet carefull Of your renowne, her honour, and my fame; To stop the worst that scandall could inslict; And to preuent false rumours, charges me, The cause remoou'd, to take away the effect; Which onely could be, to sorbeare your house And this vpon his blessing: You heare all.

Winc. And I of all acquit you: This your ab-

fence,

With which my loue most cauell'd; Orators
In your behalfe. Had such things past betwixt
you,
Not threats nor chidings could have driven you

hence:

It pleads in your behalfe, and fpeakes in hers; And armes me with a double confidence, Both of your friendship, and her loyalty: I am happy in you both, and onely doubtfull Which of you two doth most impart my loue: You shall not hence to night.

Y. Ger. Pray pardon Sir. Winc. You are in your lodging. Y. Ger. But my fathers charge.

Winc. My conjuration shall dispence with that;

You may be vp as early as you please; But hence to night you shall not.

Y. Ger. You are powerfull.

Winc. This night, of purpofe, I have parted beds,

Faining my felfe not well, to give you meeting;
Nor can be ought fufpected by my Wife,
I have kept all fo private: Now 'tis late,
I'le steale vp to my rest; But howsoever,
Let 's not be strange in our writing, that way
dayly

We may conferre without the least fuspect, In spight of all such base calumnious tongues So, Now good-night fweet friend. Exit. Y. Ger. May he that made you So inft and good, ftill guard you. Not to bed, So I perhaps might ouer-fleepe my felfe, And then my tardy wakeing niight betray me To the more early houshold; Thus as I am, I'le rest me on this Pallat; But in vaine, I finde no fleepe can fasten on mine eyes. There are in this disturbed braine of mine So many mutinous fancies: This, to me, Will be a tedious night; How shall I spend it? No Booke that I can spie? no company? A little let me recollect my felfe; Oh, what more wisht company can I find, Suiting the apt occasion, time and place; Then the fweet contemplation of her Beauty; And the fruition too, time may produce, Of what is yet lent out? 'Tis a fweet Lady, And euery way accomplisht: Hath meere accident Brought me thus neere, and I not vifit her? Should it ariue her eare, perhaps might breed Our lasting separation; For 'twixt Louers, No quarrell's to vnkindnesse, Sweet opportunity Offers preuention, and inuites me too't: The house is knowne to me, the staires and roomes; The way vnto her chamber frequently Trodden by me at mid-night, and all houres: How joyfull to her would a meeting be, So ftrange and vnexpected; Shadowed too Beneath the vaile of night; I am refolu'd To give her vifitation, in that place Where we have past deepe vowes, her bed-cham-

My fiery loue this darkenesse makes seeme bright, And this the path that leades to my delight.

He goes in at one doore, and comes out at another.

And this the gate vntoo't; I'le liften first,

Before too rudely I disturbe her rest:

And gentle breathing; Ha? shee's sure awake,

For in the bed two whifper, and their voyces Appeare to me vnequall; --- One a womans-And hers; ——Th' other should be no maids tongue. It beares too big a tone; And harke, they laugh; (Damnation) But lift further; 'Tother founds-Like——'Tis the fame falfe periur'd traitor, Dalauill, To friend and goodnesse: Vnchast impious woman, False to all faith, and true conjugal loue; There's met, a Serpent and a Crockadell; A Synon and a Circe: Oh, to what May I compare you ?--But my Sword, I'le act a noble execution, On two vnmatcht for fordid villanie:—— I left it in my Chamber, And thankes Heauen That I did fo; It hath preuented me From playing a base Hang-man; Sinne securely, Whilft I, although for many, yet leffe faults, Striue hourely to repent me; I once loved her, And was to him intir'd; Although I pardon, Heauen will find time to punish, I'le not stretch My iust reuenge fo farre, as once by blabbing, To make your brazen Impudence to blush; Damne on, reuenge too great; And to suppresse Your Soules yet lower, without hope to rife, Heape Offa vpon Pelion; You have made mee To hate my very Countrey, because heere bred: Neere two fuch monsters; First I'le leaue this House, And then my Fathers; Next I'le take my leaue, Both of this Clime and Nation, Trauell till Age fnow vpon this Head: My passions now, Are vnexpressable, I'le end them thus; Ill man, bad Woman, your vnheard of trecherie, This vniust censure, on a Iust man giue, To feeke out place, where no two fuch can liue. Exit.

Enter Dalauill in a Night-gowne: Wife in a nighttyre, as comming from Bed.

Dal. A happy Morning now betide you Lady,

To equal the content of a fweet Night.

Wife. It hath bin to my wish, and your defire;

And this your comming by pretended loue Vnto my Sifter Pru. cuts off fuspition

Of any fuch conuerfe 'twixt you and mee.

Dal. It hath bin wifely carried.

Wife. One thing troubles me. Dal. What's that my Dearest?

Wife. Why your Friend Geraldine, Should on the fudden thus abfent himfelfe?

Has he had thinke you no intelligence,

Of these our private meetings.

Dal. No, on my Soule,
For therein hath my braine exceeded yours;
I fluddying to engroffe you to my felfe,
Of his continued abfence haue bin caufe;

Yet hee of your affection no way icalous, Or of my Friendship——How the plot was cast,

You at our better leafure shall partake;

The aire growes cold, haue care vnto your health, Suspitious eyes are ore vs, that yet sleepe,

But with the dawne, will open; Sweet retire you

To your warme Sheets; I now to fill my owne, That have this Night bin empty.

Wife. You aduife well;

Oh might this Kiffe dwell euer on thy Lips,

In my remembrance.

Dal. Doubt it not I pray,

Whilest Day frights Night, and Night pursues the day:
Good morrow.

Execut.

Enter Reignald, Y. Lionell, Blanda, Scapha, Rioter, and two Gallants, Reig. with a Key in his hand.

Reig. Now is the Goale deliuerie; Through this backe gate

Shift for your felues, I heere vnprison all.

Y. Lio. But tell me, how shall we dispose our selves?

Wee are as farre to feeke now, as at the first; What is it to reprecue vs for few houres, And now to fuffer, better had it bin At first, to have stood the triall, so by this, Wee might have past our Pennance.

Bla. Sweet Reignald. Y. Lio. Honest rogue.

Rio. If now thou failest vs, then we are lost for ever.

Reig. This fame fweete Reignald, and this honest

rogue,

Hath bin the Burgesse, vnder whose protection You all this while haue liu'd, free from Arress, But now, the Sessions of my power's broake vp, And you expos'd to Actions, Warrants, Writs; For all the hellish rabble are broke loose, Of Seriants, Sherisses, and Balisses.

Omn. Guard vs Heauen.

Reig. I tell you as it is; Nay, I my felfe That haue bin your Protector, now as fubiect To euery varlots Peftle, for you know

How I am engag'd with you——At whose fuit fir.

Omn. Why didft thou Start. All Start. Reig. I was afraid fome Catchpole flood behind me,

To clap me on the Shoulder.

Rio. No fuch thing;

Yet I protest thy feare did fright vs all. Reig. I knew your guilty consciences.

Y. Lio. No Braine left?

Bla. No crotchet for my fake? Reig. One kiffe then Sweete,

Thus shall my crotchets, and your kisses meete.

R. Lio. Nay, tell vs what to trust too.

Reig. Lodge your felues

In the next Tauerne, ther's the Cash that's left, Goe, health it freely for my good successe; Nay, Drowne it all, let not a Teaster scape To be consum'd in rot-gut; I haue begun,

And I will fland the period.

Y. Lio. Brauely spoke.

Reig. Or perish in the conflict.

Rio. Worthy Reignald.

Reig. Well, if he now come off well, Fox you all;

Goe, call for Wine; For finglie of my felfe I will oppose all danger; But I charge you, When I shall faint or find my felse distrest; If I like braue *Orlando*, winde my Horne,

Make hafte vnto my rescew.

Y. Lio. And die in't.

Reig. Well hast thou spoke my noble Charlemaine, With these thy Peeres about thee.

Y. Lio. May good Speede

Attend thee still.

Reig. The end still crownes the deede. Exeunt.

Enter Old Lionell, and the first Owner of the House.

Own. Sir fir, your threats nor warrants, can fright me;

My honestie and innocency's knowne Alwayes to haue bin vnblemisht; Would you could

As well approue your owne Integrity, As I shall doubtlesse acquit my selfe

Of this furmifed murder.

Old Lio. Rather Surrender
The price I paid, and take into thy hands
This haunted manfion, or I'le profecute
My wrong, euen to the vtmost of the Law,
Which is no lesse then death.

Own. I'le answere all

Old Lionell, both to thy fhame and fcorne; This for thy Menaces.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. This is the House, but where's the noyse that

was wont to be in't? I am fent hither, to deliuer a Noate, to two young Gentlemen that heere keepe Reuell-rout; I remember it, fince the last Massacre of Meat that was made in't; But it seemes, that the great Storme that was raised then, is chast now; I haue other Noates to deliuer, one to Master Rycott——and——I shall thinke on them all in order; My Old Master makes a great Feast, for the parting of young Master Geraldine, who is presently vpon his departure for Trauell, and the better to grace it, hath inuited many of his Neighbours and Friends; Where will be Old Master Geraldine——his Sonne, and I cannot tell how many; But this is strange, the Gates shut vp at this time a day, belike they are all Drunke and laid to sleepe, if they be, I'le wake them, with a Murraine.

Knockes.

Old Lio. What desperate fellowe's this, that ignorant

Of his owne danger, thunders at these Gates?

Clo. Ho, Reignald, Riotous Reignald, Reuelling Reignald.

Old Liv. What madnesse doth possesse thee, honest

To touch that Hammers handle?

Clo. What madnesse doth possesse thee, honest Friend.

To aske me fuch a question?

Old Lio. Nay, stirre not you? Own. Not I; The game begins.

Old Lio. How doest thou, art thou well?

Clo. Yes very well, I thanke you, how doe you Sir?

Old Lio. No alteration; What change about thee? Clo. Not fo much change about me at this time,

As to change you a Shilling into two Teasters.

Old Lio. Yet I aduise thee Fellow, for thy good,

Stand further from the Gate.

Clo. And I adulfe thee Friend, for thine owne good, fland not betwixt mee and the Gate, but give

me leaue to deliuer my errant; Hoe, Reignald, you mad Rascall.

Old Lio. In vaine thou thunder'ft at these silent Doores.

Where no man dwels to answere, sauing Ghosts,

Furies, and Sprights.

Clo. Ghofts; Indeed there has bin much walking, in and about the House after Mid-night.

Old Lio. Strange noyfe oft heard.

Clo. Yes, terrible noife, that none of the neighbours could take any rest for it, I have heard it my felfe.

Old Lio. You heare this; Heere's more witnesse.

Own. Very well Sir.

Old Lio. Which you shall dearely answere—whooping.

Cto. And hollowing. Old Lio. And shouting.

Clo. And crying out, till the whole house rung againe.

Old Lio. Which thou hast heard?

Clo. Oftner then I have toes and fingers. Old Lio. Thou wilt be depos'd of this?

Clo. I'le be fworne too't, and that's as good.

Old Lio. Very good fill; Yet you are innocent:

Shall I intreat thee friend, to auouch as much Heere by to the next Iuslice.

Classification of the next futice.

Clo. I'le take my fouldiers oath on't.
Old Lio. A fouldiers oath, What's that?

Clo. My corporall oath; And you know Sir, a Corporall is an office belonging to a fouldier.

Old Lio. Yet you are cleere?

Murder will come to light.

Enter Robin, the old feruing-man.

Own. So will your gullery too.

Rob. They fay my old Master's come home; I'le

fee if hee will turne me out of doores, as the young man has done: I haue laid rods in piffe for fome-body, fcape Reignald as hee can, and with more freedome then I durft late, I bouldly now dare knocke.

Robin knocks.

Old Lio. More mad-men yet; I thinke fince my laft voyage,

Halfe of the world's turn'd franticke: What do'ft meane.

Or long'ft thou to be blafted ?

Rob. Oh Sir, you are welcome home; 'Twas time to come

Ere all was gone to hauocke.

Old Lio. My old feruant? before I shall demand of further busines,

Refolue me why thou thunder's at these doores, Where thou know's none inhabits?

Rob. Are they gone Sir ?

'Twas well they have left the house behind; For all the furniture, to a bare bench,

I am fure is fpent and wasted.

Old Lio. Where's my fonne,

That Reignald poasting for him with such speed, Brings him not from the Countrey?

Rob. Countrey Sir?

'Tis a thing they know not; Heere they Feast,
Dice, Drinke, and Drab; The company they keepe,
Cheaters and Roaring-Ladds, and these attended
By Bawdes and Queanes: Your sonne hath got a
Strumpet,

On whom he fpends all that your sparing left,

And heere they keepe court; To whose damn'd abuses,

Reignald gives all encouragement.

Old Lio. But flay flay; No liuing foule hath for these fixe moneths space

Heere enter'd, but the house stood desolate.

Rob. Last weeke I am fure, so late, and th' other day,

Such Reuells were here kept.

Old Lio. And by my fonne?

Rob. Yes, and his fervant Reignald.

Old Lio. And this house at all not haunted?

Rob. Saue Sir with fuch Sprights.

Enter Master Ricott.

Own. This Murder will come out.

Old Lio. But fee, in happy time heere comes my

Neighbour

Of whom he bought this manfion; He, I am fure More amply can refolue me: I pray Sir,

What fummes of moneys have you late received

Of my young fonne?

Ric. Of him? None I affure you.

Old Lio. What of my feruant Reignald?

Ric. But deuise

What to call leffe then nothing, and that fumme I will confesse receiv'd.

Old Lio. Pray Sir, be ferious;

I doe confesse my selfe indebted to you,

A hundred pound.

Ric. You may doe well to pay't then, for heere's witnesse

Sufficient of your words.

Old Lio. I fpeake no more

Then what I purpose; Iust so much I owe you,

And ere I sleepe will tender.

Ric. I shall be

As ready to receive it, and as willing,

As you can bee to pay't.

Old Lio. But prouided,

You will confesse seuen hundred pounds received

Before hand of my fonne?

Ric. But by your fauour;

Why should I yeeld seuen hundred [pounds] receiv'd

Of them I neuer dealt with? Why? For what?

What reason? What condition? Where or when Should fuch a fumme be paid mee?

Old Lio. Why? For this bargaine: And for what?

This house:

Reason? Because you fold it: The conditions? Such

As were agreed betweene you: Where and When? That onely hath escapt me.

Ric. Madnesse all.

Old Lio. Was I not brought to take free view thereof.

As of mine owne poffession?

Ric. I confesse;

Your feruant told me you had found out a wife Fit for your fonne, and that you meant to build; Defir'd to take a friendly view of mine, To make it your example: But for felling, I tell you Sir, my wants be not fo great, To change my house to Coyne.

Old Lio. Spare Sir your anger, And turne it into pity; Neighbours and friends, I am quite lost, was neuer man fo fool'd, And by a wicked feruant; Shame and blushing Will not permit to tell the manner how, Lest I be made ridiculous to all: My feares are to inherit what's yet left; He hath made my fonne away.

Rob. That's my feare too.

Old Lio. Friends, as you would commiferate a man

Depriu'd at once, both of his wealth and fonne; And in his age, by one I euer tender'd More like a fonne then feruant: By imagining My cafe were yours, have feeling of my griefes And helpe to apprehend him; Furnish me With Cords and Fetters, I will lay him fafe In Prison within Prison.

Ric. Weel assist you.

Rob. And I. Clo. And all;

But not to doe the least hurt to my old friend Reignald, Old Lio. His Leggs will be as nimble as his Braine, And 'twill be difficult to feaze the flaue,

Enter Reignald with a Horne in his pocket: they withdraw behind the Arras.

Yet your endeauours, pray peace, heere hee comes. Reig. My heart mif-giues, for 'tis not possible But that in all these windings and indents I shall be found at last: I'le take that course That men both troubled and affrighted doe, Heape doubt on doubt, and as combustions rise, Try if from many I can make my peace, And worke mine owne atonement.

Old Lio. Stand you close,

Be not yet feene, but at your best advantage Hand him, and bind him fast: Whil'st I diffemble As if I yet knew nothing.

Reig. I suspect

And find there's trouble in my Masters lookes; Therefore I must not trust my felfe too farre Within his fingers.

Old Lio. Reignald ? Reig. Worshipfull Sir.

Old Lio. What fayes my fonne ith' Countrey?

Reig. That to morrow,

Early ith' morning, heele attend your pleafure, And doe as all fuch dutious children ought; Demand your blessing Sir.

Old Lio. Well, 'tis well.

Reig. I doe not like his countenance.

Old Lio. But Reignald? I fufpect the honefty
And the good meaning of my neighbour heere,
Old mafter Ricott; Meeting him but now,
And having fome difcourse about the house,
He makes all strange, and tells me in plaine termes,

Hee knowes of no fuch matter.

Reig. Tell mee that Sir?

Old Lio. I tell thee as it is: Nor that fuch moneys,

Tooke vp at vfe, were euer tender'd him

On any fuch conditions.

Reig. I cannot blame your worship to bee pleafant, Knowing at what an vnder-rate we bought it, but you euer

Were a most merry Gentleman.

R. Lio. (Impudent flaue)

But Reignald, hee not onely doth denie it, But offers to depofe Himfelfe and Seruants,

No fuch thing euer was.

Reig. Now Heauen, to fee to what this world's growne too.

I will make him—

Old Lio. Nay more, this man will not confesse the Murder.

Reig. Which both shall deerely answere; You haue warrant

For him already; But for the other Sir,

If hee denie it, he had better-

Old Lio. Appeare Gentlemen,

Softly.

'Tis a fit time to take him.

Reig. I discouer the Ambush that's laid for me.

Old Lio. Come neerer Reignald.

Reig. First fir resolue me one thing, amongst other Merchandize

Bought in your abfence by your Sonne and me, Wee ingroft a great comoditie of Combes,

And how many forts thinke you?

Old Lio. You might buy Some of the bones of Fishes, some of Beafts,

Box-combes, and Iuory-combes.

Reig. But befides thefe, we have for Horfes Sir, Mayne-combes, and Curry-combes; Now Sir for men, Wee have Head-combes, Beard-combes, I and Coxcombes too; Take view of them at your pleafure, whil'ft for my part,
I thus beftow my felfe.

They all appeare with Cords and Shackels, Whilest hee gets up.

Clo. Well faid Reignald, nobly put off Reignald, Looke to thy felfe Reignald.

Old Lio. Why dost thou climbe thus?

Reig. Onely to practice

The nimbleneffe of my Armes and Legges, Ere they prooue your Cords and Fetters.

Old Lio. Why to that place?

Reig. Why? because Sir 'tis your owne House; It hath bin my Harbour long, and now it must bee my Sanctuary; Dispute now, and I'le answere.

Own. Villaine, what deuilish meaning had'st thou

in't,

To challenge me of Murder?

Reig. Oh fir, the man you kil'd is aliue at this present to iustifie it:

I am, quoth he, a Trans-marine by birth-

Ric. Why, challenge me receipt of Moneys, and to giue abroad,

That I had fold my House?

Reig. Why? because fir,

Could I have purchast Houses at that rate, I had meant to have bought all London.

Clo. Yes, and Middlefex too, and I would have bin thy halfe Reignald.

Old Lio. Yours are great,

My wrongs infufferable; As first, to fright mee From mine owne dwelling, till they had confumed The whole remainder of the little left;

Befides, out of my late flocke got at Sea,

Discharge the clamorous Vsurer; Make me accuse

This man of Murder; Be at charge of warrants; And challenging this my worthy Neighbour of

G

Forfwearing Summes hee neuer yet received; Foole mee, to thinke my Sonne that had fpent all, Had by his thrift bought Land; I and him too, To open all the fecrets of his House To mee, a Stranger; Oh thou infolent villaine, What to all these canst answere?

Reig. Guiltie, guiltie.

Old Lio. But to my Sonnes death, what thou flaue?

Reig. Not Guiltie.

Old Lio. Produce him then; Ith' meane time, and——

Honest Friends, get Ladders.

Reig. Yes, and come downe in your owne Ropes.
Own. I'le fetch a Peece and shoote him.

Reig. So the warrant in my Masters pocket, will ferue for my Murder; And euer after shall my Ghost haunt this House.

Clo. And I will fay like Reignald,

This Ghost and I am Friends. Old Lio. Bring faggots, I'le fet fire vpon the

House, Rather then this indure.

Reig. To burne Houses is Fellony, and I'le not out

Till I be fir'd out; But fince I am Befieged thus, I'le fummon fupplies vnto my Rescue.

Hee windes a Horne. Enter Young Lionell, Rioter, two Gallants Blanda, &c.

Y. Lio. Before you chide, first heere mee, next your Blefsing,

That on my knees I begge; I have but done Like mif-spent youth, which after wit deere bought, Turnes his Eyes inward, forrie and ashamed; These things in which I have offended most, Had I not prooued, I should have thought them still Effential things, delights perdureable;

Which now I find meere Shaddowes, Toyes and Dreames.

Now hated more then earst I doated on;

Best Natures, are soonest wrought on; Such was mine:

As I the offences, So the offendors throw Heere at your feete, to punish as you please; You have but paid fo much as I have wasted, To purchase to your selfe a thrifty Sonne;

Which I from hencefoorth, Vow. Old Lio. See what Fathers are,

That can three yeeres offences, fowle ones too, Thus in a Minute pardon; And thy faults Vpon my felfe chaftife, in these my Teares; Ere this Submission, I had cast thee off; Rife in my new Adoption: But for these-

Clo. The one you have nothing to doe withall, here's his Ticket for his discharge; Another for you Sir, to Summon you to my Masters Feast, For you, and you, where I charge you all to appeare, vpon his displeasure, and your owne apperils.

Y. Lio. This is my Friend, the other one I loued.

Onely because they have bin deere to him That now will striue to be more deere to you;

Vouchsafe their pardon.

Old Lio. All deere, to me indeed, for I have payd for't foundly,

Yet for thy fake, I am atton'd with all; Onely that wanton,

Her, and her Company, abandon quite;

So doing, wee are friends.

Y. Lio. A iust Condition, and willingly subfcrib'd to.

Old Lio. But for that Villaine; I am now deuifing

What shame, what punishment remarkable,

To inflict on him.

Reig. Why Master? Haue I laboured, Plotted, Contriued, and all this while for you, And will you leaue me to the Whip and Stockes; Not mediate my peace.

Old Lio. Sirra, come downe.

Reig. Not till my Pardon's fealed, I'le rather fland heere

Like a Statue, in, in the Fore-front of your house For euer; Like the picture of Dame Fortune Before the Fortune Play-house.

Y. Lio. If I have heere

But any Friend amongst you, ioyne with mee

In this petition.

Clo. Good Sir, for my fake, I refolued you truly Concerning Whooping, the Noyfe, the Walking, and the Sprights,

And for a need, can shew you a Ticket for him too.

Own. I impute my wrongs rather to knauish Cunning.

Then least pretended Malice.

Ric. What he did,

Was but for his Young Master, I allow it Rather as sports of Wit, then iniuries; No other pray esteeme them.

Old Lio. Euen as freely,

As you forget my quarells made with you; Rais'd from the Errours first begot by him; I heere remit all free; I now am Calme, But had I seaz'd vpon him in my Spleene——

Reig. I knew that, therefore this was my Inuention,

For Pollicie's the art still of Preuention.

Clo. Come downe then Reignald, first on your hands and feete, and then on your knees to your Master; Now Gentlemen, what doe you say to your inuiting to my Masters Feast.

Ric. Wee will attend him.

Old Lio. Nor doe I loue to breake good company;

For Master Wincott is my worthy Friend,

Enter Reignald.

And old acquaintance; Oh thou crafty Wag-ftring, And could'ft thou thus delude me? But we are Friends;

Nor Gentlemen, let not what's heere to paft, In your leaft thoughts difable my Eftate; This my laft Voyage hath made all things good, With furplus too; Be that your comfort Sonne: Well Reignald——But no more.

Reig. I was the Fox,
But I from hencefoorth, will no more the Cox—
Combe, put vpon your pate.

Old Lio. Let's walke Gentlemen.

Exeunt Omnes.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Old Geraldine, and Young Geraldine.

Old Ger. Sonne, let me tell you, you are ill aduifed;

And doubly to be blam'd, by vndertaking Vnneceffary trauell; Grounding no reason For such a rash and giddy enterprise:
What profit aime you at, you have not reapt; What Nouelty affoords the Christian world, Of which your view hath not participated In a full measure; Can you either better Your language or experience? Your selfe-will Hath onely purpose to deprive a father

Of a loued fonne, and many noble friends, Of your much wisht acquaintance.

Y. Ger. Oh, deare Sir,

Doe not, I doe intreat you, now repent you

Of your free grant; Which with fuch care and fluddy,

I have fo long, fo often laboured for.

Old Ger. Say that may be difpens'd with, fhew me reason

Why you defire to fleale out of your Countrey, Like fome Malefactor that had forfeited

His life and freedome; Heere's a worthy Gentleman

Hath for your fake inuited many guests, To his great charge, onely to take of you

A parting leaue: You fend him word you cannot, After, you may not come: Had not my vrgence, Almost compulsion, driuen you to his house,

Th' vnkindnesse might haue forfeited your loue, And raced you from his will; In which he hath

giuen you
A faire and large estate; Yet you of all this strangenesse.

Show no fufficient ground.

Y. Ger. Then vnderstand; The ground thereof tooke his first birth from you; 'Twas you first charg'd me to forbeare the house, And that vpon your blessing: Let it not then

And that vpon your bleffing: Let it not then Offend you Sir, if I fo great a charge

Haue striu'd to keepe so strictly.

Old Ger. Mee perhaps,

You may appease, and with small difficulty, Because a Father; But how satisfie

Their deare, and on your part, vnmerited loue? But this your last obedience may falue all:

Wee now grow neere the house.

Y. Ger. Whose doores, to mee, Appeare as horrid as the gates of Hell: Where shall I borrow patience, or from whence? Enter Wincott, Wife, Ricott, the two Lionells, Owner, Dalauill, Prudentilla, Reignald, Rioter.

To giue a meeting to this viperous brood, Of Friend and Mistris.

Winc. Y'aue entertain'd me with a strange difcourse

Of your mans knauish wit, but I reioyce,
That in your safe returne, all ends so well:
Most welcome you, and you, and indeed all;
To whom I am bound, that at so short a warning,
Thus friendly, you will deigne to visit me.
Old Lio. It seemes my absence hath begot some

fport, . It feemes my ablence hath begot fome

iport,

Thanke my kinde feruant heere. Reig. Not fo much worth Sir.

Old Lio. But though their riots tript at my estate,

They have not quite ore-throwne it.

Winc. But fee Gentlemen,
These whom we most expected, come at length;
This I proclaime the master of the Feast,
In which to expresse the bounty of my loue,
I'le shew my selfe no niggard.
Y. Ger. Your choise fauours

I still taste in abundance.

Wife. Methinks it would not mif-become me Sir, To chide your absence; That have made your selfe, To vs, so long a stranger.

Hee turnes away fad, as not being minded.

Y. Ger. Pardon mee Sir,
That haue not yet, fince your returne from Sea,
Voted the leaft fit opportunity,
To entertaine you with a kind falute.
Old Lio. Most kindly Sir I thanke you.
Dal. Methinks friend,

You should expect greene rushes to be strow'd, After fuch discontinuance.

Y. Ger. Mistris Pru, I have not feene you long, but greet you thus, May you be Lady of a better husband Then I expect a wife.

Winc. I like that greeting: Nay, enter Gentlemen; Dinner perhaps Is not yet ready, but the time we flay, Weele find fome fresh discourse to spend away. Exeunt.

Manet Dalawill.

Dal. Not speake to me? nor once vouchsafe an answere,

But fleight me with a poore and base neglect? No, nor fo much as cast an eye on her, Or least regard, though in a feeming shew Shee courted a reply? 'twixt him and her, Nay him and mee, this was not wont to be; If the haue braine to apprehend as much

Enter Young Geraldine and Wife.

As I have done, sheele quickly find it out: Now as I liue, as our affections meete, So our conceits, and fhee hath fingled him To some such purpose: I'le retire my selse, Not interrupt their conference.

Wife. You are fad Sir.

Y. Ger. I know no cause.
Wife. Then can I shew you some; Who could be otherwayes, to leaue a Father So carefull, and each way fo prouident? To leaue fo many, and fuch worthy Friends?
To abandon your owne countrey? These are some, Nor doe I thinke you can be much the merrier For my fake?

Exit.

Y. Ger. Now your tongue speakes Oracles; For all the rest are nothing, 'tis for you, Onely for you I cannot.

Wife. So I thought; Why then have you bin all this while fo ftrange? Why will you trauell? fuing a diuorce Betwixt vs, of a loue inseperable; For heere shall I be left as desolate Vnto a trozen, almost widdowed bed; Warm'd onely in that future, ftor'd in you; For who can in your absence comfort me?

Y. Ger. Shall my oppressed sufferance yet breake

foorth

Into impatience, or endure her more?

Wife. But fince by no perswasion, no intreats, Your fetled obstinacy can be swai'd,

Though you feeme desperate of your owne deare

life.

Haue care of mine, for it exists in you. Oh Sir, fhould you miscarry I were lost, Loft and forfaken; Then by our past vowes, And by this hand once given mee, by these teares, Which are but fprings begetting greater floods, I doe befeech thee, my deere Geraldine, Looke to thy fafety, and preferue thy health; Haue care into what company you fall; Trauell not late, and croffe no dangerous Seas; For till Heauens bleffe me in thy fafe returne, How will this poore heart fuffer?

Y. Ger. I had thought

Long fince the Syrens had bin all deftroy'd; But one of them I find furuiues in her; Shee almost makes me question what I know, An Hereticke vnto my owne beliefe: Oh thou mankinds feducer.

Wife. What? no answere?

Y. Ger. Yes, thou hast spoke to me in Showres, I will reply in Thunder; Thou Adultresse, That hast more poyson in thee then the Serpent.

Who was the first that did corrupt thy fex, The Deuill.

Wife. To whom speakes the man?

Y. Ger. To thee,

Falfest of all that euer man term'd faire;
Hath Impudence so steel'd thy smooth soft skin,
It cannot blush? Or sinne so obdur'd thy heart,
It doth not quake and tremble? Search thy conscience,

There thou shalt find a thousand clamorous tongues To speake as loud as mine doth.

Wife. Saue from yours,

I heare no noise at all.

Y. Ger. I'le play the Doctor
To open thy deafe eares; Munday the Ninth
Of the last Moneth; Canst thou remember that?
That Night more blacke in thy abhorred sinne,

Then in the gloomie darknesse; That the time.

Wife. Munday ?

Y. Ger. Wouldest thou the place know? Thy polluted Chamber,

So often witnesse of my fin-lesse vowes;
Wouldest thou the Person? One not worthy Name,
Yet to torment thy guilty Soule the more,
I'le tell him thee, That Monster Dalauill;
Wouldest thou your Bawd know? Mid-night, that the
houre:

The very words thou fpake; Now what would Geraldine

Say, if he faw vs heere? To which was answered,
Tush hee's a Cox-combe, fit to be so fool'd:
No blush? What, no faint Feauer on thee yet?
How hath thy blacke fins chang'd thee? Thou

Medusa,

Those Haires that late appeared like golden Wyers, Now crawle with Snakes and Adders; Thou art

Wife. And yet my glasse, till now, neere told me

fo;

Who gaue you this intelligence?

Y. Ger. Onely hee,
That pittying fuch an Innocencie as mine,
Should by two fuch delinquents bee betray'd,
Hee brought me to that place by mirracle;
And made me an eare witneffe of all this.

Wife. I am vndone.

Y. Ger. But thinke what thou hast lost To forseit mee; I not withstanding these, (So fixt was my loue and vnutterable)
I kept this from thy Husband, nay all eares, With thy transgressions smothering mine owne wrongs, In hope of thy Repentance.

Wife. Which begins Thus low vpon my knees.

Y. Ger. Tush, bow to Heauen,
Which thou hast most offended; I alas,
Saue in such (Scarce vnheard of) Treacherie,
Most sinsul like thy felse; Wherein, Oh wherein,
Hath my vnspotted and vnbounded Loue
Deseru'd the least of these? Sworne to be made a
stale

For terme of life; And all this for my goodnesse; Die, and die soone, acquit me of my Oath, But prethee die repentant; Farewell euer, 'Tis thou, and onely thou hast Banisht mee, Both from my Friends and Countrey.

Wife. Oh, I am loft. Sinkes downe.

Enter Dalauill meeting Young Geraldine going out.

Dal. Why how now, what's the businesse?Y. Ger. Goe take her Vp, whom thou hast oft throwne Downe,

Villaine.

Dal. That was no language from a Friend, It had too harsh an accent; But how's this? My Mistresse thus low cast vpon the earth Grauelling and breathlesse, Mistresse, Lady, Sweet——

Wife. Oh tell me if thy name be Geraldine, Thy very lookes will kill mee?

Dal. View me well,

I am no fuch man; See, I am Dalauill.

Wife. Th'art then a Deuill, that prefents before mee

My horrid fins; perswades me to dispaire; When hee like a good Angel fent from Heauen, Befought me of repentance; Swell ficke Heart, Euen till thou burst the ribs that bound thee in ; So, there's one ftring crackt, flow, and flow high, Euen till thy blood distill out of mine eyes, To witnesse my great forrow.

Dal. Faint againe,

Some helpe within there, no attendant neere? Thus to expire, in this I am more wretched, Then all the fweet fruition of her loue Before could make me happy.

Enter Wincott, Old Geraldine, Young Geraldine, the two Lionells, Ricott, Owner, Prudentilla, Reignald, Clowne.

Winc. What was bee Clamor'd fo lowd, to mingle with our mirth

This terrour and affright?

Dal. See Sir, your Wife in these my armes expiring.

Winc. How? Prud. My fifter?

Winc. Support her, and by all meanes possible

Prouide for her deere fafety.

Old Ger. See, shee recouers.

Winc. Woman, looke vp. Wife. Oh Sir, your pardon;

Conuey me to my Chamber, I am ficke, Sicke euen to death, away thou Sycophant, Out of my fight, I have befides thy felfe,

Too many finnes about mee.

Clo. My fweet Mistresse.

Dal. The storme's comming, I must prouide for harbour. Exit.

Old Lio, What strange and sudden alteration's this.

How quickly is this cleere day ouercast; But fuch and so vncertaine are all things,

That dwell beneath the Moone.

Y. Lio. A Womans qualme, Frailties that are inherent to her fex,

Soone ficke, and foone recouer'd. Winc. If thee misfare,

I am a man more wretched in her loffe, Then had I forfeited life and estate;

Shee was fo good a creature.

Old Ger. I the like

Suffer'd, when I my Wife brought vnto her graue; So you, when you were first a widower;

Come arme your felfe with patience.

Ric. These are casualties

That are not new, but common.

Reig. Burying of Wiues,

As flale as shifting shirts, or for some servants,

To flout and gull their Masters. Own. Best to fend

And fee how her fit holds her.

Enter Prudentilla and Clowne.

Prud. Sir, my Sister
In these few Lines commends her last to you,
For she is now no more; What's therein writ,
Saue Heauen and you, none knowes; This she de-

fir'd
You would take view of; and with these words
expired.

Winc. Dead ?

Y. Ger. She hath made me then a free releafe,

Of all the debts I owed her.

Winc. My feare is beyond pardon, Dalauill Hath plaid the villaine, but for Geraldine, Hee hath bin each way Noble——Loue him still, My peace already I haue made with Heauen; Oh be not you at warre with me; My Honour Is in your hands to punish, or preserue; I am now Confest, and only Geraldine Hath wrought on mee this vnexpected good; The Inke I write with, I wish had bin my blood, To witnesse my Repentance——Dalauill? Where's hee? Goe seeke him out.

Clo. I shall, I shall Sir. Exit.
Winc. The Wills of Dead solke should be still

obeyed;

How ever false to mee, I'le not reueale't; Where Heauen forgiues, I pardon Gentlemen, I know you all commiserate my losse; I little thought this Feast should have bin turn'd

Enter Clowne.

Into a Funerall; What's the newes of him?

Clo. Hee went prefently to the Stable, put the Sadle vpon his Horfe, put his Foote into the Stirrup, clapt his Spurres into his fides, and away hee's Gallopt, as if hee were to ride a Race for a Wager.

Winc. All our ill lucks goe with him, farewell hee;

But all my best of wishes wait on you,

As my chiefe Friend; This meeting that was made

Onely to take of you a parting leaue,

Shall now be made a Marriage of our Loue, Which none faue onely Death shall separate.

Y. Ger. It calles me from all Trauell, and from hencefoorth,

With my Countrey I am Friends.

Winc. The Lands that I have left,

You lend mee for the fhort space of my life; As soone as Heauen calles mee, they call you Lord; First feast, and after Mourne; Wee'le like some Gallants

That Bury thrifty Fathers, think't no finne, To weare Blacks without, but other Thoughts within.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



A Pleasant Comedy, called

A

MAYDEN-HEAD WELL LOST.

As it hath beene publickly Acted at the Cocke-pit in Drury-lane, with much Applause:

By her Maiesties Servants.

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.



LONDON,

Printed by Nicholas Okes for Iohn Iackfon and Francis Church, and are to be fold at the Kings Armes in Cheape-fide. 1634.





To the Reader.

Ourteous Reader, (of what fexe foever) let not the Title of this Play any way deterre thee from the

perusall thereof: For there is nothing herein contained, which doth deviate either from Modesty, or good Manners. For though the Argument be drawne from a Maydenhead lost, yet to be well lost, cleares it from all aspersion. Neither can this be drawne within the Criticall censure of that most horrible Histriomastix, whose vncharitable doome having damned all such to the slames of Hell, hath it selfe already suffered a most remarkeable fire here vpon Earth. This hath beene frequently, and publickly Acted without exception, and I presume may be freely read without distaste; and of all in

generall: excepting such, whose prepared palats, disgusting all Poems of this nature, are poysoned with the bitter inice of that Coloquintida and Hemlocke, which can neither relish the peace of the Church nor Common-weale. Nothing remaineth further to be said, but read charitably, and then censure without prejudice.

By him who hath beene euer studious of thy fauour,

Thomas Heywood.



Dramatis Perfonæ.

The Duke of *Florence*.
The Prince of *Florence*.

Mounfieur, the Tutor to the Prince.

The Widdow of the Generall.

Sforfa.

Their Daughter Lauretta.

The Clowne their Seruant.

A Huntsman.

A Lord of Florence.

The Duke of *Millaine*. The Prince of *Parma*. *Julia* Daughter to *Millain*.

Stroza Secretary to the Duke.

A Souldier of Sforza'es.

Three maimed Souldiers.

A Lord of Millaine.

Attendants.

Other Lords, &c.





The Prologue.

Rologues to Playes in vfe, and common are, As Vihers to Great Ladies; Both walke bare, And comely both; conducting Beauty they And wee appeare, to wher in our Play. Yet, be their faces foule, or featur'd well, Be they hard-fauoured, or in lookes excell, Yet being Vsher, he owes no leffe duty Vnto the most deformed, then the choise Beautie. It is our cafe; we vsher Acts and Scenes, Some honest, and yet some may prove like Queanes. (Loofe and bafe fluffe) yet that is not our fault, We walke before, but not like Panders hault Before fuch cripled ware: Th' Acts we present We hope are Virgins, drawne for your content Vnto this Stage: Maides gratefull are to Men. Our Scenes being fuch, (like fuch) accept them then.



A

MAYDEN-HEAD WELL LOST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iulia and Stroza.

Iulia.



Hat shee should doo't?

Stroza. Shee?

Iul. May we build vpon't?

St. As on a base of Marble; I have

Strange passages of loue, loose enterchanges Of hands and eyes betwixt her and the Prince, Madame looke too't.

Iul. What hope hath he in one So meanly bred? or shee t'obtaine a Prince Of such discent and linnage?

Str. What but this

That you must vindergoe the name of wife, And she to intercept the sweetes of loue Due to your bed.

Iul. To be his strumpet Stroza?

Str. Madame a woman may gueffe vnhappily.

Iul. Thou shouldst be honest Stroza.

Str. Yes, many should

Be what they are not: but I alwayes was, And euer will be one, (that's fill my felfe.)

Iul. The Generall Sforfaes daughter? is't not the?

Str. Is that yet questioned? as if the chaste Court

Had faue her felfe one fo degenerate, So diffolutely wanton, fo profuse In proflitution too, fo impudent And blushlesse in her proud ambitious aime,

As if no man could her intemperance please, Saue him whom Heaven hath destin'd to your

bed.

Iul. I never faw them yet familiar.

Str. Ha, ha, as if they'd fend for you to fee't,

To witneffe what they most striue to conceale, Be guld? be branded: 'las to me, all's nothing, I shall ne're smart for't, what is't to me? If being a Bride, you haue a widdowed fortune; If being married, you must throw your selfe Vpon a desolate bed, and in your armes,

Claspe nought but Ayre, whilft his armes full of

pleafure

Borrow'd from a ftolne beauty, shall this grieue
Or trouble me? breake my sleepes? make me starte
At midnight vp, and fill the house with clamours?
Shall this bring strange brats to be bred and brought

Vp at my fire, and call me Dad? No: this Concernes not me more then my loue to you

To your high Soueraignty. *Iul.* I now repent

Too late, fince I too lauishly have given him
The vtmost he could aske, and firetcht my honour
Beyond all lawfull bounds of modesty.
Hee's couetous of others, and neglects

His owne; but I will part those their stolne pleasures,

And croffe those luftfull sports they have in chase,

Not be the pillow to my owne difgrace. Exit.

Str. The game's on foote, and there's an case

path

To my reuenge; this beauteous Millanois Vnto th' Duke fole heire, still courted, crau'd, And by the Parma Prince follicited, Which I still study how to breake, and cast Afperfions betwixt both of strange dislike; But wherein hath the other innocent Mayde So iniur'd me, that I should scandall her? Her Father is the Generall to the Duke: For when I studdied to be rais'd by Armes, And purchase me high eminence in Campe, He crost my fortunes, and return'd me home A Cashierd Captaine; for which injury I fcandall all his meanes vnto the Duke, And to the Princesse all his daughters vertues I labour to inuert, and bring them both Into difgracefull hatred.

Enter Prince Parma.

Par. Storza?
Str. My Lord?

Par. Saw you the Princesse?

Str. Iulia?
Par. She?

Str. I haue my Lord of late no eare of hers, Nor fhe a tongue of mine; the time hath bin Till foothing Sycophants and Court Parasites Supplanted me.

Par. I have the power with her

To bring thee into grace.

Str. Haue you the power

To keepe your felfe in ? doe you smile my Lord ?

Par. I tell thee Stroza, I have that interest In *Iulias* bosome, that the proudest Prince In Italy cannot supplant me thence.

Str. Sir.

I no way question it: but have I not knowne A Prince hath bin repulft, and meanest persons Bosom'd? the Prince would once have lookt vpon me.

When fmall intreaty would have gain'd an eye, An eare, a tongue, to fpeake yea, and a heart, To thinke I could be fecret.

Par. What meanes Stroza?

Str. But 'tis the fate of all mortality: Man cannot long be happy; but my paffion Will make me turne blab, I shall out with all.

Par. Whence comes this? 'tis fuspicious, and I must be

Inquifitiue to know't.

Str. A Iest my Lord, I'le tell vou a good Iest.

Prithee let's heare it.

Str. What will you fay, if at your meeting next With this faire Princesse? shee begins to raue, To raile vpon you, to exclaime on your Inconstancy, and call the innocent name Of some chaste Maide in question, whom perhaps You neuer ey'd my Lord.

Par. What of all this?

Str. What but to excuse her owne: (I'le not say what)

Put off the purpos'd Contract: and my Lord Come, come, I know you have a pregnant wit.

Par. We parted last with all the kindest greeting Louers could adde fare-well with: but should this change

Suite thy report, I should be forc't to thinke That, which even Oracles themselves could never Force me to that the is.

Str. All women are not Sincerely conftant, but observe my Lord.

Enter Iulia, the Generals Wife, and Lauretta her Daughter.

Iul. Minion is'ft you? there's for you, know your owne.

Iulia meets her and strikes her, then speakes.

Str. Obseru'd you that my Lord?

Lau. Why did you strike me Madame?

Iul. Strumpet, why?

Dare you contest with vs?

Lau. Who dare with Princesse? subjects must forbeare

Each step I treade I'le water with a teare.

Exeunt Mother and Lauretta weeping.

Str. I fpy a florme a comming, Ile to shelter.

Exit Stro.

Par. Your meaning Madame?

Iul. Did it Sir with yours

But correspond, it would be bad indeede. Par. Why did you strike that Lady?

Iul. Cause you should pitty her.

Par. Small cause for blowes. Iul. I strucke her publickly.

You give her blowes in private.

Par. Stroza still?

Iul. Go periurd and difpose thy false allurements

'Mongft them that will believe thee, thou haft loft Thy credit here for euer.

Par. I shall finde

Faith else-where then.

Iul. Eye fpread thy fnares

To catch poore innocent Maides: and having tane them

In the like pit-fall, with their shipwrackt honours, Make seasure of their liues.

Par. Iniurious Lady,
All thou canst touch my Honour with, I cast
On thee, and henceforth I will flye thee as
A Basaliske. I haue found the change of lust,
Your loose inconstancy, which is as plaine
To me, as were it writ vpon thy brow,
You shall not cast me off: I hate thy sight,
And from this houre I will abiure thee quite.

Exit Parma.

Iul. Ile call him backe: if Stroza be no villaine, He is not worth my clamour. What was that Startled within me? Oh I am dishonoured Perpetually; for he hath left behinde That pledge of his acquaintance, that will for euer Cleaue to my blood in scandall, I must now Sue, fend, and craue, and what before I scorn'd By prayers to grant, submissionely implore. Exit Iulia.

A flourish. Enter the Duke of Millenie, the Generals wife, and deliuers a petition with Stroza, Lauretta, and attendants.

Duke. Lady your fuite?
Wife. So pleafe your Grace peruse it,

It is included there.

Duk. Our generals Wife?

We know you Lady, and your beauteous Daughter, Nay you shall spare your knee.

Str. More plot for mee;

My brain's in labour, and must be deliuered

Of fome new mischeise?

Duk. You petition heere
For Men and Money! making a free relation
Of all your Husbands fortunes, how fupplyes
Haue beene delay'd, and what extremities
He hath indurd at Naples dreadfull Seige;
Wee know them all, and withall doe acknowledge
All plentious bleffings by the power of Heauen,
By him wee_doe obtaine, and by his valour

Lady we greue he hath beene fo neglected.

Wife. O Roiall Sir, you still were Gratious,
But twixt your Vertues and his Merits there
Hath beene fome interception, that hath stopt
The current of your fauours.

Duk. All which shal bee remou'd, and hee

appeare

Henceforth a bright starre in our courtly spheare.

Str. But no such Comet here shall daze my sight,
Whilst I a Cloud am to Eclips that light. Exit Stroza.

Duk. We sent out our Commissions two Monthes
since

For Men and Money, nor was't our intent
It should bee thus delayd: though we are Prince,
We onely can command, to execute
Tis not in vs but in our Officers,
We vnderstand that by their negligence
He has beene put to much extremity
Of Dearth and Famine, many a stormy night
Beene forc'd to roose himselse i'th open field,
Nay more then this, much of his owne reuenue
He hath expended, all to pay his Souldiers:
Yet Reuerend Madame, but forget what's past,
Though late, weele quit his merit at the last.

Enter Iulia and Stroza whifpering.

Wife. Your Highnesse is most Royall? Stro. Her Father shall be in the Campe releiu'd, She grac'd in Court, how will she braue you then? If suffer this take all? why the meanest Lady Would neuer brooke an equall? you a Princesse? And can you brooke a base competitor?

Iulia. It shall not, we are fixt and stand immou'd,

And will be fwaid by no hand.

Duk. Iulia?

Iulia. A Sutor to that Lady Royall Father, Before the be a widdow that you are So private in difcourse?

Duk. O you mistake,

For shee the sutor is, and hath obtain'd.

Iulia. I am glad I haue found you in the giuing vaine,

Will you grant me one boone to?

Duk. Question not,

To hast your Marriage with the former Prince, Or at the least the contract, is't not that?

Iulia. Say twere my Lord?

Duk. It could not be denide.

But speake? thy fuite?

Iulia. To have this modest Gentlewoman

Banisht the Court.

Wife. My Daughter Royall princesse,

Show vs fome cause I beg it?

Iulia. Lady though

You be i'th begging vaine, I am not now In the giuing, will you leaue vs?

Lauretta. Wherein O Heauen

Haue I deferu'd your wrath, that you should thus Perfue me? I haue searcht, indeed beyond My understanding, but yet cannot finde? Wherein I haue offended by my chastity.

Iulia. How chastity?

A thing long fought 'mongst Captains wives and daughters,

Yet hardly can bee found.

Duk. Faire Lady yeild

Vnto my daughters fpleen her rage blowne 'ore, Feare not, Ile make your peace, as for your fuite

Touching your husband, that will I fecure.

Iul. Hafte Stroza, vnto the Prince his chamber, Giue him this letter, it concernes my honor, My flate, my life, all that I can call good Depends vpon the fafe deliuery

Exit.

Of these few broken Letters.

Str. Maddam, tis done-

Iul. What stayes she to out-face me?

Lau. Madam, I yeeld

Way to your fpleene, not knowing whence it growes, Bearing your words more heavy then your blowes.

Wife. Small hope there is to fee the Father righted

When the child is thus wrong'd.

Enter a Souldier and Stroza.

Soul. Must speake with the Duke.

Str. Must fellow? stay your howre, and dance attendance

Vntill the Duke's at leifure.

Soul. Ile doe neither.

I come in haste with newes.

Str. Why then keepe out fir.

Soul. Ha Milkfop? know percullift gates

Though kept with Pikes & Muskets, could nere kepe me out

And dost thou thinke to shut me out with Wainscot?

Duk. What's he?

Soul. A Souldier. Duk. Whence?

Soul. The Campe. Duk. The newes?

Soul. A mighty loffe; a glorious victory. Duke. But which the greater?

Soul. Tis vncertaine fir:

But will you heare the best or bad newes first?

Cheere me with conquest first, that being Duke. arm'd

With thy best newes, we better may endure

What founds more fatall.

Soul. Heare me then my Lord,

We fack't the Citty after nine Moneths fiege, Furnisht with store of all warres furniture.

Our (neuer to be praifd enough) braue Generall Fought in the Cannons face, their number still

Increast, but ours diminisht; their fouldiers pay Doubled, and ours kept backe: but we (braue spirits) The leffe we had of Coyne, the more we tooke Vnto our felues of Courage, but when all Our furniture was fpent euen to one day. And that to morrow we must be inforc't To raife a shameful siege, then stood our General (Our valiant General) vp, and breath'd vpon vs His owne vndaunted spirit, which spred through The Campe, return'd it doubly arm'd againe: For he did meane to lay vpon one shott His state and fortune, and then instantly He bad vs arme and follow: On then he went, We after him; oh! 'twas a glorious fight, Fit for a Theater of Gods to fee, How we made vp and mauger all opposure, Made way through raging stormes of showring bullets; At last we came to hooke our ladders, and By them to skale. The first that mounted, was Our bold couragious Generall: after him Ten thousand, so we instantly were made Lords of the Citty, purchas'd in two houres After a nine Moneths fiege: all by the valour Of our approved Generall.

Duke. I neuer heard a brauer victory,

But what's our loffe ?

Soul. Oh that, which ten fuch Conquests Cannot make good, your worthy Generall.

Wife. My Lord and husband? spare me passion, I must with-draw to death.

Duke. How perish't he? What dy'de he by the sword? Soul. Sword? No alas,

No fword durst byte vpon his noble flesh,
Nor bullet raze his skinne: he whom War feared,
The Cannon spar'd, no steele durst venture on.
No Duke, 'twas thy vnkinde ingratitude
Hath slaine braue Sforza.

Duke. Speake the cause?

Soul. I shall:

This Citty feaz'd, his purpofe was the fpoyle

To give his Souldiers; but when his feal'd Commission He had vnript, and saw expresse command, To deale no farther then to victory, And that his great Authority was curb'd, And given to others, that respect their profit More then the worth of souldiers: even for griese, That he could neither furnish vs with pay Which was kept back, nor guerdon vs with spoile, What was about him he distributed, Even to the best deservers, as his garments, His Armes, and Tent, then some sew words spake, And so oppress with griese, his great heart brake.

Str. There's one gone then.

Str. There's one gone then. Duke. Attend for thy reward,

So leaue vs.

Soul. Pray on whom shall I attend? Who is't must pay me?

Str. I fir.

Soul. You fir ? tell me,
Will it not cost me more the waiting for,
Then the summe comes to when it is received?
I doe but aske the question.

Str. You are a bold And faucy fouldier.

Soul. You are a cunning flaue,

And cowardly Courtier.

Duke. See all things be dispatcht Touching conditions of attoned peace 'Twixt vs and Naples: see that souldier to Haue his reward.

Soul. Come will you pay me fir? Exit Soul. Str. Sir, will you walke: as for your faucineffe I'le teach you a Court-tricke: you shal be taught How to attend.

Duke. But that our General's lost:

Str. Is't not now peace, what should a Generall doe?

Had he return'd, he would have lookt for honours, This fuite and that for fuch a follower: Now Royall fir, that debt is quite discharg'd.

Duke. But for his wife, we must be mindefull of her.

And fee we doe fo.

Exit Duke.

Iul. Speake, will he come?

Str. Madam, I found him ready to depart The Court with expedition: but at my vrgence He promis't you a parley.

Iul. It is well:

If prayers or teares can moue him, Ile make way
To faue my owne shame, and enforce his stay.

Excurt.

Enter three fouldiers: one without an arme.

I Soul. Come fellow fouldiers, doe you know the reason

That we are fummon'd thus vnto the house Of our dead Generall?

2 Soul. Sure 'tis about

Our pay.

3 Soul. But stand aside, here comes the Lady.

Enter the Mother, Lauretta, and Clowne.

Wife. Are all these Gentlemen summond together, That were my Husbands followers, and whose fortunes

Expir'd in him?

Clo. They are if please your Ladiship: though I was neuer Tawny-coate, I have playd the summoners part, and the rest are already paide, onely these three attend your Ladiships remuneration.

Wife. Welcome Gentlemen,
My Husband led you on to many dangers
Two yeares, and last to pouerty: His reuenewes
Before hand he fold to maintaine his Army,
When the Dukes pay still fail'd, you know you
were

Stor'd euer from his Coffers.

2 Soul. He was a right And worthy Generall.

2. Soul. He was no leffe.

Clo. He was no leffe; and all you know hee was no more, well, had he liu'd, I had beene plac't in fome house of office or other ere this time.

Wife. It was his will, which to my vtmost power

I will make good, to fatisfie his fouldiers

To the vtmost farthing. All his Gold and Iewels

I haue already added, yet are we still

To fcore to fouldiery? what is your fumme?

Soul. Pay for three Moneths.
 Wife. There's double that in Gold.
 Soul. I thanke your Ladiship.

Wife. What yours? 2. Soul. Why Madam,

For foure Moneths pay.

Wife. This Iewell furmounts that.

2. Soul. I am treble fatisfied. Wife. You are behinde hand too.

Clo. Ey but Madam, I thinke he be no true fouldier.

Wife. No true Souldier? your reason?

Clo. Marry because he walkes without his Armes.

Wife. The Dukes Treasure

Cannot make good that losse, yet are we rich In one thing:

Nothing we have that were of nothing made,

Nothing we owe, my Husbands debts are payd. Morrow Gentlemen.

All. Madam, Hearts, Swords and hands, rest still At your command.

Wife. Gentlemen I'me forry that I cannot pay you

better, Vnto my wishes and your owne defert,

Tis plainely feene great Perfons oft times fall, And the most Rich cannot give more then all.

Good morrow Gentlemen.

All. May you be euer happy.

Exeunt Souldiers.

Clo. I but Madam, this is a hard case being truly considered, to giue away all, why your Shoe-maker, though he hath many other Tooles to worke with, he will not giue away his All.

Wife. All ours was his alone, it came by him,

And for his Honour it was paid againe.

Clo. Why, fay I had a peece of Meate I had a mind to, I might perhaps giue away a Modicum, a Morcell, a Fragment or fo, but to giue away and bee a hungry my felfe, I durst not doo't for my Guts, or fay I should meete with a friend that had but one Penny in his Purse, that should giue mee a Pot of Ale, that should drinke to me, and drinke vp all, I'le stand too't there's no Conscience in't.

Lau. What hath beene done was for my Fathers

Honor.

Clo. Shee might have given away a little, and a little, but when all is gone, what's left for me?

Wife. Wee will leaue Millaine and to Florence

ftraight,

Though wee are poore, yet where we liue vn-knowne

'Tis the lesse griefe, firrah, will you confort With vs, and beare a part in our missortunes?

Clo. Troth Madam, I could find in my heart to goe with you but for one thing.

Wife. What's that?

Clow. Because you are too liberall a Mistresse: and that's a fault feldome found among Ladies: For looke, you vie to give away all, and I am all that is left; and I am affraide when you come into a strange Countrey, you'le give away me too, so that I shall never live to be my owne man.

Wife. Tush, feare it not.

Clo. Why then I'le goe with you in fpite of your feeth.

Wife. Leaue Milleine then, to Florence be our guide,

Heauen when man failes, must for our helpe prouide.

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Parma reading a Letter: after him Julia.

Par. This Letter came from you, 'tis your Character.

Iul. That hand in Contract you fo long haue had, Should not feeme strange to you now.

Par. You are with childe, So doth your Letter fay: what change your face? Iu. My blushes must speake for me.

Par. And this Childe

You would bestow on me: y'are very liberall Lady, You give me more then I did meane to aske.

Iu. And yet but what's your owne Sir, I am ferious.

And it will ill become your Oathes and Vowes To iest at my vndoeing.

Par. You would fay

Rather your doing.

Iu. In doing thus, you should vndoe me quite. Par. What doe you weepe, that late did rayle in clamor?

Your thunders turnd to showres? It is most strange. Iu. You have dishonoured me, and by your flattery

Haue rob'd me of my chaste Virginity: Yet ere I yeelded, we were man and wife, Sauing the Churches outward Ceremony.

Par. But Lady, you that would be wonne by me

To fuch an act of luft, would foone confent Vnto another.

Iu. Can this be found in man?
Par. This Strozas language moues me, and I intend

To try what patience, constancy, and loue
There can be sound in woman: why do you weepe?
You are not hungry, for your bellie's full;
Lady, be rul'd by me: take the aduice
A Doctor gaue a Gentleman of late,
That sent to him to know, whether Tobacco
Were good for him or no: My friend quoth he,
If thou didst neuer loue it, neuer take it;
If thou didst euer loue it, neuer leaue it;
So I to thee; if thou wert as thou hast
Beene alwayes honest, I could wish thee still
So to continue; but being a broken Lady,
Your onely way's to make vse of your Talent,
Farewell, I'le to my Countrey.

Exit Parma.

fu. Oh miserable,
Let me but reckon vp ten thousand ills
My loosenesse hath committed, the aspersion
And scandalous reputation of my Childe,
My Father too, 'tmust come vnto his eare,
Oh——

Enter Milleine.

Duke. Iulia. Iu. Away.

Duke. Come hither, but one word.

Iu. That all those blacke occurrents should confoire.

And end in my difgrace.

Duke. Ha! what's the businesse?

Ju. If all men were such,
I should be forry that a man begot me,
Although he were my father.

Duke. Iulia, how's that ?

Iul. Oh Sir, you come to know whether Tobacco be good for you or no; Ile tell you, if you neuer tooke it, neuer take it then, or if you euer vs'd it, take it still; Nay, I'me an excellent Phisitian growne of late I tell you.

Duke. What meane these strange Anagrams?

I am thy Father and I loue thee sweete.

Iul. Loue me thou dost not.

Duke. Why thou doest know I doe.

Iul. I fay thou doest not: lay no wager with me, For if thou dost, there will be two to one

On my fide against thee.

Duke. Ha! I am thy Father,

Why Iulia?

Iu. How my Father! then doe one thing For me your Daughter.

Duke. One thing? any thing,

Ey all things.

Iu. Instantly then draw your fword,

And pierce me to the heart.

Duke. I loue thee not fo ill,

To be the Author of thy death.

Iu. Nor I my felfe fo well, as to defire A longer life: if you be then my Father,

Punish a sinne that hath disgrac't your Daughter, Scandald your blood, and poyfon'd it with mud.

Duke. Be plaine with vs. Iu. See, I am strumpeted,

A bastard issue growes within my wombe.

Duke. Whose fact?

Iu. Prince Parmaes.

Duke. Stroza.

Str. My Lord.

Duke. Search out Prince Parma, bring the Traytour backe againe Dead or aliue.

Str. My Lord, he is a Prince.

Duke. No matter; for his head shall be the ranfome

Of this foule Treason. When I say begon. But as for thee base and degenerate—

Iul. Doe shew your selse a Prince: let her no

longer

Liue, that hath thus difgrac't your Royall blood.

Duk. Nature preuailes 'boue honour: her offence
Merits my vengeance, but the name of Childe
Abates my Swords keene edge: yet Royalty

Take th' vpper hand of pitty: kill the ftrumpet,

And be renown'd for Iustice.

Iul. Strike, I'le stand.

Duke. How easie could I period all my care,
Could I her kill, and yet her Insant spare:
A double Murder I must needes commit,
To ruine that which neuer offended yet.
Oh Heauen! in this I your assistance craue,
Punish the faulter, and the innocent saue.

Iul. You are not true to your owne honour

Father,

To let me longer liue.

Duke. Oh Iulia, Iulia,

Thou hast ouerwhelm'd vpon my aged head Mountaines of griefe, t'oppresse me to my graue.

Is Parma found?

Str. My Lord, hee's privately Fled from the Court.

Duke. Then flye thou after villaine.

Str. Sir, are you madde?

Duke. What's to be done? Alacke, I cannot change a father and a Prince Into a cruell Hang-man: tell me *Iulia*, Is thy guilt yet but private to thy felfe?

Iul. It is my Lord.

Duke. Conceale it then: wee'le fludy
To falue thy honour, and to keepe thy loofeneffe
From all the world conceal'd, compreffe thy griefe,
And I will fludy how to fladow mine.
Wipe from thy cheekes these teares: oh cursed

Age,

When Children 'gainst their Parents all things dare, Yet Fathers still proue Fathers in their care. Exeunt.

Enter Mother, Lauretta, and Clowne.

Moth. Oh mifery beyond comparison! When faue the Heauens we have no roofe at all To shelter vs.

Clow. That word all stickes more in my stomacke then my victuals can: For indeede wee can get none to eate now: I told you, you were so prodigall we should pinch for't.

Wife. What place may wee call this? what Clime?

what Prouince?

Clow. Why this is the Duke-dome of Florence, and this is the Forrest where the hard-hearted Duke hunts many a Hart: and there's no Deere so deare to him, but hee'le kill it: as goodly a large place to starue in, as your Ladiship can defire to see in a Summers day.

Wife. Yet here, fince no man knowes vs, no

man can

Deride our misery: better dye staru'd,

Then bafely begge.

Clow. How better starue then begge; all the Ladies of Florence shal neuer make me of that beleefe. I had rather beg a thousand times, then starue once, doe you scorne begging? Your betters doe not, no Madam; get me a Snap-sacke, I'le to Florence: I'le make all the high-wayes ring of me with for the Lords sake. I have studied a Prayer for him that gives, and a Poxe take him that gives nothing: I have one for the Horse-way, another for the Foote-way, and a third for the turning-stile. No Madam, begging is growne a gentleman-like Calling here in our Countrey.

Wife. I have yet one poore piece of Gold referu'd,

Step to the Village by and fetch some Wine.

Clow. You had better keepe your Gold, and trust

to my begging Oratory, yet this is the worst they can say to mee, that I am my Ladies Bottle-man.

Exit Clowne.

Wife. Here's a strange change: we must be patient,

Yet can I not but weepe thinking on thee.

Lau, Madam on me? there is no change of Fortune

Can puffe me or deiect me; I am all one In rich abundance and penurious want: So little doe my miseries vexe me, Or the faire Princesse wrong, That I will end my passions in a Song.

A Song.

Sound Hornes within.

Wife. It feemes the Duke is Hunting in the Forrest,
Here let vs rest our selues, and listen to
Their Tones, for nothing but mishap here lies;
Sing thou faire Childe, I'le keepe tune with my eyes.

Winde hornes. And enter the Prince of Florence & Mounsieur.

Prince. This way the voyce was, let vs leaue the Chace.

Moun. Behold my Lord two fad deiected Creatures

Throwne on the humble verdure.

Prince. Here's beauty mixt with teares, that pouerty

Was neuer bred in Cottage: I'le farther question

Their flate and fortune.

Wife. Wee're discouered,

Daughter arise.

Prince. What are you gentle Creatures?

Nay answere not in teares.

If you by cafuall loffe, or by the hand

Of Fortune haue beene crusht beneath these forrowes,

He demands your griefe

That hath as much will as ability

To fuccour you, and for your owne faire fake;

Nay beautious Damfell, you neede not question that.

Lau. If by the front we may beleeue the heart,

Or by the out-fide judge the inward vertue:

You faire Sir, haue euen in your selse alone

All that this world can promife; for I ne're

Beheld one fo compleate; and were I fure Although you would not pitty, yet at least

You would not mocke our mifery: I would relate

A Tale should make you weepe.

Prince. Sweete if the Prologue

To thy fad passion mooue thus: what will the Sceane And tragicke act it selfe doe? Is that Gentlewoman Your Mother sweete?

Lau. My wretched Mother Sir.

Prince. Pray of what Prouince?

Lau. Milleine.

Prince. What fortune there?

Lau. My Father was a Noble Gentleman, Rank't with the best in Birth, and which did adde To all his other vertues, a bold Souldier;

But when he dy'de-

Prince. Nay, proceede beauteous Lady,

How was your Father stil'd?

Lau. To tell you that,

Were to exclaime vpon my Prince, my Countrey, And their Ingratitude: For he being dead,

With him our fortunes and our hopes both fail'd;

My Mother loath to liue ignobly base,

Where once she flourisht, having spent her meanes

Not loofely nor in riot, but in the honour

Of her dead Husband: left th' ingratefull Land,

Rather to spend her yeares in pouerty,

Mongst those that neuer knew her height of Fortune,

Then with her thankelesse Friends and Countrey-men, Fled here to perish.

Prince. More then her charming beauty Her paffion moues me: where inhabit you?

Lau. Here, euery where.

Prince. Beneath these Trees?

Lau. We haue

No other roofe then what kinde Heanen lends.

Prince. Gentle Creature,

Had you not told me that your Birth was Noble, I should have found it in your face and gesture. Mounsieur.

Mounfieur. My Lord.

Prince. Goe winde thy Horne abroad, and call to

Some of our traine: we pitty these two Ladies, And we will raise their hope: Cheere you old Madam,

You shall receive some bounty from a Prince.

Enter a Hunts-man.

Who keepes the Lodge below?

Huntf. Your Highnesse Hunts-man.

Prince. Command him to remoue, and inftantly We giue it to these Ladies: besides, adde Vnto our Guest three thousand pounds a yeare: We'le see it surnisht too with Plate and Hangings. 'Las pretty Maide, your Father's dead you say, We'le take you now to our owne Patronage, And trust me Lady, while wee're Prince of Florence, You shall not want for soode, nor harborage.

Wife. Pardon Great Sir, this our neglect of

Vnto a Prince fo gracious and compleate In vertuous indowments.

Lau. To excuse

Our former negligence, behold I cast Me at your foote.

Prince. Arise sweete, pray your name?

Lau. Lauretta.

Prince. Faire Lauretta, you shall be henceforth ours,

Oh Mounfieur! I ne're faw where I could loue Till now.

Moun. How now my Lord, remember pray, What you are to this poore deiected Maide.

Prince. Well Mounfieur, well; when e're I match,

pray Heauen,

We loue fo well: but loue and toyle hath made vs Euen fomewhat thirfty, would we had fome Wine.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Nay, now I thinke I haue fitted you with a Cup of Mipfilato.

Movn. How now firrah, what are you? Clow. What am I? Nay what art thou?

I thinke you'le proue little better then a fmell-fmocke,

That can finde out a pretty wench in fuch a Corner.

Wife. Peace firrah, 'tis the Prince.

Clow. What if he be? he may loue a Wench as well as another man.

Prince. What hast thou there?

Clow. A bottle of Wine and a Manchel that my Lady fent me for.

Prince. Thou ne're couldst come to vs in better time,

Reach it vs Mounfieur.

Moun. Your bottle quickly firrah, come I fay.

Clow. Yes, when? can you tell? doe you thinke I am fuch an Affe, to part fo lightly with my liquor? Know thou my friend, before I could get this bottle fill'd, I was glad to change a piece of gold, and call tor the reft againe: And doe you thinke I'le loofe my liquor, and haue no Gold nor reft againe? Not fo my Friend, not fo.

Moun. There's Gold fir.

Clow. Madam, will you giue me a Licence to fell Wine? I could get no Plate in the Forrest but a woodden Difh.

Wife. Fill to the Prince Lauretta.

Lau. Will it please

Your Highnesse drinke out of a woodden Mazer ? Prince. Yes sweete with thee in any thing: you' know

Wee are a Prince, and you shall be our taster.

Lau. Why should I loue this Prince? his bounteous gifts

Exalt me not, but make me much more poore. I'me more dejected then I was before.

Wife. Sir.

Moun. Lady, thankes: I feare me he is caught. But if he be, my Counfell must divert him.

Clow. The bottome of the bottle is at your feruice Sir.

Shall you and I part flakes?

Moun. There's more Gold for you.

Clow. I had rather you had broke my pate then my draught, but harke you Sir, are you as a man should fay, a belonger to ?

Hunt. A belonger to? what's that fir? Clow. Oh ignorant! are you a follower?

Hunt. I feldome goe before when my betters are in place.

Clow. A Seruing-man I take it.

Hunt. Right sir.

Clow. I desire you the more complement: I haue the courtesie of the Forrest for you.

Hunt. And I have the courtese of the Court for

you fir.

Clow. That's to bring me to Buttery hatch, and neuer make me drinke.

Prince. Sirrah, conduct those Ladies to the Lodge, And tell the keeper we have flor'd for him, A better fortune: you shall heare further from vs,

You viher them.

Hunt. Come Ladies will you walke?

Clow. How now fawce-boxe, know your manners: was not I Gentleman vsher before you came? Am not I hee that did the bottle bring? Come Ladies follow me. Exit Clowne with Ladies, with Huntsman.

Moun. Your purpose Sir, is to loue this Lady,

And hazard all your hopes.

Prince. Oh gentle Friend,

Why was I borne high? but to raise their hopes That are deiected—so much for my bounty.

Moun. But for your loue. Prince. It is with no intent

To make the Maide my wife, because I know Her fortunes cannot equall mine.

Moun. Then 'twere more dishonorable

To strumpet her.

Prince. Still thou mistak's, mine
Is honourable loue, and built on vertue;
Nor would I for the Emperours Diademe
Corrupt her whom I loue.

Moun. Braue Prince I'me glad

That ere I kept thy company.

Prince. Come Mounfieur, night steales on, not many yeares

Shall passe me, but I purpose to reusiste This my new Mistresse, my auspicious sate To thee my happy loue I consecrate.

Exeunt.

A Dumbe show. Enter the Duke of Milleine, a Midwife with a young Childe, and after them Stroza: the Duke shewes the Childe to Stroza, hee takes it: then the Duke sweares them both to secrecy upon his Sword, and exit with the Midwise: then Stroza goes to hide it, and Parma dogs him: when hee hath laid the Childe in a Corner, he departs in haste, and Parma takes up the Childe and speakes.

Par. Thou shouldst be mine: and durst I for my Head

Euen in the open Court I'de challenge thee, But I have so incenst th' offended Duke, And layd fuch heavy fpots vpon her head, I cannot doo't with fafety: methinks this Child Doth looke me in the face, as if 'twould call Me Father, and but this suspected Stroza Stuft my too credulous eares with iealoufies. For thee sweete Babe I'le sweare, that if not all, Part of my blood runnes in thy tender veynes, For those few drops I will not see thee perish; Be it for her fake whom once I lov'd, And shall doe eyer: Oh iniurious Stroza! I now begin to feare; for this fweete Babe Hath in his face no baftardy, but shewes A Princely femblance: but Stroza and the Duke, This will I keepe as charie as her honour, The which I prize aboue the Vniuerse. Though she were forc't to be vnnaturall. I'le take to me this Infants pupillage; Nor yet refolu'd, till I a way haue found To make that perfect which is yet vnfound. Exit.

Explicit Actus Secundus.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Milleine with Lords and Iulia.

Milleine. Forbeare my Lords for a few private

Faire Daughter, wee'le not chide you farther now, Nor adde vnto your blushes by our rude reproofes: Your faults are couered with these your sighes, Since all your fire of lust is quencht in ashes. *Iul.* Durft I prefume my Lord, to know Whither you have fent my fonne?

Mil. I'le not haue it question'd.

I striue to falue thy honour, and thou seek'st To publish thy difgrace: my study is

Where I may picke thee out a noble Husband, To fhadow these dishonours, and keepe thee From the like scandall.

Iul. Whom but Parmaes Prince.

Mil. Oh name him not thou strumpet.

Iul. I haue done.

Mil. There's a Prince of noble hopes and fortunes,

The Prince of *Florence*: what if I fent to him About a fpeedy Marriage! for I feare, Delay may breed ftrange doubts.

Iul. Since I have loft the name of Child,

I am a feruant now and must obey.

Enter Stroza and Lords.

Mil. Stroza.

Str. Your eare my Lord, 'tis done.

Mil. Laid out?

Str. To fafety as I hope.

Mil. What, and fuspectlesse

Mil. What, and fuspectlesse?

Str. Vnlesse the filent Groue of Trees should

blabe,
There is no feare of fcandall, mantled close,
I left the fucking Babe where the next paffenger

Must finde it needes, and so it hapned for

Some two yeares after,

Paffing that way to know where 'twas become, 'Twas gone, and by fome courteous hand I hope Remou'd to gentle fosterage.

Mil. My excellent friend,

For this wee'le bosome thee: your counsel *Stroza*, Our Daughter's growne to yeares, and we intend To picke her out a Husband, in whose issue

Her name may flourish, and her honours liue. All Lords. Most carefully deuis'd. Mil. But where my Lords

May we prouide a match to equal her?

i. Lord. Ferrara hath a faire and hopefull Heire.

2. Lord. And fo hath Mantua.

3. Lord. How do you prize the Noble Florentine?
1. Lord. In fame no whit inferior.

2. Lord. But in state

Many degrees excelling: aime no further Sir, If that may be accepted.

Duke. To Florence then wee'le streight dispatch

Embaffadours.

Stroza, bee't your care to mannage this high businesse. Oh to fee

How Parents loue defcends: and howfoe're The Children proue vngratefull and vnkinde,

Though they deride, we weepe our poore eyes blinde. Exeunt.

Enter Clowne gallant, and the Huntsman.

Clow. Nay, nay, the cafe is alter'd with mee fince you faw me last: I was neuer in any hope to purchase any other suite then that I wore yesterday; but now I can fay Ecce fignum, the case is alter'd. Now euery begger comes vpon me with good Gentleman, good Gentleman: when yesterday Gentlemen would have shun'd the way for feare I should have begg'd of them. Then comes another vpon mee with good your Worship, good your Worship, then doe I double my fyles, and cast him a single two pence.

Hunt. Sirrah, thou mayst thanke the Prince for

this.

Clow. Thou fay'ft true; for he hath chang'd our woodden Dishes to Siluer Goblets: goodly large Arras that neuer yet deferu'd hanging, he hath caus'd to be hang'd round about the Chamber: My Lady and Mistresse, now my Lady and Mistresse lyes ouer head

and eares in Downe and Feathers: well, if they be rul'd by me, I would have them to keepe their beds.

Hunt. Why wouldst thou have them lye a bed all

day?

Clow. Oh dull ignorant! I meane knowing how hard they have bin lodg'd in the Forrest; I would not haue them fell away their beds, and lie vpon the boords.

Hunt. Oh now I vnderstand you sir.

Clow. Ey, ey; thou may'ft get much vnderstanding by keeping my company: But Sir, does not the new Gowne the Prince fent my Mistresse, become her most incomparably?

Hunt. 'Tis true: 'tis strange to see how Apparrell

makes or marres.

Clow. Right: for yesterday thou wouldst have taken me for a very Clowne, a very Clowne; and now to fee, to fee.—

Enter Mother and the young Lady gallant.

Wife. Sirrah. Clow. Madam.

Lau. Why dost view me thus?

Clow. To see if the Tayler that made your Gowne, hath put ne're an M. vnder your Girdle, there belongs more to beaten Sattin then firrah.

Lau. What thinke you Mother of the Prince his

bounty,

His vertue, and perfection?

Wife. He's a mirrour, and deferues a name

Amongst the famous Worthies.

Lau. Heighoe.

Wife. Why figh you?

Lau. Pray tell me one thing Mother: when you

Of my yeares, and first lou'd, how did you feele Your felfe?

Wife. Loue Daughter?

Clow. Shee talkes now, as if the should be enamored of my comely shape; for I have (as they say) such a soolish yong and relenting heart, I should neuer say her nay, I should neuer weare off this.

Lau. Stand farther off fir.

Clow. No, I'le affure your Ladiship 'tis beaten Sattin.

Lau. Then take your Sattin farther.

Clow. Your Ladiship hath coniur'd me, and I will auoide Satan.

Lau. Had you not fometimes musings, fometimes extasses,

When fome delicate man 'boue other

Was present?

Wife. I aduife you curbe your fence in time, Or you will bring your felfe into the way Of much dishonour.

Lau. And fpeake you by experience Mother?

I doe begin to feare left that his fhape Should tempt me, or his bounty worke aboue

My strength and patience; pray Mother leaue vs neuer,

Left that without your Company, my loue Contending with my weakenesse, should in time Get of 't the vpper hand.

Wife. For this I loue thee.

Enter Clowne running.

Clow. So hoe Mistris Madam, yonder is the Prince, and two or three Gentlemen come riding vpon the goodliest Horses that euer I set my eyes vpon: and the Princes Horse did no sooner see me, but he weeighed and wagg'd his tayle: now I thinking he had done it to take acquaintance of me, said againe to him, Gramercy Horse; so I lest them, and came to tell your Ladiship.

Lau. Goe fee them stabled, my foule leapt within me

To heare the Prince but named.

Enter Prince and Mounfieur.

Prince. Now my faire Friend.

Lau. Your hand-mayd mighty Prince.

Prince. Looke Mounfieur,

Can she be lesse then Noble so nay deserves she Thus habited, to be tearm'd lesse then Royall,

What thinkst thou Mounsieur?

Moun. Faith my Lord,

I neuer loue a woman for her habite,

When Sir I loue, I'le fee my loue starke naked.

Prince. Right courteous Lady,

Our bounty is too fparing for your worth,

Yet fuch as 'tis accept it.

Wife. Royall fir,

'Tis beyond hope or merit.

Prince. I prithee Mounfieur,

A little complement with that old Lady,

Whilst I conferre with her.

Moun. I thanke you Sir:

See, you would make me a fir Panderus,

Yet farre as I can fee you, I will trust you.

Hee talkes with the old Lady.

Sweete Lady, how long is't—nay keepe that hand, Since those fierce warres 'twixt *Florence* and great

Millaine?
Nay that hand still.

Prince. And haue you ne're a loue then?

Lau. Yes my Lord:

I should belye my owne thoughts to deny,

And fay I had none.

Prince. Pray acquaint me with him,

And for thy fake I'le giue him state and Honours,

And make him great in Florence. Is he of birth?

Lau. A mighty Duke-domes Heire.

Prince. How now my Lauretta ? I prithee fweete where liues he?

Lau. In his Countrey.

Prince. Honour me fo much

As let me know him.

Lau. In that your Grace must pardon me.

Prince. Must ! then I will. Is he of presence fweete?

Lau. As like your Grace as one Prince to another.

Prince. Honour me fo much then, as let me know him.

Lau. In that excuse me Sir.

Prince. Thee, loue I will

In all things: wherefore fludy you?

Lau. Why my Lord?

I was euen wishing you a mighty harme; But pardon me 'twas out euen vnawares.

Prince. Harme! there's none can come from thee Lauretta.

Thou art all goodnesse, nay confesse it sweete.

Lau. I was wishing with my felfe that you were poore:

Oh pardon me my Lord, a poore, a poore man.

Prince. Why my Lauretta? Lau. Sir, because that little

I haue, Might doe you good: I would you had No money, nay, no meanes: but I speake idly, Pray pardon me my Lord.

Prince. By all my hopes,

I have in Florence, would thou wert a Dutchesse, That I might court thee vpon equal tearmes; Or that I were of low dejected fortunes, To ranke with thee in Birth: for to enioy Thy beauty, were a greater Dowre then Florence Great Duke-dome.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Oh my Lord, my Lord,

Are you close at it? and you too crabbed Age, And you—there's Rods in piffe for fome of you.

Prince. Now fir, the newes?
Clow. Oh my Lord, there's a Nobleman come from the Court to speake with you.

Prince. Mounfieur,

Vpon my life 'tis fome Embaffadour.

Moun. Good Sir make hafte, left I be challeng'd for you.

Prince. No worthy Friend, for me thou shalt not

fuffer,

At our best leasur'd houres we meane to visite you; Now give me leave to take a short fare-well.

Exeunt Prince and Mounfieur.

Lau. Your pleafure is your owne, To part from him I am rent quite afunder.

Clow. And you can but keepe your leggs close, Let him rend any thing else and spare not. Exeunt.

Enter Florence and Lords with Stroza Embassadour.

Flo. Speake the true Tenor of your Embassie. Str. If Florence prize the Duke of Millaines loue.

His indear'd Amity: If he haue minde To mixe with him in confanguinity,

To strengthen both your Realmes: he makes this proiect.

To your faire Treaty, that your hopefull Heire Shall with the Princesse Iulia his faire Daughter, Be ioyn'd in Marriage; her large Dowre shall be A fpacious Duke-dome after his deceafe. But which my Lord counts most, is a faire League 'Twixt your divided Duke-domes.

Florence. We doe conceite you:

But for the Dowre you craue? Str. Ten thousand Crownes

By th'yeare.

Flo. 'Tis granted: onely our Sonnes confent Is wanting: but fee here, he wisht for comes.

Enter Prince and Mounsieur.

Prince. Mounfieur, what are those ? Moun. Embassadours my Lord. Prince. Whence are these Lords?

Dake. From Millaine.

Prince. Their bufineffe Royall Sir?

Flo. About a match,

Which if you't please, we highly shall applaud. They offer you a faire and vertuous Princesse Vnto your bed.

Prince. Vnto my bed my Lord ? I am not fo affraide of spirits Sir,

But I can lye alone without a bed-fellow.

Flo. 'Tis the faire Princesse Iulia you must marry.

Prince. Marry my Lord? Flo. I marry must you Sir,

Or you diuorce your felfe from our deare loue.

Prince. But is the faire? Stro. As euer Hellen was. Prince. What, and as Chaste?

Stroza. It were not Princely in you, Royall Sir,

To question such a Princesse Chastity:

I could have inftanc'd Lucrece.

Prince. Would you had,

For both were rauisht.

Moun. How's this my Lord?

They offer loue and beauty, which being both So freely offer'd, doe deferue acceptance.

Stroza. Your answere Sir?

Prince. That I am yours: the States; And if you please so to dispose me, hers, What ere she be: come friend, I must impart My Loue this newes, or it will rend my heart.

Exit Prince.

Stroza. I shall return this answere.

Flo. Faithfully

As we intend it: But you first shall taste
The bounty of our Court, with royall Presents
Both to the Duke your master, and the Princesse;
It done, prepare we for this great solennity,
Of Hymeneall Jubiles. Fixt is the day,
Wherein rich Florens shall her pompe display.

Exeunt.

Enter Parma and a Lord of Millaine.

Parm. Onely to you, of all the Millaine Peeres, I dare expose my fafety.

Lord. In these armes

My Lord, you are Sanctuared.

Parm. I doe not doubt it:

But I pray you tell me, fince I left the Court, How is my absence taken?

Lord. Of the Duke,

With much distaste.

Parm. But of the Princesse Iulia?

Lord. Full two Moneths

Shee kept her Chamber, grieuously distracted, They say, meere griefe for your departure hence.

Parm. Brauely manag'd,

The Duke I fee was more kind to her fame,

Then to his prettie grand-childe; well Ile falt it all,

But what thinke you if after all I should Send Letters to her, or Ambassadors?

I should not win her, for I know

They have her heart in bondage.

Lord. Why worthy Prince,
Haue you not heard the newes: Shee hath beene
offered

Vnto the Florentine, the match accepted,

And the Nuptiall day the tenth of the next Moneth.

Parm. No more: Pray leaue mee Sir.

Lord. I will: Pray Sir

Exit Lord. Regard your fafety. Parm. To bee married, Ruimus in vestitum fem-

per,

I did neglect her, but being deni'd, I doate upon her beautie: Methinkes 'tis fit. If I begot the Child? I wed the Mother: The Prince, I pitie hee should bee so wrong'd, And I the Instrument: Now helpe mee braine, That neare was wont to fayle mee: 'Tis decreed Something to Plot, although I fayle to fpeede.

Exit Parma.

Enter Clowne, Mother, and Lauretta.

Clowne. I wonder you should bee so fad and melanchollie, Ile lay a yeeres wages before hand Ile tell your disease, as well as any Doctor in Florence, and let me but feele your pulse.

Lauret. Away, you are a foole, and trouble vs. Clowne. That's no matter whether I bee a foole or a phisitian, if I loose, Ile pay, that's certain.

Wife. Try the fooles counfell daughter, but bee fure

To forfit, and to pay.

Lauret. Now fir, your skill.
Clowne. Nay I must feele your pulse first, for if a Womans pulse bee neere a place, I know there's few heere of my yeeres but would bee glad to turne Doctors.

Lauret. Now fir, you fee I doe not smile.

Clawne. Nay, if it bee nothing elfe, Ile fetch that will cure you prefently. Exit Clowne. Wife. Child I must chide you, you give too much

way Vnto this humour: It alters much your beautie.

Enter the Clowne.

Clowne. Oh young Mistris, where are you, the Prince,

The Prince.

Lauret. Oh Mother, doe you heare the newes, the Prince,

The Prince is comming: Where is hee, oh where?

Clowne. Where is hee? Why at the Court; where should hee bee? I did but doo't to make you smile: Nay, Ile tickle you for a Doctor: Madam I haue a yeeres wages before hand.

Lauret. Is hee not come then? Clowne. No marrie is hee not.

Lauret. My foule did leape within, to heare the Prince

But nam'd: It started every ioynt.

Clowne. Nay Madam, the Prince is come. Wife. Away, your foolerie's vnfeafonable, Weele not beleeve you.

Enter the Prince and Mounfieur.

Clowne. If you will not belieue mee, will you beleeue these?

Lauret. Welcome my Lord : And wherefore doe you figh ?

Prince. I figh Lauretta, cause I cannot chuse.

Lauret. Nor could I chuse, should you but figh againe.

Prince. Ile tell thee Loue, strange newes: I must be married.

Lauret. Married my Lord!

Prince. Why doe you weepe? You blam'd mee now for fighing:

Why doe you melt in teares? Sweet what's the cause?

Lauret. Nay, nothing.

Prince. And as I told thee Sweete; I must bee married,

My Father and the State will haue it fo; And I came inflantly to tell the newes To thee Lauretta; As to one, from whom I nothing can conceale.

Lauret. Why should you grieue

For that? For I, my Lord, must have a Husband too.

Prince. Must you? But when's the day?

Lauret. When's yours my Lord?

Prince. The tenth of the next moneth.

Lauret. The felfe fame day,

And felfe fame houre that you inioy your loue, My Princely Husband I must then inioy.

Prince. But doe you loue him? Lauret. Not my felse more deere.

Prince. How happie are you aboue mee faire friend.

That must inioy where you affect ? When I Am tide to others fancies: It was your promife That I should know him further.

Lauret. You shall see him

That day, as richly habited as the great Heire of Florence: But royall Sir, what's shee

That you must bed then ? Prince. 'Tis Iulia,

The Duke of Millaines daughter: Why change your Lauretta speakes to her selfe. Face? Lauret. That shee that hates mee most should live

to iniov

Him I affect best: O my ominous fate,

I thought to have hid mee from thee in these defarts.

But thou dost dogg mee euery where.

Shee Swounes.

Prince. Looke to her fafety, not for the Crowne Of Florence I would have her perish.

Wife. Helpe to support her.

Exit with Mother and Clowne. Prince. Oh Friend, that I should change my Royaltie

To weaknesse now: I doe thinke this lodge A Pallace, and this Beautious Mayden-head Of greater worth then *Iulia*.

Moun. Come my Lord,

Lay by these idle thoughts, and make you ready To entertaine your Bride.

Enter Parma difguifed.

Parm. The Prince, the Prince, I come to feeke the Prince, and was directed Vnto this place.

Prince. Thy newes. Parm. A Letter. Prince. Whence?

Parm. Reade, the Contents will shew you; their eyes are from mee, and I must hence. Exit Parma.

The Prince reades.

Prince. The Millaine Princesse is betroathed; deflowred,

Not worthy of your loue, beleeue this true

Vpon a Prince his word; when you shall bed her,

And find her flawd in her Virginitie, You shall have cause to thinke vpon his love

From whom you had this caution;

But doe it with that Princely management,

Her honour bee not flandered: Hee that loues, Admires, and honours you:

Where's hee that brought this Letter?

Moun. Fled my Lord.

Prince. Poast after; bring him backe,

Could hee not fet his hand to't-

How now, the newes?

Moun. Hee's fled vpon a milke white Gennet Sir.

Seeming t' outstrip the winde, and I-lost him.

Prince. Thou hast lost mee quite.

Moun. What meanes this passion Sir?

Prince. Mounsieur reade there,

What will confound thee: Oh if shee bee vnchast! Could they find none but mee to worke vpon.

Moun. It confounds mee my Lord. Prince. If shee bee Chast,

How shall I wrong her, to question her faire Vertues? Moun. Right.

Prince. But if shee bee not right? I wrong my

Honor.

Which after marriage, how shall I recall?

Moun. 'Tis certaine.

Prince. Yes: Oh how am I perplext!

Come. Ile to Court.

Ile not bee fway'd: Were shee a Potent Queene, Where Counfell fayles mee, Ile once trust to spleene.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne with his Table-bookes.

Clowne. Let me fee, the Prince is to bee married to morrow, and my young Mistris meanes to keepe a Feast in the Forrest, in honour of his wedding at the Court: Now am I fent as Caterer into the City to prouide them with victualls, which they charg'd me to buy; no ordinary fare, no more it shall, and therefore I have cast it thus; First and foremost, wee will haue—(yes downe it shall) we will haue a Gammon of Bacon roafted, and flufft with Oysters; And fixe Black-Puddings to bee ferued vp in Sorrellfops; A pickell'd shoulder of Mutton, and a surloyne of Beefe in White broth, fo much for the first course. Now for the fecond, we will have a Cherry-Tart cut into Rashers and broyled; A Custard Carbonado'd on the coales; A liue Eele fwimming in clowted Creame; And fixe Sheepes-heads baked, with the hornes peering out of the pasty-crust. The morrall is, because it is a wedding-dinner.

Enter Stroza with another Lord.

Stro. The ioyfull day's to morrow. Passe this plunge

And we are made for euer.

Clowne. What, my old Polititian? hee that vndermin'd my old Lady and my yong Mistris? now that I could find but one stratagem to blow him vp; I would tosse him, I would blanket him i'th Ayre, and make him cut an Italian caper in the Clouds: These Politicians can doe more execution with a pen, in their studies, then a good Souldier with his sword in the field, but he hath spi'd mee.

Stro. Thee friend I should have knowne?

Clowne. And you too, I should have knowne, but whether for a friend, or no, ther's the question?

Stro. Thou feru'ft the Generall Sforza.

Clow. I confesse it; but whether you have feru'd him well, or no, there hangs a Tale.

Stro. How doth thy noble Lady, faire Lauretta? They have left Millaine long, refide they here Neere to the City Florence?

Clow. Some three miles off, here in the Forrest,

not halfe an houres riding.

Stro. I pray thee recommend me to them both, And fay, It shall goe hard with mine affaires But Ile find season'd houres to visit them.

Clow. You shall not want directions to find the place, come when you will, you shall be most heartily

——poyfon'd.

Stro. Tell them, The newes that they are well Is wondrous pleafing to me, and that power I haue in Millaine is referu'd for them,
To worke them into grace: I can but fmile,
To fee how close I haue plotted their exile.
Now bufinesse calls me hence: farewell.

Exit.

Clow. And be hang'd, Mounsieur Stroza, whose description my Muse hath included in these sew

lines;

Stroza, Thy Head is of a comely Block, And would shew well, crown'd with the combe of Cock: His Face an Inne, his Brow a fluttish Roome, His Nofe the Chamberlaine, his Beard the Broome, Or like New-market Heath, that makes theeues rich, In which his Mouth stands iust like Deuills-ditch. And fo farewell to your worship, graue Mounsieur Stroza, for I must about my market.

Actus Quartus.

A Dumbe shew. Enter at one doore, the Duke of Millaine, Iulia, Stroza, and a Bishop: At the other doore, the Duke of Florens, the Prince and Mounsieur, with attendants: Then the Bishop takes their hands and makes fignes to marry them, and then the Prince fpeakes.

Prince. Stay till we be refolu'd. Florens. What meanes our fonne? Princ. Not to be gull'd by the best Prince in Europe;

Much leffe by Millaine.

Millaine. Sir, be plaine with vs.

Prin. I much suspect that Ladies Chastity.

Millaine. Hers.

Prin. I haue faid.

Stroza. Ther's Worme-wood.

Millaine. I came in termes of Honour, Brought with me, all my comforts here on earth, My daughter; to bestow her on thy fon: Poore Lady, innocently comming, forfaking all, Father and Countrey, to betake her felfe

Vnto his bosome; and is she for all this, Branded with shame?

Stro. Who can accuse her, speake? what probabilities?

What ground ? the place ? the meanes ? the feafon how Shee did become corrupt?

Prince. Sir, fo we have heard.

Stro. Produce the witnesse; and behould, I stand

The Champion for her honour, and will auerre Her Chafte, aboue degree; infinitely honest:

Oh Prince! what, can you ground fuch iniury

Vpon vaine heare-fay? Speake for your felfe, take foirit.

Iulia. Came we thus farre, to be thus wrong'd?

Apart to herfelfe.

Stro. Was the flaue neuer Christen'd, hath hee no name ?

Iulia. Haue you fent for me, to accufe me heere In this strange Clime? It is not Princely done.

Prince. O Heauen, how am I perplext! Floren. Sonne, Sonne, you wrong

Your felfe and me too, to accuse a Lady

Of fuch high birth and fame; vnleffe you confesse You selfe to haue err'd, you needs must forseit vs.

Moun. My Lord, yeeld to your father, left you draw His wrath vpon you.

Prince. Well, fince I must, I will:

Your pardon, Royall Father: Yours faire Princesse: And yours great Duke;

If I shall find my felfe truely to have err'd, I shall confesse your chastity much injur'd.

Iulia. Submission is to me full recompence.

Milla. My daughters honour? Stro. Doe not fland off my Lord,

If the be wrong'd, thee's not much behind-hand.

Milla. Oh let me alone Stroza.

Flor. Nay, good Brother Accept him as your Sonne.

Milla. My hearts no closet for reuenge; 'tis done.

L

Prin. Now heare my protestations: I receive This Ladies hand on these Conditions: If you, my Lord, her father, or her felfe, Know her felfe faulty, Oh confesse it here, Before the Ceremonies fasten on me : for if hereafter I find you once corrupted? by this right hand, My future hopes, my Fathers royalty, And all the honours due vnto our house. Ile haue as many liues and heads for it, As he hath Manners, Caftles, Liues and Towres; It shall be worthy to be lockt in Chronicles Of all strange tongues: And therefore beautious Lady,

As you esteeme a Prince his name or honour, That youd be a Mecenas vnto vertue; If in the least of these you guilty be,

Pull backe your hand.

Stro. What if you find her chafte?

Prin. If chafte, she shall be dearer farre to me Then my owne foule: I will respect her honour, Equall with that of my great Ancestours; All this I vow, as I am Prince and vertuous.

Stro. Then ioyne their hands.

Prin. Shee's mine: Set forwards then.

Exeunt all but Stroza.

Stro. All goes not well, This iugling will be found,

Then where am I? would I were fafe in Millaine. Here Matchiuell thou wast hatcht: Could not the fame

Planet inspire this pate of mine with some Rare stratagem, worthy a lasting Character: No, 'twill not be; my braine is at a non-plus, For I am dull.

Enter Millaine.

Milla. Stroza. Stro. My Lord. Milla. Oh now, or neuer Stroza!

Stro. I am turn'd Foole, Affe, Iddeot; Are they married?

Milla. Yes, and the Prince after the Ceremonie, Imbrac'd her louingly.

Stro. But the hell is

That they must lie together, ther's the Deuill.

Milla. And then-

Stro. And then we are difgrac'd and sham'd.

Milla. Canst thou not help't man?

Stro. Why you would make

A man-midwife, woo'd you? I haue no skill.

Milla. Stroza, awake, th'art drowsie.

Stro. Peace, interrupt me not, I ha'te: fo to reuenge mee vpon her

Whom most I hate. To Strumpet her 'twere braue.

Milla. Counfell aduife me.

Stro. Youle make me mad my Lord:

And in this fweet reuenge, I am not onely Pleas'd (with iust fatisfaction for all wrongs)

But the great Prince most palpably deceiu'd.

Milla. The time runs on, thinke on my honor Stroza.

Stro. If youle eate grapes vnripe, edge your owne teeth,

Ile flay the mellow'd feafon, doo't your felfe,

Vnlesse you give me time for't.

Milla. But thinke with mine, on thine owne fafety Stroza.

Stro. Peace, giue me way my Lord, fo shall the Prince

Bee palpably deceiu'd, Faire Iulia's honor

Most prosperously preseru'd, The Duke my master,

Freed from all blame, Warre hindred, Peace confirm'd,

And I fecur'd; Oh I am fortunate

Beyond imagination!

Milla. O deare Stroza,

Helpe now, or neuer!

Stro. Hee was a meere Affe That rais'd Troy's Horse: 'twas a pritty structure.

Milla. Oh mee! Stro. Synon, a foole, I can doe more With precious Gold, then hee with whining Teares.

Milla. Oh my tormented foule! Stro. Pray my Lord, giue mee

Fine hundred crownes.

Milla. What to doe with them man? Stro. See how you stand on trifles; when our liues,

Your honour; all our fortunes lie a bleeding; What shall I have the Gold?

Milla. Thy purpose preethee ?

Stro. I know a defolate Lady, whom with Gold

I can corrupt.

Milla. There are fine hundred Crownes, Stroza bethinke thee what thou vndertak'st, Such an Act, would make huge Atlas bend his head Vnto his heele.

Stro. But fay I cannot win her, They bide the brunt of all, heere let them flay, With these five hundred Crownes Ile poast away. Exit Stroza, and Duke.

Enter Mother, Daughter, and Clowne.

Clow. Maddam, yonder's a Gentleman comes to speake with you in all hast.

Lauret. Admit him in.

Enter Stroza.

Stro. Lady bee happy, and from this bleft houre Euer reioyce faire Virgin, for I bring you Gold, and Inlargement; with a recouerie Of all your former losse, and dignitie, But for a two houres labour: Nay, that no labour Nor toyle, but a meere pleafure.

Lau. Your words like mufick, pleafe me with delight,

Beyond imagination: Offered to vs?

Being exil'd our Countrey, and our friends,

Therefore good fir, delay not with long complement;

But tell these hopes more plaine. Stro. Haue wee not heere

Too many eares?

Lauret. Wee would bee private firra,

And therefore leave vs. Exit Clowne.

Stro. You have feene the Prince of Florence? Lauret. Yes I have.

Stro. Is he not for his Feature, Beauty, Goodneffe,

The most Compleate? So absolute in all things.

Lauret. All this is granted.

Stro. How happy doe you thinke that Lady then That shall Inioy him? Nay, that shall bee the first To prooue him, and exchange Virginitie,

Were't not bright Lady a great happinesse?

Lauret. I wish that happinesse were mine alone, Oh my faint heart: Passion ouer-swayes me quite, But hide thy griefe Lauretta: Sir, you'le make Me fall in loue with him: Were I his equall, I then should judge him worthy of no lesse.

Stro. Loue him: What's she doth not, if shee haue eyes?

Were I my felfe a Woman: I would lay My felfe a profitute vnto the Prince: Shee is not wife that would refuse him Lady.

Lauret. Good Sir bee briefe:
To what pray tends these speeches?

Stro. To thee fweete Lady: I offer all these plea-

Oh happie fate that hath felected mee To be your raifer: Lady take this gold,

But that's not all: For there are greater honours

Prepared for you; the Duke of Millaine doth Commend him to you: Iulia his daughter Hath in her honour late miscarried, Now't lies in you to falue and make all good.

Wife. Who? Lies this in my daughter.

Stro. Yes, in her,

Shee hath the power to make the Duke her friend, Iulia her fifter, and all Millaine bound To offer vp for her their Orrifons.

Lauret. Good Sir bee plaine.

Stro. This night lie with the Prince In *Iulia's* flead: There's way made for you, Who would not woo, for what you are wooed too? Lauret. Doe you not blush, when you deliuer this

Pray tell the Duke, all Women are not Iulia, And though wee bee deiected, thus much tell him, Wee hold our honour at too high a price, For Gold to buy.

Nay Lady, heare mee out; You shall preserve her honour, gaine the Duke, Redeeme your fortunes: Strengthen you in friends, You shall have many Townes and Turrets standing, Which future Warre may ruine: Thinke on that.

Wife. Lauretta, oh behold thy mothers teares! Thinke on thy Father, and his honour wonne, And call to mind our exile: All the wrongs Wee haue indured by her, to whom wee gaue No cause, and now are plundg'd in a deepe streame, Which not refifted, will for euer blemish The name of Sforfa thy great Ancestors, Thou'lt waken thy dead Father from his graue, And cause his honour'd wounds which hee receiv'd From that vnthankfull Duke, to bleede afresh, Powring out new blood from his grifly wounds, If thou confentest to this abhorred fact, Thy Mothers curfe will feaze on thee for euer: Oh child, behold me on my knees: Ile follow thee; Oh doe not leaue me thus, and pull on thee An euerlasting staine, to scandall all Thy former Vertues, for the momentarie Short pleasures of one night.

Stro. She doth not councell well; 'tis foolish rash-

nes,

Womanish Indiscretion.

Lauret. Sir bee answered,

If Iulia bee difloyall: Let her bee found

So by the Prince she wedds: Let her be branded With the vile name of strumpet: Shee difgrac'd

Mee, that nere thought her harme; publikely strucke mee.

mee,

Nay in the Court: And after that, procur'd My banishment: These Injuries I reap't By her alone, then let it light on her.

Stro. Now fee your errour,

What better, fafer, or more sweete reuenge,

Then with the Husband? what more could woman aske?

Lauret. My blood rebells against my reason, and I no way can withstand it: 'Tis not the Gold Mooues mee, but that deere loue I beare the Prince, Makes me neglect the credit and the honour

Of my deare Fathers house: Sir, what the Duke defires

I am refolued to doe his vtmost will.

Wife. Oh my deare daughter.

Lauret. Good Mother speake not, for my word is past,

And cannot bee recall'd, Sir will you away? I am refolute.

Stro. Shee yeeldes vnto her shame; which makes me blest,

Let Millions fall, fo I bee crown'd with reft.

Wife. Oh mee, vnhappie, that nere knew griefe till now. Exeunt.

Musicke. A Dumbe Show. Enter Millaine, to him Stroza, and brings in Lauretta masked,

the Duke takes her and puts her into the Bed, and Exit.

Enter both the Duke and Iulia, they make fignes to her and Exit: Stroza hides Iulia in a corner, and flands before ber.

Enter againe with the Prince to bring him to bed. They cheere him on, and others fnatch his Pointes, and fo Exit. The Dukes Imbrace, and Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Millaine to Stroza.

Milla. Thou art our trufty Counfellor; if this paffe currant

We're past all feare: What is she preethee? What? Stro. What's that to you, bee shee what ere she

All's one to vs, fo she be found a Virgin; I haue hyred her, and shee's pleas'd.

Milla. But gaue you charge

Affoone as ere the Prince was fast afleepe,

That fhee should rife and give place to our daughter?

Stro. Doubt you not that; what, icalous already?

Milla. How long she stayes, I saine would be a bed;

Pray heauen shee doe not fall

By him afleepe, and fo forget her felfe.

Stro. Heer's in my heart, a violent Feauer still;

Nor shall I find my felfe in my true temper, Vntill this brunt bee past. Milla. What, not yet ? Had she with Parma beene a bed so long, It would have more perplext mee.

Enter Lauretta.

Stro. See, here shee is;

The newes?

Lauret. The Prince is fast, all done. Milla. Step in her place;

Nay when ? and counterfeit fleepe prefently.

Stro, Away to bed my Lord: You to the Forreft.

I'le to my Coach, all's well.

Exeunt Stroza and the Duke. Lauret. And for my part, it was not much amisse, Because my Lord the Prince had such content

Which caus'd him give his Charter to my hand, The full affurance of faire *Iulia's* dowre: Day gins to breake, and I must to the Lodge. Oh what a griefe it was to leave the Prince!

But leave those thoughts: These Gifts to me assign'd, Are nothing worth the Iem I left behind. Exit.

Enter Prince and Mounsieur with a Torch.

Moun. What doe you not like your bed-fellow, my Lord,

That you are vp fo foone?

Prin. Oh friend, was neuer man blest with a Bride

So chast! I'me scarce my felfe, till this be knowne To my faire Forrest friend: Lett's mount away, The nights quite fpent: and now begins the day.

Enter Mother and Clowne.

Wife. And what was it you faid firra?

Clow. Marry, I would intreat your Lady-ship to turne away my fellow *Icrom*, for I thinke hee's no true man.

Wife. No true man, Why?

Clo. Marry, we were both in the Tauerne together tother day——

Wife. And hee stole some Plate?

Clo. No Madam, but there stood at our elbow a pottle Pot-

Wife. And hee stole the Pot?

Clo. No Madam, but he stole the wine in the Pot, and drunke it off,

And made himselfe so drunke hee be-pist himselfe: Your Ladyship could not be better be-pist in a Summers day.

Enter Prince and Mounfieur.

Prin. Good morrow Lady: Wher's your daughter pray?

Wife. She tooke so little rest last night, my Lord,

I thinke shee is scarce well.

Prin. Pray may wee fee her? Wife. My Lord, you may.

Shee's drawne out vpon a Bed.

Song.

Ence with Passion, Sighes and Teares,
Defasters, Sorrowes, Cares and Feares.
See, my Loue (my Loue) appeares,
That thought himselfe exil'd.
Whence might all these loud Ioyes grow?
Whence might Myrth, and Banquet's slow?
But that hee's come (hee's come) I know.
Faire Fortune thou hast smil'd.

2.

Giue to these blind windowes, Eyes; Daze the Stars, and mocke the Skies,

And let vs two (vs two) devife,
To lavish our best Treasures
Crowne our Wishes with Content,
Meete our Soules in sweet consent,
And let this night (this night) bee spent
In all aboundant pleasures.

Prince. Oh good morrow Lady, I come to tell you newes!

Lauret. They are wellcome to me my Lord.

Prin. You know the Princeffe Iulia was fuppos'd To bee adulterate——

Lauret. So we have heard it rumor'd.

Prin. Oh but faire friend, fle was indeed bely'd! And I this morning rofe from her chaft bed:

But wherefore fweet cast you that blushing smile?

But you have broak promife with me: For you told me

That the fame day and houre I tooke my Bride, You should Inioy a Princely Husband.

Lauret. Trew My Lord, I did.

Prin. And are you married then?

Lauret. And lay with him last night.

Prin. Is hee off fortunes?

Lauret. That you may foone coniecture by this gift.

Prin. What haue you then, fome tokens that were his?

Lauret. Some few my Lord, amongst the rest, this diamond

Hee put vpon my finger.

Prin. You amaze mee!

Yet Rings may bee alike: If then your husband Bee of fuch flate and fortunes, What dowre are you allotted.

Lauret. Sir, ten thousand crownes by th' yeere.

Prin. I gaue no more vnto my Iulia.

But where is the fecurity you have

For the performance of it?

Lauret. See here, My Lord,

Sir, Is not that fufficient for a dowry?

Prin. This is the Indenture that I gaue to Iulia; Preethee Lauretta, but resolue me true,

How came you by this Charter ?

Lauret. Pardon great Prince; for all that loue you inake

To Iulia, you whisper'd in my eare:

Shee is vnchast; which, left you should have found. Her father fent mee here, fiue hundred crownes By Stroza; but neither his gold, nor all

His fly temptations, could one whit mooue mee:

Onely the loue I euer bare your honour,

Made me not prife my owne. No luftfull appetite Made me attempt fuch an ambitious practife,

As to aspire vnto your bed my Lord.

Prin. Rife, doe not weepe, Oh I am strangely rapt

Into deepe strange confusion?

Millaine should know, were it my case my Moun. Lord.

A better Prince then hee should not wrong me.

Prin. I have bethought already how to beare meef:

This Charter and this Ring, faire Loue, keepe you; And when I fend for you, you shall repaire

Vnto the Court: This all I shall inioyne you.

Lauret. Great Sir, I shall.

Prin. Come Mounfieur, now 'tis cast, Reuenge neere rules, fo it be found at laft.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the two Dukes with Iulia, Stroza and attendants.

Milla. Who faw the Prince last? Is't a custome with him To rife thus early?

Floren. Sir, hee neuer fleepes Longer then th' day, nor keepes his bed by Sunne: 'Tis not the loue of the faireft Lady liues, Can make him leaue his morning exercise.

Iulia. He neuer exercis'd with me, I'm fure; I might haue layne as fafe, free, and vntoucht,

By any Lady liuing.

Enter the Prince and Mounfi.

Prince. Pardon Lords,
I haue stay'd you long, your blessing royall Father.
My custome is, euer to rife before
A womans houre: Now heare me speake my Lords,
I'm married to a Lady, whose chaste honour,
Reports and salfe Suggestions, did inforce me
To call in publike question; but that we leaue
Vnto our last nights rest.

Stro. True my good Lord; But did you find me faulty?

Prin. I doe protest, my Lords, I bosom'd with As true and chaste a Virgin, as ere lodg'd Within a Princes armes; All this I vow As I am Royall.

Stro. All's well my Lord?

Milla. All's excellent Stroza.

Princ. Now for amends and publike fatisfaction, For the foule wrong I did her, questioning Her Vertue, Ile confirme her dowre, and that Before I eate: Sweet Lady, reach the Charter I gaue you last night, 'fore you were full mine?

Iulia. I receiu'd none Sir.

Prin. Sweet, will you tell mee that? With which you did receive a Ring the Duke My father gaue me.

Iulia. When?
Prince. Last night.
Iulia. Where?
Prince. In your Bed.

Iulir. 'Twas in my dreame then.

Prince. Being broad awake.

Stro. I like not this: I fmell a Rat.

Milla. Stroza, I feare too. Stro. Brazen fore-head, Wilt

Thou leave me now: 'Tis true my Lord. You did Receive them both, Haue you forgot fweet Lady, This very morning, that you gaue them both To me? The Princesse jeasted, to see how You woo'd but take it.

Moun. Excellent Villaine! Prince. 'Twas well put off:

'Tis strange shee's fo forgetfull: I prethee Stroza

Where are they?

Stroza. Where are they? they are-

Prince. Where? Why fluddy you?

Stro. They are there— *Prince.* Where man?

Stro. I poasted them

To Millaine, fent them fafe, dare you not trust my word.

Prince. Not till I fee my deeds. Stro. By one oth' Princes Traine.

Prince. See which of the Traine is wanting.

Moun. I shall my Lord.

Stro. I would I were in Turkey.

Milla. Would I were on horfe-backe.

Prin. Nay, looke not you deiected beautious Bride.

For this is done onely to honour you.

Enter a Serving-man with a child in a covered Dish.

Gent. The Prince, my Master, hearing your solemnities.

Hath fent this dish, to adde a present to Your royall Feasts, wishing himselfe therein To be a wellcome gueft.

Prince. Your Masters name ?

Gent. Prince Parma.

Prince. Giue this Gentleman

A 100. crownes: This will much grace our banquet.

Flo. Ther's in that dish, some Morrall.

Milla. Comming from him,

Meethinks it should be feason'd with some strange And dangerous poyson: Touch't not, my Lord.

Flo. There should be more in't, then a feasting

dish; What's here, a Child?

Iulia. O my perplexed heart!

Pri. Upon his breft ther's fomething writ, Ile

'Tis fit, if Iustice bee not quite exil'd
That he that wedds the mother, keepe the child.

This Child was fent to me.

Stro. From whom? whom, Parma? breake the bastards necke,

As I would doe the Fathers, were hee here.

Prin. Sure spare't for the Mothers sake; t'was fent to vs:

Enter Mounsieur.

Which of the trayne is wanting?

Moun. None my Lord.

Prin. Stroza, where is this Charter and the Ring?

Stro. I know of none.

Moun. Why, t'was confest.

Stro. Right, I confest it; but your grace must know,

'Twas but to pleafe your humour, which began

To grow into fome violence.

Moun. I can forbeare no longer; Impudent Stroza,

Thou art a Villaine, periur'd, and forfworne: That Duke dishonourable; and shee vnchast:

Besides, thou hyredst a Virgin in her roome;

(Slaue as thou art) to bosome with the Prince;

Gau'st her fine hundred Crownes. That this is true, I will maintaine by combat.

Stro. That I did this? Hee lies below his en-

trayles,

That dares to braue mee with fuch a proud affront: And in the honour of my Prince and Countrey I will approoue thee recreant.

Prin. A strife, that nought faue combat can

defide,

The cause so full of doubts, and intricate. See, they are both arm'd, and euenly, without odds, Saue what the iustice of the cause can yeeld.

Exit Mounfieur and Stroza.

Enter Prince Parma.

Par. Bee't no intrusion held, if a strange Prince (Setting behind, all complementall leaue)
Amongst strange Princes enters: Let me know
Which is the Prince of Florence?

Prince. Wee are hee.
Parm. And Parma?
Iuli. Parma?
Prince. Excuse mee Sir,

I know him not: But if I much mistake not, Wee are late indebted to you for a present.

Parm. It was a gift, I should bee loath to part with.

But vpon good conditions. Am I then

To all a ftranger: Doe you not know mee Lady?

Milla. Heare him not speake, I charge thee by
thine honor?

Prince. Parma speake, and if thy speech was bent to mee?

Parm. Ere I proceede, let mee behold this babe; Nere a Nurse heere? Pray hand it you sweete Lady, Till I find out a Mother.

Milla. Touch it not,

I charge thee on my blessing.

Iulia. Pardon Sir,

It well becomes my handling.

Prince. Parma proceede.

Parm. Then Florence know, thou hast wrong'd me beyond thought;

Shipwrackt my Honour, and my Fame; nay strumpeted

Her, whom I tearme my Bride.

Prince. 'Tis false, I neuer faue with one imbrac'd.

And her, I found to be most truely chast.

Parm. Then It maintaine: Hast thou a Wife heere ?

Prince. Yes.

Then Ile approue her to bee none of Parm. thine.

That thou hast fetch't her from anothers armes.

Nav more, that shee's vnchast?

Prin. Know Parma, thou hast kindled such a Flame.

That all the Oceans billowes fcarce can quench:

Bee that our quarrells ground.

Florence. Princes, forbeare:

First see the Issue of the former Combat,

Before more blood you hazard.

Prince. Wee are pleafed.

Parm. And wee content.

Enter Stroza and the Mounsieur, they fight, and Stroza is ouercome.

Moun. Yeeld thy felfe recreant villaine, or thou dy'ft.

Stro. Saue mee, I will confesse; Is Parma heere?

Parm. Yes, heere we are.

Stro. I falfely stuft thy head with Iealousies, And for fome private ends of my revenge, Difgrac'd the Generall, and fet odds betwixt Lauretta and the Princesse: All these mischieses

Proceede from my fuggestions.

Milla. Damne him for it.

Stro. Is that your kindnesse? give me leave to live,

Bee't but to taynt his honour.

Prince. Tell mee Stroza,

Was Iulia chaste?

Str. No.

Prince. Did her Father know it ?

Str. Yes, and more too: I had the Gold from him,

To bribe the Generalls daughter.

Florence. Iniuries,

Beyond the thought of man.

Milla. Which wee'le no longer firiue with, fince the heauens

Haue laid that ope most plaine and palpable, Which most wee thought to conceale.

Prince. Will Parma fight?

Parm. Refolue mee first? Was Iulia found chast? Pricce. I heere protest, wee parted both, as cleere,

As at our first encounter.

Parm. Then I accept her,

If you my Lord bee pleaf'd fo to part with her.

Prince, Willingly.

Iulia. Now haue I my defires: Had I withall,

The Princely babe I boare.

Parm. See Iulia,

Whom thy hard-hearted Father doom'd to death, My care hath still conferued, Imbrace it Lady;

Nay, tis thy owne nere feare it.

Prince. Then Prince Parma,

With your words Ile proceed.

'Tis fit all Iustice bee not quite exil'd,

That hee that wedds the Mother keepe the child. Florence. But Peeres, the Virgin that this Stroza hired

To Iustifie these wrongs?

Prince. At hand my Lord:

Mounfieur conduct them hither?

Moun. I shall Sir.

Milla. The Generalls Wife and Daughter.

Enter Lauretta, Wife, and Clowne.

Clow. Yes and their man too; all *hat's left of him.

Prince. This the Maide, To whom I am fo bound?

Lauret. Oh let me lie

As prostrate at your foot in Vassallage,

As I was at your pleafure. *Prince*. Sweete arife.

Clow. Your Lordship hath bin vp already, when shee was downe: I hope if the thing you wott of goe no worse forward then it hath begun, and that you take charge of my young Lady, you neede not be altogether vnmindfull of her Gentleman-Vsher.

Florence. Of what birth is that Lady?

Milla. Euen the least

Enuy can fpeake, Shee is a Souldiers Daughter,

Descended from a noble parentage. Wife, Who with her mother,

Thus kneeles to him, as to their Soueraigne.

Intreating grace and pittie.

Milla. You haue both:

Sure, fure, the heavens for our Ingratitude,

To noble Sforza, our braue generall,

Hath thus croft our proceedings; which to recom-

Wee'le take you vnto our best patronage.

Wife. Millaine is honorable. Prince. But by your fauour Sir,

This must bee our owne charge.

Florence. With which we are pleas'd.

Iulia. Stroza was cause of all, but his submission

Hath fau'd him from our hate, arife in grace.

Whil'ft we thus greete *Lauretta*. *Lauret*. Royall Princesse,

I still shall be your hand-maide.

164 A Mayden-head well lost.

Stroza. Who would firiue,
To bee a villaine, when the good thus thriue?
Prince, You crowne me with your wifnes, Royall father:

My Mistris first, and next my bed-fellow,
And now my Bride most welcome. Excellent Sir,
Imbrace the Millaine Duke, whil'st I change hand
With Princely Parma; Iulia, once my Wife?
Backe to your husband I returne you chast:
Mounsieur, bee still our friend: You our kind Mother:
And let succeeding Ages, thus much say:
Neuer was Maiden-head better given away.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



The Epilogue.

N Ew Playes, are like new Fashions; If they take?

Followed and worne: And happy's hec can make
First into'th Garbe: But when they once have past
Censure, and prove not well, they seldome last.
Our Play is new, but whether shaped well
In Act or Seane, Judge you, you best can tell:
Wee hope the best, and 'tis our least of seare,
That any thing but comely should shew heere;
However Gentlemen, 'tis in your powers,
To make it last; or weare out, in two houres.





The late Lancashire

VVITCHES.

A well received Comedy, lately
Acted at the *Globe* on the *Banke-fide*,
by the Kings Majesties
Actors.

WRITTEN,
By THOM. HEVVVOOD,
AND
RICHARD BROOME.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.



LONDON,

Printed by *Thomas Harper* for *Benjamin Fisher*, and are to be fold at his Shop at the Signe of the *Talbot*, without *Alderfgate*.





THE PROLOGVE.

Orrantoes failing, and no foot post late
Possessing us with Newes of forraine State,
No accidents abroad worthy Relation
Arriving here, we are forc'd from our owne Nation
To ground the Scene that's now in agitation.
The Project unto many here well knowne;
Those Witches the fat Iaylor brought to Towne,
An Argument so thin, perfons so low
Can neither yeeld much matter, nor great show.
Expect no more than can from such be rais'd,
So may the Scene passe pardon'd, though not prais'd.







ACTVS, I. SCENA, I.

Enter Master Arthur, Mr. Shakstone, Mr. Bantam: (as from hunting.)

Arthur.

THE STATE OF THE S

As ever fport of expectation
Thus crost in th' height.
Shak. Tush these are accidents all game
is subject to.

Arth. So you may call them Chances, or crosses, or what else you please, But for my part, Ile hold them prodigies, As things transcending Nature.

Bantam. O you fpeake this, Because a Hare hath crost you.

Arth. A Hare? a Witch, or rather a Divell I think.

For tell me Gentlemen, was't possible
In such a faire course, and no covert neere,
We in pursuit, and she in constant view,
Our eyes not wandring but all bent that way,
The Dogs in chase, she ready to be ceas'd,
And at the instant, when I durst have layd
My life to gage, my Dog had pincht her, then
To vanish into nothing!

Shak. Somewhat strange, But not as you inforce it. Arth. Make it plaine That I am in an error, sure I am , *1*·

That I about me have no borrow'd eyes.

They are mine owne, and Matches.

Bant. She might find

Some Muse as then not visible to us,

And escape that way.

Shak. Perhaps fome Foxe had earth'd there, And though it be not common, for I feldome Have knowne or heard the like, there fquat her felfe, And fo her fcape appeare but Naturall, Which you proclaime a Wonder.

Arth. Well well Gentlemen,

Be you of your own faith, but what I fee And is to me apparent, being in fence, My wits about me, no way toft nor troubled, To that will I give credit.

Bant. Come, come, all men

Were never of one minde, nor I of yours.

Shak. To leave this argument, are you refolv'd Where we shall dine to day?

Arth. Yes where we purpos'd.

Bant. That was with Master Generous.

Arth. True, the fame.

And where a loving welcome is prefum'd, Whofe liberall Table's never unprepar'd, Nor he of guefts unfurnifht, of his meanes, There's none can beare it with a braver port, And keepe his flate unfhaken, one who fels not Nor covets he to purchafe, holds his owne Without oppreffing others, alwayes preft To indeere to him any knowne Gentleman In whom he finds good parts.

Bant. A Character not common in this age.

Brth. I cannot wind him up

Vnto the least part of his noble worth.

Tis far above my strength.

Enter Whetstone.

Shak. See who comes yonder,

A fourth, to make us a full Messe of guests

At Master Generous Table.

Arth. Tush let him passe,

He is not worth our luring, a meere Coxcombe,

It is a way to call our wits in question,

To have him feene amongst us.

Baut. He hath fpy'd us, There is no way to evade him.

Arth. That's my griefe;

A most notorious lyar, out upon him, Shak. Let's fet the best face on't.

Whet. What Gentlemen? all mine old acquaint-

ance?

A whole triplicity of friends together? nay then 'Tis three to one we shall not soone part Company.

Shak. Sweet Mr. Whetstone.

Bant. Dainty Mr. Whetstone.

Arth. Delicate Master Whetstone.

Whet. You fay right, Mr. Whetflone I have bin, Mr. Whetflone I am, and Mr. Whetflone I shall be, and those that know me, know withall that I have not my name for nothing, I am hee whom all the brave Blades of the Country use to whet their wits upon; sweet Mr. Shakton, dainty Mr. Bantham, and dainty Mr. Arthur, and how, and how, what all lustick, all froligozone? I know, you are going to my Vncles to dinner, and so am I too, What shall we all make one randevous there, you need not doubt of your welcome.

Shak. No doubt at all kind Mr. Whetflone; but we have not feene you of late, you are growne a great stranger amongst us, I desire sometimes to give you a

visit; I pray where do you lye?

Whet. Where doe I lye? why fometimes in one place, and then againe in another, I love to shift lodgings; but most constantly, wheresoere I dine or sup, there doe I lye?

Arth. I never heard that word proceed from him

I durst call truth till now.

Whet. But where fo ever I lye 'tis no matter for that,

I pray you fay, and fay truth, are not you three now

Going to dinner to my Vncles?

Bant. I thinke you are a Witch Master Whetstone.

Whet. How? A Witch Gentlemen? I hope you doe not meane to abuse me, though at this time (if report be true) there are too many of them here in our Country, but I am sure I look like no such ugly Creature.

Shak. It feemes then you are of opinion that there are Witches, for mine own part, I can hardly be induc'd to think there is any fuch kinde of people.

Whet. No fuch kinde of people! I pray you tell me Gentlemen, did never any one of you know my

Mother?

Arth. Why was your Mother a Witch ?

Whet. I doe not fay as Witches goe now a dayes, for they for the most part are ugly old Beldams, but she was a lufty young Lasse, and by her owne report, by her beauty and faire lookes bewitcht my Father.

Bant. It feemes then your Mother was rather a

yong wanton wench, than an old wither'd witch.

Whet. You fay right, and know withall I come of two ancient Families, for as I am a *Whetflone* by the Mother-fide, fo I am a *By-blow* by the Fathers.

Arth. It appeares then by your discourse, that you

came in at the window.

Whet. I would have you thinke I fcorne like my Granams Cat to leape over the Hatch.

Shak. He hath confest himselfe to be a Bastard.

Arth. And I beleeve't as a notorious truth.

Whet. Howfoever I was begot, here you fee I am, And if my Parents went to it without feare or wit, What can I helpe it.

Arth. Very probable, for as he was got without feare.

So it is apparent he was borne without wit.

Whet. Gentlemen, it feemes you have fome private

businesse amongst your felves, which I am not willing to interrupt, I know not how the day goes with you, but for mine owne part, my stomacke is now much upon 12. You know what houre my Vncle keepes, and I love ever to bee fet before the first grace, I am going before, speake, shall I acquaint him with your comming after?

Shak. We meane this day to fee what fare he

keepes.

Whet. And you know it is his custome to fare well, And in that respect I think I may be his kinsman, And fo farewell Gentlemen, Ile be your fore-runner, To give him notice of your visite.

Bant. And fo intyre us to you. Shak. Sweet Mr. Whetstone. Arth. Kind Mr. Byblow.

Whet. I fee you are perfect both in my name & firname; I have bin ever bound unto you, for which I will at this time be your Noverint, and give him notice that you Vniversi will bee with him per præfentes, and that I take to be prefently. F.xit.

Arth. Farewell As in præfenti.

Shak. It feemes hee's peece of a Scholler.

Arth. What because he hath read a little Scriveners Latine, hee never proceeded farther in his Accidence than to Mentiri non est meum; and that was such a hard Lesson to learne, that he stucke at mentiri; and cu'd never reach to non est meum: since, a meere Ignaro, and not worth acknowledgement.

Bant. Are these then the best parts he can boast

of?

Arth. As you fee him now, fo shall you finde him ever: all in one ftrain, there is one only thing which I wonder he left out.

Shak. And what might that be.

Arth. Of the same affinity with the rest. At every fecond word, he is commonly boasting either of his Aunt or his Vncle.

Enter Mr. Generous.

Bant. You name him in good time, fee where he comes.

Gener. Gentlemen, Welcome, t'is a word I use, From me expect no further complement: Nor do I name it often at one meeting, Once spoke (to those that understand me best, And know I alwaies purpose as I speake) Hath ever yet fuffiz'd: fo let it you; Nor doe I love that common phrase of guests, As we make bold, or we are troublesome, Wee take you unprovided, and the like; I know you understanding Gentlemen, And knowing me, cannot perfuade your felves With me you shall be troublesome or bold. But still provided for my worthy friends, Amongst whom you are lifted.

Noble fir,

You generously instruct us, and to expresse We can be your apt fchollers: in a word Wee come to dine with you.

Gener. And Gentlemen, Such plainneffe doth best please me, I had notice Of fo much by my kinfman, and to show How lovingly I tooke it, instantly Rofe from my chayre to meet you at the gate, And be my felfe your usher; nor shall you finde Being fet to meat, that i'le excuse your fare, 1 Or fay, I am fory it falls out fo poore; And had I knowne your comming wee'd have had Such things and fuch, nor blame my Cooke, to fav This dish or that hath not bin fauc'st with care: Words, fitting best a common Hostesse mouth, When ther's perhaps fome just cause of dislike, But not the table of a Gentleman; Nor is it my wives custome; in a word, Take what you find, & foArth. Sir without flattery

You may be call'd the fole furviving fonne

Of long fince banisht Hospitality.

Gener. In that you please me not: But Gentlemen

I hope to be beholden unto you all,

Which if I proove, He be a gratefull debtor.

Bant. Wherein good fir.

I ever studied plainenesse, and truth Gener. withall.

Shak. I pray expresse your felfe.

Gener. In few I shall. I know this youth to

whom my wife is Aunt

Is (as you needs must finde him) weake and shallow:

Dull, as his name, and what for kindred fake

We note not, or at least, are loath to fee,

Is unto fuch well-knowing Gentlemen Most groffely visible: If for my fake

You will but feeme to winke at these his wants,

At least at table before us his friends,

I shall receive it as a courtesie

Not foone to be forgot.

Arth. Presume it sir.

Gener. Now when you please pray Enter Gentlemen.

Arth. Would these my friends prepare the way before,

To be resolved of one thing before dinner Would fomething adde unto mine appetite, Shall I intreat you fo much.

Bant. O fir you may command us.

Gener. I'th meane time

Prepare your stomackes with a bowle of Sacke.

Exit Bant. & Shak.

My Cellar can affoord it; now Mr. Arthur

Pray freely fpeake your thoughts.

Arth. I come not fir

To presse a promise from you, tak't not so, Rather to prompt your memory in a motion Made to you not long fince. Gener. Wast not about

A Mannor, the best part of your estate, Morgag'd to one slips no advantages Which you would have redeem'd.

Arth. True fir the fame.

Gener. And as I thinke, I promift at that time To become bound with you, or if the usurer (A base, yet the best title I can give him)

Perhaps should question that security,

To have the money ready. Wast not so?

Arth. It was to that purpose wee discourst.

Gener. Provided, to have the Writings in my custody.

Else how should I secure mine owne estate.

Arth. To denie that, I should appeare to th' World

Stupid, and of no braine.

Gener. Your monie's ready.

Arth. And I remaine a man oblig'd to you.

Beyond all utterance.

Gener. Make then your word good By fpeaking it no further, onely this, It feemes your Vncle you trufted in so far Hath failed your expectation.

Arth. Sir he hath, not that he is unwilling or

unable,

But at this time unfit to be folicited; For to the Countries wonder, and my forrow, Hee is much to be pitied.

Gener. Why I intreat you.

Arth. Because hee's late become the sole discourse

Of all the countrey; for of a man respected For his discretion and knowne gravitie, As master of a govern'd Family, The house (as if the ridge were fixt below, And groundfils lifted up to make the roose) All now turn'd topsie turvy.

Gener. Strange, but how?

Arth. In fuch a retrograde & preposterous way As feldome hath bin heard of. I thinke never.

Gener. Can you discourse the manner?

Arth. The good man,

In all obedience kneeles vnto his fon,
Hee with an auftere brow commands his father.
The wife prefumes not in the daughters fight
Without a prepared courtefie. The girle, fhee
Expects it as a dutie; chides her mother
Who quakes and trembles at each word fhe fpeaks,
And what's as ftrange, the Maid fhe dominiers
O're her yong mistris, who is aw'd by her.
The fon to whom the Father creeps and bends,
Stands in as much feare of the groome his man.
All in such rare disorder, that in some
As it breeds pitty, and in others wonder;
So in the most part laughter.

Gener. How thinke you might this come.

Arth. T'is thought by Witchcraft.

Gener. They that thinke fo dreame, For my beliefe is, no fuch thing can be, A madnesse you may call it: Dinner stayes, That done, the best part of the afternoone Wee'le spend about your businesse.

Exeunt.

Enter old Seely and Doughty.

Seely. Nay but understand me neighbor Doughty.

Doughty. Good master Seely I do understand you, and over and over understand you so much, that I could e'ene blush at your fondnesse; and had I a sonne to serve mee so, I would coniure a divell out of him.

See. Alas he is my childe.

Dough. No, you are his childe to live in feare of him, indeed they fay oldmen become children againe, but before I would become my childes childe, and

make my foot my head, I would fland upon my head, and kick my heels at the skies.

Enter Gregory.

See. You do not know what an only fon is, O fee, he comes now if you can appeale his anger toward me, you shall doe an act of timely charity.

Dou. It is an office that I am but weakly

verfd in

To plead to a fonne in the fathers behalfe, Bleffe me what lookes the devilifh young Rafcall Frights the poore man withall!

Greg. I wonder at your confidence, and how you

dare appeare before me.

Doug. A brave beginning. See. O fonne be patient.

Greg. It is right reverend councell, I thanke you for it, I shall study patience shall I, while you practice waies to begger mee, shall I?

Dough. Very handsome.

See. If ever I transgresse in the like againe—

Greg. I have taken your word too often fir and neither can nor will forbeare you longer.

Dough. What not your Father Mr. Gregory?

Greg. Whats that to you fir ?

Dough. Pray tell me then fir, how many yeares has hee to ferve you.

Gre. What do you bring your fpokefman now, your advocat,

What fee goes out of my eflate now, for his Oratory?

Dou. Come I must tell you, you forget your felfe,

And in this foule unnaturall strife wherein You trample on your tather. You are falne Below humanitie. Y'are so beneath The title of a sonne, you cannot clayme

To be a man, and let me tell you were you mine Thou shouldst not eat but on thy knees before me.

See. O this is not the way.

This is to raife Impatience into fury.

I do not feek his quiet for my eafe,
I can beare all his chidings and his threats,
And take them well, very exceeding well,
And finde they do me good on my owne part,
Indeed they do reclaim me from those errors
That might impeach his fortunes, but I feare
Th' unquiet ftrife within him hurts himselfe,
And wastes or weakens Nature by the breach
Of moderate sleepe and dyet; and I can
No lesse that grieve to finde my weaknesses
To be the cause of his affliction,
And see the danger of his health and being.

Dou. Alas poore man? Can you stand open

ey'd

Or dry ey'd either at this now in a Father?

Greg. Why, if it grieve you, you may look of ont,

I have feen more than this twice twenty times,

And have as often bin deceiv'd by his diffimulations

I can fee nothing mended.

Dou. He is a happy fire that has brought vp his fon to this.

See. All shall be mended fon content your selfe, But this time forget but this last fault.

Greg. Yes, for a new one to morrow.

Dou. Pray Mr. Gregory forget it, you fee how Submiffive your poore penitent is, forget it, Forget it, put it out o' your head, knocke it Out of your braines. I proteft, if my Father, Nay if my fathers dogge should have fayd As much to me, I should have embrac't him. What was the trespasse? It c'ud not be so hainous. Greg. Wel Sir, you now shall be a Judge for all your jeering.

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Was it a fatherly part thinke you having a fonne To offer to enter in bonds for his nephew, fo to indanger

My eflate to redeeme his morgage. See. But I did it not fonne?

Gre. I know it very well, but your dotage had done it.

If my care had not prevented it.

Dou. Is that the bufineffe: why if he had done it, had hee not bin fufficiently fecur'd in having the mor-

gage made over to himfelfe.

Greg. He does nothing but practice waies to undo himselfe, and me: a very spendthrift, a prodigall fire, hee was at the Ale club but tother day, and spent a foure-penny.

See. 'Tis gone and past sonne.

Greg. Can you hold your peace fir? And not long ago at the wine he spent his teaster, and two pence to the piper, that was brave was it not?

See. Truely we were civily merry. But I have

lest it.

Greg. Your civility have you not? For no longer agoe than last holiday evening he gam'd away eight double ring'd tokens on a rubbers at bowles with the Curate, and some of his idle companions.

Dou. Fie Mr. Gregory Seely is this feemely in a

fonne.

You'le have a rod for the childe your father shortly I feare.

Alasse did hee make it cry? Give me a stroke and Ile beat him,

Bleffe me, they make me almost as mad as themfelves.

Greg. 'Twere good you would meddle with your own matters fir.

See. Sonne, fonne.

Greg. Sir, Sir, as I am not beholden to you forhouse or Land, for it has flood in the name of my an-

ceftry the Seelyes above two hundred yeares, so will I look you leave all as you found it.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. What is the matter con yeow tell ?

Greg. O Lawrence, welcom, Thou wilt make al wel I am fure.

Law. Yie whick way con yeow tell, but what the

foule evill doone yee, heres fick an a din.

Dou. Art thou his man fellow ha? that talkest thus

to him.

Law. Yie fir, and what ma' yoew o'that, he maintegnes me'to rule him, and i'le deu't, or ma' the heart weary o'the weambe on him.

Dou. This is quite upfide downe, the fonne controlls the father, and the man overcrowes his mafters

coxfcombe, fure they are all bewitch'd.

Greg. 'Twas but fo, truely Lawrence; the peevish old man vex't me, for which I did my duty, in telling him his owne, and Mr. Doughty here maintaines him

against me.

Law. I forbodden yeow to meddle with the old carle, and let me alone with him, yet yeow still be at him, hee ferv'd yeow but weell to bast ye for't, ant he were stronk enough, but an I faw foule with yee an I swaddle yee not savorly may my girts brast.

See. Prethee good Lawrence be gentle and do not

fright thy Master so.

Law. Yie, at your command anon.

See. Enough good Lawrence, you have faid

enough.

Law. How trow yeou that? A fine World when a man cannot be whyet at heame for busie brain'd neighpors.

Dou. I know not what to fay to any thing here,

This cannot be but witchcraft.

Enter Ioane and Winny.

IVin. I cannot indure it nor I will not indure it.

Dou. Hey day! the daughter upon the mother too.

Win. One of us two, chuse you which, must leave the house, wee are not to live together I see that, but I will know, if there be Law in *Lancashire* for't, which is fit first to depart the house or the World, the mother or the daughter.

Ioane. Daughter I fay.

Win. Do you fay the daughter, for that word I fay the mother, unlesse you can prove me the eldest, as my discretion almost warrant it, I say the mother shall out of the house or take such courses in it as shall fort with such a house and such a daughter.

Foan. Daughter I fay, I wil take any course so thou wilt leave thy passion; indeed it hurts thee childe, I'le sing and be merry, weare as sine clothes, and as delicate dressings as thou wilt have me, so thou wilt

pacifie thy felfe, and be at peace with me.

Wiu. O will you fo, in fo doing I may chance to looke upon you, Is this a fit habite for a handfome young Gentlewomans mother, as I hope to be a Lady, you look like one o' the Scottish wayward fisters, O my hart has got the hickup, and all lookes greene about me, a merry fong now mother, and thou shalt be my white girle.

Ioan. Ha, ha, ha! she's overcome with joy at my

conversion.

Dough. She is most evidently bewitcht.

Song.

Foane. There was a deft Lad and a Laffe fell in love, with a fa la la, fa la la, Langtidowne dilly;

With kissing and toying this Maiden did prove, with a fa la la, fa la la, Langtidowne dilly; So wide i'th wast, and her Belly so high, That unto her mother the Maiden did cry, O Langtidowne dilly, O Langtidowne dilly, fa la la Langtidowne, Langtidowne dilly.

Enter Parnell.

Parn. Thus wodden yeou doone and I were dead, but while I live yoeu fadge not on it, is this aw the warke yeou con fine?

Dough. Now comes the Mayd to fet her Mistresses

to work.

Win. Nay pri'thee fweet Parnell, I was but chiding the old wife for her unhandfomnesse, and would have been at my work presently, she tels me now she will weare sine things, and I shall dresse her head as I list.

Dough. Here's a house well govern'd?

Parn. Dreffe me no dreffings, leffen I dreffe yeou beth, and learne a new leffon with a wainon right now, han I bin a fervant here this halfe dozen o' yeares, and con I fee yeou idler then my felve!

Ioa. Win. Nay prithee sweet Parnell content, &

hark thee—

Dough. I have knowne this, and till very lately, as well govern'd a Family as the Country yeilds, and now what a neft of feverall humors it is growne, and all divellish ones, fure all the Witches in the Country, have their hands in this home-spun medley; and there be no few 'tis thought.

Parn. Yie, yie, ye shall ye shall, another time, but not naw I thonke yeou, yeou shall as soone piffe and paddle in't, as slap me in the mouth with an awd Petticoat, or a new paire o shoine, to be whyet, I cannot be whyet,

nor I wonnot be whyet, to fee ficky doings I.

Lawr. Hold thy prattle Parnell, aw's com'd about as weene a had it, woth thou what Parnell? woth thou what? o deare, woth thou what?

Parn. What's the fond wexen waild trow I.

Lawr. We han bin in love these three yeares, and ever wee had not enough, now is it com'd about that our love shall be at an end for ever, and a day, for wee mun wed may hunny, we mun wed.

Parn. What the Deowl ayles the lymmer lowne,

bin thy braines broke lowfe trow I.

Lawr. Sick a waddin was there never i' Loncofhire as ween couple at on Monday newft.

Par. Awa awaw, fayn yeou this fickerly, or done

you but jaum me?

Lawr. I jaum thee not nor flam thee not, 'tis all as true as booke, here's both our Masters have confented and concloyded, and our Mistresses mun yeild toyt, to put aw house and lond and aw they have into our hands.

Parn. Awa, awaw.

Lawr. And we mun marry and be master and dame of aw.

Parn. Awa, awaw.

Lawr. And theyn be our Sijourners, because they are weary of the world, to live in frendiblenesse, and fee what will come on't.

Par. Awa, awaw, agone.

Seel. & Greg. Nay 'tis true Parnell, here's both our hands on't, and give you joy.

Ioan & Win. And ours too, and 'twill be fine

Ifackins.

Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw! Here's a mad businesse towards.

Seel. I will befpeake the Guests.

Greg. And I the meat:

Ioan. I'le dreffe the dinner, though I drip my fweat.

Law. My care shall sumptuous parrelments provide.

Win. And my best art shall trickly trim the Bride.

Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw.

Greg. Ile get choyce musick for the merriment.

Dough. And I will waite with wonder the event. Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw.

ACTVS, II. SCÆNA, I.

Enter 4. Witches: (feverally.)

All.



Oe! well met, well met. Meg. What new devife, what dainty ftraine More for our myrth now then our

gaine, Shall we in practice put.

Meg. Nay dame, Before we play another game, We must a little laugh and thanke Our feat familiars for the pranck They playd us laft.

Mazed. Or they will miffe Vs in our next plot, if for this They find not their reward.

Meg. 'Tis right.

Gil. Therefore fing Mawd, and call each spright. Come away, and take thy duggy.

Enter foure Spirits.

Meg. Come my Mamilion like a Puggy. Mawd. And come my puckling take thy teat, Your travels have deferv'd your meat. Meg. Now upon the Churles ground On which we're met, lets dance a round; That Cocle, Darnell, Poppia wild,

May choake his graine, and fill the field.

Gil. Now spirits fly about the taske,

That we projected in our Maske

That we projected in our Maske. Exit Spirlts.

Meg. Now let us laugh to thinke upon The feat which we have fo lately done,

In the diffraction we have fet In Seelyes house; which shall beget Wonder and forrow 'mongst our foes, Whilst we make laughter of their woes.

All. Ha, ha ha!

Meg. I can but laugh now to foresee,

The fruits of their perplexity. Git. Of Seely's family?

Meg. I, I, I, the Father to the Sonne doch cry,

The Sonne rebukes the Father old;
The Daughter at the mother Scold,
'The wife the husband check and chide,
But that's no wonder, through the wide
World 'tie sommen

World 'tis common.

Gil. But to be short,
The wedding must bring on the sport
Betwixt the hare-brayn'd man and mayd,
Master and dame that over-sway'd.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Meg. Enough, enough, Our fides are charm'd, or elfe this stuffe Would laughter-cracke them; let's away About the Iig: we dance to day,

To fpoyle the Hunters fport.

Gil. I that,

Be now the subject of our chat.

Meg. Then lift yee well, the Hunters are This day by vow to kill a Hare, Or else the sport they will forsweare;

And hang their Dogs up.

Mawd. Stay, but where

Must the long threatned hare be found?

Gill. They'l fearch in yonder Meadow ground.

Meg. There will I be, and like a wily Wat,

Vntill they put me up; ile fquat.

Gill. I and my puckling will a brace

And linger where we may be tane Vp for the course in the by-lane; Then will we lead their Dogs a course, And every man and every horse; Vntill they breake their necks, and fay-All. The Divell on Dun is rid this way. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Meg. All the doubt can be but this, That if by chance of me they misse,

And start another Hare.

Gil. Then we'll not run But finde fome way how to be gone.

Of Greyhounds be, fit for the race;

I shal know thee Peg, by thy griffel'd gut. Meg. And I you Gilian by your gaunt thin gut.

But where will Marod bestow her felfe to day? Marvd. O' th' Steeple top; Ile fit and fee you

Exeunt. play.

Enter Mr. Generous, Arthur, Bantam, Shakstone, and Whetstone.

Gener. At meeting, and at parting Gentlemen, I onely make use of that generall word, So frequent at all feafts, and that but once; y'are welcome.

You are fo, all of you, and I intreat you Take notice of that speciall businesse, Betwixt this Gentleman my friend, and I. About the Morgage, to which writings drawne, Your hands are witnesse.

Bant. & Shak. We acknowledge it.

Whet. My hand is there too, for a man cannot fet to his Marke, but it may be call'd his hand; I am a Gentleman both wayes, and it hath been held that it is the part of a Gentleman, to write a scurvie hand.

Bant. You write Sir like your felfe.

Gener. Pray take no notice of his ignorance,

You know what I foretold you.

Arth. 'Tis confest, But for that word by you so seldome spoke By us fo freely on your part perform'd, We hold us much ingag'd.

Gener. I pray, no complement, It is a thing I doe not use my selfe,

Nor doe I love't in others.

Arth. For my part, Could I at once diffolve my felfe to words

And after turne them into matter; fuch And of that strength, as to attract the attention Of all the curious, and most itching eares

Of this our Crittick age; it cou'd not make A theame amounting to your noble worth:

You feeme to me to fuper-arrogate,

Supplying the defects of all your kindred

To innoble your own name: I now have done Sir. Whet. Hey day, this Gentleman speakes like a

Country Parson that had tooke his text out of Ovids

Metamorphosis.

Gener. Sir, you Hyperbolize; And I coo'd chide you for't, but whil'st you connive

At this my Kinsman, I shall winke at you;

'Twil prove an equall match.

Gener. Your name proclaimes To be fuch as it speakes, you, Generous.

Gener. Still in that straine!

Arth. Sir, fir, whilft you perfever to be good

I must continue gratefull. Gener. Gentlemen,

The greatest part of this day you see is spent In reading deeds, conveyances, and bonds, With fealing and fubfcribing; will you now Take part of a bad Supper.

Arth. We are like travellers

And where fuch bayt, they doe not use to Inne. Our love and fervice to you.

Gener. The first I accept,

The Last I entertaine not, farewell Gentlemen.

Arth. We'l try if we can finde in our way home When Hares come from their coverts, to reliffe, A course or too.

Whet. Say you so Gentlemen, nay then I am for your company still, 'tis sayd Hares are like! Hermophrodites, one while Male, and another Female, and that which begets this yeare, brings young ones the next; which some think to be the reason that witches take their shapes so ost: Nay if I lye Pliny lyes too, but come, now I have light upon you, I cannot so lightly leave you farewell Vnckle.

Gener. Cozen I wish you would consort your

felfe,

With fuch men ever, and make them your Prefident For a more Gentile carriage.

Arth. Good Master Generous-

Exeunt, manet Generous.

Enter Robert.

Gen. Robin.

Rob. Sir.

Gen. Goe call your Mistresse hither.

Rob. My Mistresse Sir, I doe call her Mistresse, as I doe call you Master, but if you would have me call my Mistresse to my Master, I may call lowd enough before she can heare me.

Gener. Why she's not deafe I hope, I am sure since

Dinner

She had her hearing perfect.

Rob. And fo she may have at Supper too for ought I know, but I can affure you she is not now within my call.

Gener. Sirrah you trifle, give me the Key oth' Stable.

I will goe fee my Gelding; i'th' meane time Goe feeke her out, fay she shall finde me there.

Rob. To tell you true fir, I shall neither finde my Mistresse here, nor you your Gelding there.

11.1.

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Gener. Ha! how comes that to passe?

Rob. Whilft you were bufie about your writings, the came and commanded me to faddle your Beaft, and fayd the would ride abroad to take the ayre.

Gener. Which of your fellowes did she take along

to wayte on her?

Rob. None fir.

Gener. None! hath she us'd it often?

Rob. Oftner I am fure then the goes to Church, and leave out Wednesdayes and Fridayes.

Gener. And still alone?

Rob. If you call that alone, when no body rides in her company.

Gen. But what times hath she forted for these

journeyes?

Rob. Commonly when you are abroad, aud fome-times when you are full of businesse at home.

Gener. To ride out often and alone, what fayth

fhe

When the takes horfe, and at her backe returne?

Rob. Onely conjures me that I shall keepe it from you, then clappes me in the fist with some small piece of filver, and then a Fish cannot be more filent then I.

Gen. I know her a good woman and well bred, Of an unquestion'd carriage, well reputed Amongst her neighbors, reckon'd with the best And ore me most indulgent; though in many Such things might breed a doubt and jealousie, Yet I hatch no such phrensie. Yet to prevent The smallest jarre that might betwixt us happen; Give her no notice that I know thus much. Besides I charge thee, when she craves him next He be deny'd: if she be vext or mov'd Doe not thou seare, Ile interpose my selfe Betwixt thee and her anger, as you tender Your duty and my fervice, see this done.

Rob. Now you have exprest your minde, I know what I have to doe; first, not to tell her what I have

told you, & next to keep her fide-faddle from comming upon your Gueldings backe; but howfoever it is like to hinder me of many a round tefter.

Gener. As oft as thou deny'st her, so oft clayme

That teaster from me, 't shall be roundly payd.

Rob. You fay well in that fir, I dare take your word, you are an honest Gentleman, and my Master; and now take mine as I am your true fervant, before she shall backe your Guelding again in your absence, while I have the charge of his keeping; she shall ride me, or Ile ride her.

Gen. So much for that. Sirrah my Butler tels

me

My Seller is drunke dry, I meane those Bottles Of Sack and Claret, are all empty growne And I have guests to morrow, my choyse friends. Take the gray Nag i'th' stable, and those Bottles Fill at Lancaster, there where you use to setch it.

Rob. Good newes for me, I shall fir.

Gen. O Robin, it comes short of that pure liquor We drunke last Terme in London at the Myter In Fleet-street, thou remembrest it; me thought It was the very spirit of the Grape,

Meere quinteffence of Wine.

Rob. Yes fir, I fo remember it, that most certaine it is I never shal forget it, my mouth waters ever since when I but think on't, whilst you were at supper above, the drawer had me down into the Cellar below, I know the way in againe if I see't, but at that time to finde the way out againe, I had the help of more eies than mine owne: is the taste of that Ipsitate still in your pallat sir?

Gener. What then? But vaine are wishes, take

those bottles

And fee them fil'd where I command you sir.

Rob. I shall: never c'ud I have met with such a faire opportunity: for iust in the mid way lies my sweet-heart, as lovely a lasse as any is in Lancassure.

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and kisses as sweetly: i'le see her going or comming, i'le have one smouch at thy lips, and bee with thee to bring Mal Spencer.

Exit.

Gen. Go hasten your return, what he hath told

me

Touching my wife is fomewhat strange, no matter Bee't as it will, it shall not trouble me. Shee hath not lyen so long so neere my side, That now I should be jealous.

Enter a fouldier.

Sold. You feeme fir a Gentleman of quality, and no doubt but in your youth have beene acquainted with affaires military, in your very lookes there appeares bounty, and in your person humanity. Please you to vouchfase the tender of some small courtesse to help to beare a souldier into his country.

Gen. Though I could tax you friend, & justly too

For begging 'gainst the Statute in that name, Yet I have ever bin of that compassion, Where I see want, rather to pittie it

Than to use power. Where hast thou ferv'd?

Sold. With the Russian against the Polack, a heavy war, and hath brought me to this hard fate. I was tooke prisoner by the Pole, & after some few weeks of durance, got both my freedom and passe. I have it about me to show, please you to vouchsafe the perusall.

Gener. It shall not need. What Countreyman.

Sold. Yorkeshire fir. Many a sharp battell by land, and many a sharpe storme at sea, many a long mile, and many a short meale, I have travel'd and suffer'd ere I c'ud reach thus far, I beseech you sir take my poore & wretched case into your worships noble consideration.

Gener. Perhaps thou lov'ft this wandring life To be an idle loitering begger, than To eat of thine owne labour. Sold. I fir! Loitering I defie fir, I hate lazinesse as I do leprosie: It is the next way to breed the scurvie, put mee to hedge, ditch, plow, thresh, dig, delve, any thing: your worship shall find that I love nothing lesse than loitering.

Gener. Friend thou speakest well.

Enter Miller (his hands and face fcratcht, and bloudy.

Miller. Your Mill quoth he, if ever you take me in your mill againe, i'le give you leave to cast my flesh to the dogges, and grinde my bones to pouder, betwixt the Milstones. Cats do you call them, for their hugenesse they might bee cat a mountaines, and for their clawes, I thinke I have it here in red and white to shew, I pray looke here sir, a murreine take them, ile be sworne they have scratcht, where I am fure it itcht not.

Gener. How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Mil. You fee fir, and what you fee, I have felt, & am come to give you to understand i'le not indure fuch another night if you would give mee your mill for nothing, they fay we Millers are theeves: but I c'ud as foone bee hangd as steale one piece of a nap all the night long, good Landlord provide your selfe of a new tenant, the noise of such catterwawling, & such scratching and clawing, before I would indure againe, i'le bee tyed to the saile when the winde blowes sharpest, and they slie swiftest, till I be torne into as many fitters as I have toes and singers.

Sold. I was a Miller my felfe before I was a fouldier. What one of my own trade should be so poorely

fpirited frighted with cats?

Sir truft me with the Mill that he forfakes. Here is a blade that hangs upon this belt That fpight of all these Rats, Cats, Wezells, Witches Or Dogges, or Divels, shall so coniure them I'le quiet my possession.

Gener. Well spoke Souldier. I like thy refolution. Fellow, you then

Have given the Mill quite over.

Mil. Over and over, here I utterly renounce it; nor would I flay in it longer, if you would give me your whole estate; nay if I say it, you may take my word Landlord.

Sold. I pray fir dare you trust your mill with me. Gener. I dare, but I am loth, my reasons these. For many moneths, scarce any one hath lien there But have bin strangely frighted in his sleepe, Or from his warme bed drawne into the floore, Or clawd and fcratcht, as thou feeft this poore man, So much, that it flood long untenanted, Till he late undertooke it, now thine eies Witnesse how he hath sped.

Sold. Give me the keies, ile stand it all danger.

Gener. 'Tis a match: deliver them.

Mil. Mary withall my heart, and I am glad, I am fo rid of em. Exeunt.

Enter Boy with a fwitch.

Boy. Now I have gathered Bullies, and fild my bellie pretty well, i'le goe fee fome sport. There are gentlemen courfing in the medow hard by; and 'tis a game that I love better than going to Schoole ten to one.

Enter an invisible spirit. F. Adson with a brace of greyhounds.

What have we here a brace of Greyhounds broke loofe from their masters: it must needs be so, for they have both their Collers and flippes about their neckes. Now I looke better upon them, me thinks I should know them, and so I do: these are Mr. Robinsons dogges, that dwels some two miles off, i'le take them up, & lead them home to their mafter; it may be fomthing in my way, for he is as liberall a gentleman, as any is in our countrie. Come *Hector*, come. Now if I c'ud but flart a Hare by the way, kill her, and carry her home to my fupper, I fhould thinke I had made a better afternoones worke of it than gathering of bullies. Come poore curres along with me.

Exit.

Enter Arthur, Bantam, Shakstone, and Whetstone.

Arth. My Dog as yours.

Shak. For what?

Arth. A piece.

Shak. 'Tis done.

Bant. I fay the pide dog shall outstrip the browne. Whe. And ile take the brown dogs part against

the pide.

Bant. Yes when hee's at his lap youle take his part.

Arth. Bantam forbeare him prethee.

Bant. He talks so like an Asse I have not patience to indure his non sence.

Whet. The browne dogge for two peeces.

Bant. Of what?

Whet. Of what you dare; name them from the last Farthings with the double rings, to the late Coy'ned peeces which they fay are all counterfeit.

Bant. Well fir, I take you: will you cover these, give them into the hands of either of these two gentle-

men.

Whet. What needs that? doe you thinke my word and my money is not all one?

Bant. And weigh alike: both many graines too

light.

Shak. Enough of that, I prefume Mr. Whetflone, you are not ignorant what belongs to the fport of hunting.

Whet. I thinke I have reason, for I have bin at

the death of more Hares.

More then you shed the last fall of the

leafe.

Whet. More then any man here I am fure. I should be loath at these yeares to be ignorant of hairing or whoring. I knew a hare close hunted, clime a tree.

Bant. To finde out birds nefts.

Whet. Another leap into a river, nothing appearing above water, fave onely the tip of her nofe to take breath.

Shak. Nay that's verie likely, for no man can fish

with an angle but his Line must be made of hare.

You fay right, I knew another, who to efcape the Dogges hath taken a house, and leapt in at a window.

Bant. It is thought you came into the World that

way.

Whet. How meane you that? Because you are a bastard. Bant.

Whet. Bastard! O base.

Bant. And thou art base all over.

Arth. Needs must I now condemne your indifcretion.

To fet your wit against his.

Whe. Bastard? that shall be tried; well Gentlemen concerning Hare-hunting you might have hard more, if he had had the grace to have faid leffe, but for the word Bastard, if I do not tell my Vncle, I and my Aunt too, either when I would fpeake ought or goe of the skore for any thing, let me never be trufted, they are older than I, and what know I, but they might bee by when I was begot; but if thou Bantam do'ft not heare of this with both thine eares, if thou hast them still, and not lost them by scribling, instead of Whet-stone call me Grinde-stone, and for By-biow, Bulfinch. Gentlemen, for two of you your companie is faire and honest; but for you Bantam, remember and take notice also, that I am a bastard, and so much i'le testifie to my Aunt and Vncle. Exit.

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Arth. What have you done, 'twill grieve the good old Gentleman, to heare him baffled thus.

Bant. I was in a cold fweat ready to faint

The time he staid amongst us.

Shak. But come, now the Hare is found and flarted,

She shall have Law, so to our sport.

Exit.

Enter Boy with the Greyhounds.

A Hare, a Hare, halloe, halloe, the Divell take these curres, will they not stir, halloe, halloe, there, there, there, what are they growne so lither and so lazie? Are Mr. Robinsons dogges turn'd tykes with a wanion? the Hare is yet in sight, halloe, halloe, mary hang you so a couple of mungrils (if you were worth hanging), & have you serv'd me thus? nay then ile serve you with the like sauce, you shall to the next bush, there will I tie you, and use you like a couple of curs as you are, & though not lash you, yet lash you whilest my switch will hold, nay since you have left your speed, ile see if I can put spirit into you, and put you in remembrance what halloe, halloe meanes.

As he beats them, there appeares before him, Gooddy Dickifon, and the Boy upon the dogs, going in.

Now bleffe me heaven, one of the Greyhounds turn'd into a woman, the other into a boy! The lad I never faw before, but her I know well; it is my gammer Dickifon.

G. Dick. Sirah, you have ferv'd me well to

fwindge me thus.

You yong rogue, you have vs'd me like a dog.

Boy. When you had put your felf into a dogs skin, I pray how c'ud I help it; but gammer are not you a Witch? if you bee, I beg upon my knees you will not hurt me.

Dickif. Stand up my boie, for thou shalt have no harme.

Be filent, fpeake of nothing thou hast feene.

And here's a shilling for thee.

Boy. Ile have none of your money gammer, because you are a Witch: and now she is out of her foure leg'd shape, ile see if with my two legs I can out-run her.

Dickif. Nay, firra, though you be yong, and I old, you are not fo nimble, nor I fo lame, but I can over-

take you.

Boy. But Gammer what do you meane to do with me

Now you have me?

Dickif. To hugge thee, flroke thee, and embrace thee thus.

And teach thee twentie thousand prety things. So thou tell no tales; and boy this night Thou must along with me to a brave feast.

Boy. Not I gammer indeedla, I dare not stay out

late,
My father is a fell man, and if I bee out long, vill

both chide and beat me.

Dickif. Not firra, then perforce thou shalt along.

This bridle helps me still at need, And shall provide us of a steed. Now firra, take your shape and be

Prepar'd to hurrie him and me.

Now looke and tell mee wher's the lad become.

Boy. The boy is vanisht, and I can see nothing in his stead

Exit.

But a white horse readie sadled and bridled.

Dickif. And thats the horse we must bestride, On which both thou and I must ride, Thou boy before and I behinde, The earth we tread not, but the winde, For we must progresse through the aire, And I will bring thee to such fare As thou ne're saw'st, up and away, For now no longer we can stay.

She catches him up, & turning round. Exit.

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The Witches of Lancashire.

Boy. Help, help.

Enter Robin and Mall.

Thanks my fweet Mall for thy courteous entertainment, thy creame, thy cheefe-cakes, and every good thing, this, this, & this for all. kiffe.

Mal. But why in fuch hast good Robin?

Robin. I confesse my stay with thee is sweet to mee, but I must spur Cutt the faster for't, to be at home in the morning, I have yet to Lancaster to ride to night, and this my bandileer of bottles, to fill to night, and then halfe a score mile to ride by curriccombe time, i' the morning, or the old man chides Mal.

Mal. Hee shall not chide thee, feare it not.

Robin. Pray Bacchus I may please him with his wine, which will be the hardest thing to do; for since hee was last at London and tasted the Divinitie of the Miter, scarce any liquour in Lancashire will go downe with him, sure, sure he will never be a Puritane, he holds so well with the Miter.

Mal. Well Robert, I find your love by your haste from me, ile undertake you shal be at Lancaster, & twife as far, & yet at home time enough, and be rul'd

by me.

Rob. Thou art a witty rogue, and thinkst to make me believe any thing, because I saw thee make thy broome sweepe the house without hands

t'other day.

Mal. You shall fee more than that presently, because you shall believe me; you know the house is all a bed here: and I dare not be mist in the morning. Besides, I must be at the wedding of Lawrence and Parnell to morrow.

Rob. I your old fweet heart Lawrence? Old love

will not be forgotten.

Mal. I care not for the losse of him, but if I fit him not hang me: but to the point, if I goe with you

to night, and help you to as good wine as your mafter defires, and you keepe your time with him, you will give me a pinte for my company.

Rob. Thy belly full wench.

Mal. I'le but take up my milk payle and leave it in the field, till our comming backe in the morning, and wee'll away.

Rob. Goe fetch it quickly then.

Mai. No Robert, rather than leave your company fo long, it shall come to me.

Rob. I would but fee that.

The Payle goes.

Mal. Looke yonder, what do you thinke on't.

Rob. Light, it comes; and I do thinke there is fo much of the Divell in't as will turne all the milke shall come in't these seven yeares, and make it burne too, till it slinke worse than than the Proverbe of the Bishops soot.

Mal. Looke you fir, heere I have it, will you get

up and away.

Rob. My horse is gone, nay prithee Mal. thou hast fet him away, leave thy Roguerie.

Mal. Looke againe.

Rob. There stands a black long-sided jade: mine

was a truss'd gray.

Mal. Yours was too short to carrie double such a journey. Get up I say, you shall have your owne againe i'th morning.

Rob. Nay but, nay but.

Mal. Nay, and you fland butting now, i'le leave you to look your horse. Payle on afore to the field, and flaie till I come.

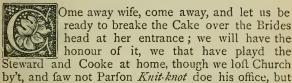
Rob. Come away then, hey for Lancafler: fland up. Exeunt.



ACTVS, III. SCENA, I.

Enter old Seely and Ioane his wife.

Seelv.



wee shall see all the house rites perform'd; andoh what a day of jollity and tranquility is here towards?

Ioane. You are fo frolick and fo cranck now, upon the truce is taken amongst us, because our wrangling shall not wrong the Wedding, but take heed (you were best) how ye behave your felfe, lest a day to come may pay for all.

Seel. I feare nothing, and I hope to dye in this

humor.

Foan. Oh how hot am I! rather then I would dresse such another dinner this twelve moneth, I would wish Wedding quite out of this yeares Almanack.

Ile fetch a Cup of Sack Wife-

How brag he is of his liberty, but the holy-

day carries it.

Seel. Here, here fweet-heart, they are long me thinks a comming, the Bels have rung out this halfe houre, harke now the wind brings the found of them fweetly againe.

Ioan. They ring backwards me thinks.

Seel. Ifack they doe, fure the greatest fire in the Parish is in our Kitchin, and there's no harme done yet, no 'tis fome merry conceit of the stretch-ropes the Ringers, now they have done, and now the Wedding comes, hearke, the Fidlers and all, now have I liv'd to fee a day, come, take our fland, and be ready for the Bride-cake, which we will fo cracke and crumble upon her crowne: o they come, they come.

Enter Musitians, Lawrence, Parnell, Win. Mal. Spencer, two Country Laffes, Doughty, Greg. Arthur, Shakton. Bantam, and Whetstone.

All. Ioy, health, and children to the married paire.

Lawr. & Parn. We thanke you all. Lawr. So pray come in and fare.

Parn. As well as we and taste of every cate:

Lawr. With bonny Bridegroome and his lovely mate.

Arth. This begins bravely.

Doug. They agree better then the Bels eene now, 'slid they rung tunably till we were all out of the Church, and then they clatter'd as the divell had beene in the Bellfry: on in the name of Wedlocke, Fidlers on.

Lawr. On with your melody. Bant. Enter the Gates with joy, And as you enter play the fack of Troy. The Fidlers paffe through, and play the battle.

The Spirit appeares.

Ioan. Welcome Bride Parnell. Bridegroome Lawrence eke, In you before, for we this cake must breake.

Exit Lawrence.

Over the Bride-

As they lift up the Cake, the Spirit fnatches it, and poures down bran.

Forgi' me-what's become

O' th' Cake wife!

Ioan. It flipt out of my hand, and is falne into crums I think.

Dought. Crums? the divell of crum is here, but bran, nothing but bran, what prodigie is this?

Parn. Is my best Brides Cake come to this? o

wea warth it.

Exit Parn. Seely, Joane, and Maides. Whet. How daintily the Brides haire is powder'd with it.

Arth. My haire stands an end to see it. Bant. And mine.

Shak. I was never fo amaz'd! Dough. What can it meane?

Greg. Pax, I think not on't, 'tis but some of my Father and Mothers roguery, this is a Law-day with 'em, to doe what they lift.

Whet. I never feare any thing, fo long as my Aunt has but bidden me thinke of her, and she'll war-

rant me.

Dough. Well Gentlemen, let's follow the rest in, and feare nothing yet, the house smels well of good cheere.

Seel. Gentlemen, will it please you draw neere, the guests are now all come, and the house almost full, meat's taken up.

Dough. We were now comming.

Seel. But fonne Gregory, Nephew Arthur, and the rest of the young Gentlemen, I shall take it for a favor if you will (it is an office which very good Gentlemen doe in this Country) accompane the Bridegroome in ferving the meat.

All. With all our hearts.

Seely. Nay neighbor Doughty, your yeares shall excuse you.

Dough. Peugh, I am not fo old but I can carry more meate then I can eate, if the young rafcals coo'd carry their drinke as well, the Country would be quieter——

Knock within, as at dreffer.

Seel. Well fare your hearts,—the dreffer calls in Gentlemen,

Execut Gentlemen.

Tis a busie time, yet will I review the Bill of fare, for this dayes dinner—(Reades) for 40. people of the best quality, 4. messes of meat; viz. a leg of Mutton in plum-broth, a dish of Marrow-bones, a Capon in white-broth, a Surloyne of beefe, a Pig, a Goose, a Turkie, and two Pyes: for the second course, to every messe 4. Chickens in a dish, a couple of Rabbets, Custard, Flawn, Florentines, and stewd pruines,—all very good Country fare, and for my credit,——

Enter Musitians playing before, Lawrence, Doughty, Arthur, Shakton, Bantam, Whetstone, and Gregory, with dishes: A Spirit (over the doore) does some action to the dishes as they enter.

The fervice enters, O well fayd Musicke, play up the meat to the Table till all be ferv'd in, Ile see it passe in answer to my bill.

Dough. Hold up your head Mr. Bridegroome. Lawr. On afore Fidlers, my doubler cewles in my

honds.

Seelv Imprimus, a leg

Seely. Imprimus, a leg of Mutton in plum-broth,
—how now Mr. Bridegroome, what carry you?

Lawr. 'Twere hot eene now, but now it's caw'd as a steane.

Seel. A stone, 'tis horne man.

Lawr. Aw—— Exit Fidlers.

Seely. It was Mutton, but now 'tis the horns on't.

Lawr. Aw where's my Bride—— Exit.

Dough. 'Zookes, I brought as good a Surloyne of Beefe from the Dreffer as Knife coo'd be put to, and fee——Ile stay i' this house no longer.

Arth. And if this were not a Capon in white broth, I am one i' the Coope.

Shak. All, all's transform'd, looke you what I

have!

Bant. And I.

Whet. And I! Yet I feare nothing thank my Aunt.

Greg. I had a Pie that is not open'd yet, Ile fee what's in that—live Birds as true as I live, look where they flye!

Exit Spirit.

Dough. Witches, live Witches, the house is full of

witches, if we love our lives let's out on't.

Enter Foane and Win.

Ioan. O husband, O guests, O fonne, O Gentlemen, such a chance in a Kitchin was never heard of, all the meat is flowne out o' the chimney top I thinke, and nothing instead of it, but Snakes, Batts, Frogs, Beetles, Hornets, and Humble-bees; all the Sallets are turn'd to Iewes-eares, Mushromes, and Puckfist; and all the Custards into Cowsheards!

Dought. What shall we doe, dare we stay any

longer?

Arth. Dare we! why not, I defie all Witches, and all their workes; their power on our meat, cannot reach our perfons.

Whet. I fay fo too, and fo my Aunt ever told me, fo long I will feare nothing; be not afrayd Mr.

Doughty.

Dough. Zookes, I feare nothing living that I can fee more then you, and that's nothing at all, but to thinke of these invisible mischieses, troubles me I confesse.

Arth. Sir I will not goe about to over-rule your reason, but for my part I will not out of a house on a Bridall day, till I see the last man borne.

Dough. Zookes thou art so brave a fellow that I will flick to thee, and if we come off handsomely,

I am an old Batchelour thou know'st, and must have an heyre, I like thy spirit, where's the Bride? where's the Bridegroome? where's the Musicke? where be the Lasses? ha' you any wine i' the house, though we make no dinner, lets try if we can make an afternoone.

Ioan. Nay fir if you please to stay, now that the many are frighted away, I have fome good cold meates, and halfe a dozen bottles of Wine.

Seel. And I will bid you welcome.

Dough. Say you me fo, but will not your fonne be angry, and your daughter chide you.

Feare not you that fir, for look you I obey

my Father.

Win. And I my Mother.

Ioan. And we are all at this inflant as well and as fenfible of our former errors, as you can wish us to be.

Dough. Na, if the Witches have but rob'd of your meat, and restor'd your reason, here has beene no hurt done to day, but this is strange, and as great a wonder as the rest to me.

Arth. It feemes though thefe Hags had power to make the Wedding cheere a Deceptio vifus, the former

ftore has fcap'd 'em.

Dough. I am glad on't, but the divell good 'hem with my Surloyne, I thought to have fet that by mine owne Trencher-But you have cold meat you fay?

Joan. Yes Sir.

Dought. And Wine you fay?

Ioan. Yes fir.

Dought. I hope the Country wenches and the Fidlers are not gone.

Win. They are all here, and one the merriest Wench; that makes all the rest so laugh and tickle.

Seel. Gentlemen will you in ?

. All. Agreed on all parts.

Dough. If not a Wedding we will make a Wake

on't, and away with the Witch; I feare nothing now you have your wits againe: but look you, hold 'em while you have 'em.

Exeunt.

Enter Generous, and Robin, with a Paper.

Gener. I confesse thou hast done a Wonder in fetching me so good Wine, but my good Servant Robert, goe not about to put a Myracle upon me, I will rather believe that Lancaster affords this Wine, which I thought impossible till I tasted it, then that thou coo'dst in one night fetch it from London.

Rob. I have known when you have held mee for

an honest fellow, and would have beleev'd me.

Gener. Th' art a Knave to wish me to believe this, forgi' me, I would have sworne if thou had'st stayd but time answerable for the journey (to his that slew to Paris and back to London in a day) it had been the same Wine, but it can never fall within the compasse of a Christians believe, that thou cou'dst ride above three hundred miles in 8. houres: You were no longer out, and upon one Horse too, and in the Night too!

Rob. And carry a Wench behind me too, and did fomething elfe too, but I must not speak of her lest s

be divell-torne.

Gen. And fill thy bottles too, and come home halfe drunke too, for fo thou art, thou wouldst never a had such a fancy else!

Rob. I am forry I have fayd fo much, and not let

Lancaster have the credit o' the Wine.

Gen. O are you fo! and why have you abus'd me and your felfe then all this while, to glorifie the Myter

in Fleet-street?

Gen. I fayd, and I fay againe, if I were within ten mile of London, I durst swear that this was Myter Wine, and drawn by honest Iacke Paine.

Rob. Nay then fir I fwore, and I fweare againe,

honest Iack Paine drew it.

Gener. Ha, ha, ha if I coo'd believe there were fuch a thing as Witchcraft, I should thinke this slave were bewitch'd now with an opinion.

Rob. Much good doe you fir, your Wine and your mirth, and my place for your next Groome, I defire

not to flay to be laught out of my opinion.

Gen. Nay be not angry Robin, we must not part fo, and how does my honest Drawer? ha, ha, ha; and what newes at London, Robin? ha, ha, ha; but your stay was so short I think you coo'd heare none, and such your haste home that you coo'd make none: is't not so Robin? ha, ha, ha, what a strange sancy has good Wine begot in his head?

Rob. Now will I push him over and over with a peece of paper: Yes sir, I have brought you some-

thing from London.

Gen. Come on, now let me heare.

Rob. Your honelt Drawer fir, confidering that you confider'd him well for his good wine----

Gen. What shall we heare now?

Rob. Was very carefull to keepe or convay this paper to you, which it feemes you dropt in the roome there.

Gener. Blesse me! this paper belongs to me indeed, 'tis an acquittance, and all I have to show for the payment of one hundred pound, I tooke great care for't, and coo'd not imagine where or how I might loose it, but why may not this bee a tricke? this Knave may finde it when I lost it, and conceale it till now to come over me withall. I will not trouble my thoughts with it further at this time, well Robin looke to your businesse, and have a care of my Guelding.

Exit Generous.

Robin. Yes Sir. I think I have netled him now,

but not as I was netled last night, three hundred Miles a Night upon a Rawbon'd Divell, as in my heart it was a Divell, and then a Wench that shar'd more o' my backe then the sayd Divell did o' my Bum, this is ranke riding my Masters: but why had I such an itch to tell my Master of it, and that he should believe it; I doe now wish that I had not told, and that hee will not believe it, for I dare not tell him the meanes: 'Sfoot my Wench and her friends the Fiends, will teare me to pieces if I discover her; a notable rogue, she's at the Wedding now, for as good a Mayd as the best o' em——O my Mistresse.

Enter Mrs. Generous, with a Bridle.

Mrs. Robin.

Rob. I Mistresse.

Mrs. Quickly good Robin, the gray Guelding. Rob. What other horse you please Mistresse.

Mrs. And why not that?

Rob. Truly Mistresse pray pardon me, I must be plaine with you, I dare not deliver him you; my master has tane notice of the ill case you have brought him home in divers times.

Mrs. O is it fo, and must he be made acquainted with my actions by you, and must I then be controll'd by him, and now by you; you are a fawcy Groome.

Rob. You may fay your pleafure.

He turnes from her.

Mrs. No fir, Ile doe my pleafure.

She Bridles him.

Rob. Aw.

Mrs. Horse, horse, see thou be,

And where I point thee carry me. Exeunt Neighing.

Enter Arthur, Shakston, and Bantam.

Arth. Was there ever fuch a medley of mirth, madnesse, and drunkennesse, shuffled together.

Shak. Thy Vnckle and Aunt, old Mr. Seely and his wife, doe nothing but kiffe and play together like Monkeyes.

Arth. Yes, they doe over-love one another

now.

Bant. And young Gregory and his fifter doe as much over-doe their obedience now to their Parents.

Arth. And their Parents as much over-doat upon them, they are all as farre beyond their wits now in loving one another, as they were wide of them before in croffing.

Shak. Yet this is the better madnesse.

Bant. But the married couple that are both fo daintily whitled, that now they are both mad to be a bed before Supper-time, and by and by he will, and the wo' not: ftreight the will and he wo' not, the next minute they both forget they are married, and defie one another.

Arth. My fides eene ake with laughter.

Shak. But the best sport of all is, the old Batchelour Master Doughty, that was so cautious, & fear'd every thing to be witchcraft, is now wound up to such a confidence that there is no such thing, that hee dares the Divell doe his worst, and will not out o' the house by all persuasion, and all for the love of the husbandmans daughter within, Mal Spencer.

Arth. There I am in fome danger, he put me into halfe a beliefe I shall be his heire, pray love shee be not a witch to charme his love from mee. Of what

condition is that wench do'ft thou know her?

Sha. A little, but Whetstone knowes her better.

Arth. Hang him rogue, he'le belye her, and fpeak better than she deserves, for he's in love with her too. I saw old Doughty give him a box o' the eare for kiffing her, and he turnd about as he did by thee yesterday, and swore his Aunt should know it.

Bant. Who would ha' thought that impudent rogue would have come among us after fuch a

baffle.

Sha. He told me, hee had complain'd to his Aunt

on us, and that she would speak with us.

Arth. Wee will all to her, to patch vp the bufinesse, for the respect I beare her husband, noble Generous.

Bant. Here he comes.

Enter Whetstone.

Arth. Hearke you Mr. Byblow, do you know the laffe within? What do you call her, Mal Spencer?

Whet. Sir, what I know i'le keepe to my felfe, a good civile merry harmlesse rogue she is, and comes to my Aunt often, and thats all I know by her.

Arth. You doe well to keepe it to your felfe fir. Whet. And you may do well to question her if you dare. For the tefty old coxcombe that will not let her goe out of his hand.

Sha. Take heed, he's at your heels.

Enter Doughty, Mal, and two countrey Laffes.

Dongh. Come away Wenches, where are you Gentlemen? Play Fidlers: lets have a dance, ha my little rogue. Kiffes Mal. Zookes what ayles thy nofe.

Mal. My nose! Nothing fir. -turnes about-Yet mee thought a flie toucht it. Did you fee any

thing?

Dou. No, no, yet I would almost ha' sworn, I would not have sprite or goblin blast thy face, for all their kingdome. But hangt there is no fuch thing: Fidlers will you play?

Selengers Round.

Gentlemen will you dance? All. With all our hearts.

Arth. But flay wheres this houshold?

This Family of love? Let's have them into the revels.

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Dou. Hold a little then. Sha. Here they come all In a True-love knot.

Enter Seely, Ioane, Greg, Win.

Greg. O Father twentie times a day is too little to

aske you bleffing.

See. Goe too you are a rafcall: and you houfwife teach your daughter better manners: i'le ship you all for New England els.

Bant. The knot's untied, and this is another

change.

Ioane. Yes I will teach her manners, or put her out to spin two penny tow: fo you deare husband will but take mee into favor: i'le talke with you dame when the strangers are gone.

Greg. Deare Father. Win. Deare Mother,

Greg. Win. Deare Father and Mother pardon us but this time.

See. Ioa. Never, and therefore hold your peace.

Dough. Nay thats unreasonable. Greg. Win. Oh! Weepe.

See. But for your fake i'le forbeare them, and

beare with any thing this day.

Arth. Doe you note this? Now they are all worse than ever they were, in a contrary vaine: What thinke you of Witchcrast now?

Dou. They are all naturall fooles man, I finde it

now.

Art thou mad to dreame of Witchcraft?

Arth. He's as much chang'd and bewitcht as they I feare.

Dough. Hey day! Here comes the payre of boyld Lovers in Sorrell fops.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell.

Lawr. Nay deare hunny, nay hunny, but eance, eance.

Par. Na, na, I han' swarne, I han' swarne, not a bit afore bed, and look yeou it's but now dauncing time.

Dough. Come away Bridegroome, wee'll flay your stomack with a daunce. Now masters play a good: come my Lasse wee'l shew them how 'tis.

Musicke. Selengers round.

As they beginne to daunce, they play another tune, then fall into many.

Ar. Ban. Sha. Whether now, hoe? Dou. Hey day! why you rogues.

Whet. What do's the Divell ride o' your Fiddleflickes.

Dou. You drunken rogues, hold, hold, I fay, and begin againe foberly the beginning of the World.

Musicke. Every one a severall tune.

Arth. Bant. Shak. Ha, ha, ha, How's this?

Bant. Every one a feverall tune.

Dou. This is fomething towards it. I bad them play the beginning o' the World, and they play, I know not what.

Arth. No 'tis running o' the country feverall waies.

But what do you thinke on't. Musicke ceafe.

Dough. Thinke! I thinke they are drunke. Prithee doe not thou thinke of Witchcraft; for my part, I shall as soone thinke this maid one, as that theres any in Lancashire.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha.

Dough. Why do'ft thou laugh?

Mal. To thinke this Bridegroome should once ha' bin mine, but he shall rue it, ile hold him this point on't, and thats all I care for him.

Dough. A witty Rogue.

Whet. I tell you fir, they fay shee made a payle follow her t'other day up two payre of stayres.

Dough. You lying Rafcall.

Arth. O fir forget your anger.

Mal. Looke you Mr. Bridegroome, what my care provides for you.

Lawrence. What, a point?

Mal. Yes put it in your pocket, it may fland you inflead anon, when all your points be tane away, to truffe up your trinkits, I meane your flopes withall.

Lawr. Mal for awd acquaintance I will ma' thy point a point of preferment. It shan bee the Foreman of a haell Iewrie o' points, and right here will I weare it.

Par. Wy'a, wy'a, awd leove wo no be forgetten, but ay's never be jealous the mare for that.

Arth. Play fidlers any thing.

Dou. I, and lets fee your faces, that you play fairely with us.

Musitians shew themselves above.

Fid. We do fir, as loud as we can possibly.

Sha. Play out that we may heare you.

Fid. So we do fir, as loud as we can possibly.

Dough. Doe you heare any thing ?

All. Nothing not we fir.

Dough. 'Tis fo, the rogues are brib'd to croffe me, and their Fiddles shall suffer, I will breake em as small as the Bride cake was to day.

Arth. Looke you fir, they'l fave you a labour, they

are doing it themselves.

Whet. Oh brave Fidlers, there was never better

fcuffling for the Tudberry Bull.

Mal. This is mother Iohnson and Gooddy Dickisons roguerie, I finde it, but I cannot helpe it, yet I will have musicke: fir theres a Piper without, would be glad to earne money.

Whet. She has fpoke to purpose, & whether this were witchcraft or not: I have heard my Aunt say

twentie times, that no Witchcraft can take hold of a Lancashire Bag-pipe, for it selfe is able to charme the

Divell, ile fetch him.

Dough. Well faid, a good boy now; come bride and bridegroome, leave your kiffing and fooling, and prepare to come into the daunce. Wee'le have a Horne-pipe, and then a posset and to bed when you pleafe. Welcome Piper, blow till thy bagge cracke agen, a lufty Horne-pipe, and all into the daunce, nay young and old.

Daunce. Lawrence and Parnell reele in the daunce. At the end, Mal vanishes, and the piper.

All. Bravely performd.

Dou. Stay, wheres my lasse?

Arth. Ban. Shak. Vanisht, she and the Piper both

vanisht, no bodie knowes how.

Dou. Now do I plainly perceive again, here has bin nothing but witcherie all this day; therfore into your poffet, & agree among your felves as you can, ile out o' the house. And Gentlemen, if you love me or your felves, follow me.

Ar. Bant. Sha. Whet. I, I, Away, away.

Exeunt.

See. Now good fon, wife and daughter, let me intreat you be not angry.

Win. O you are a trim mother are you not?

Ioa. Indeed childe, ile do fo no more.

Greg. Now fir, i'le talke with you, your champions are al gon.

Lawr. Weell fir, and what wun yeou deow than? Whay, whay, whats here to doe? Come awaw, and whickly, and fee us into our Brayd Chember, & delicatly ludgd togeder, or wee'l whap you out o' dores ith morne to fijourne in the common, come away.

All. Wee follow yee.

Exeunt.

ACTVS, IIII. SCÆNA, I.

Enter Mistresse Generous and Robin.

Now you this gingling bridle, if you fee't agen? I wanted but a paire of gingling fpurs to make you mend your pace, and put you into a fweat.

Robin. Yes, I have reason to know it after my hard journey, they say there be light women, but for your owne part, though you be merry. Yet I may be

forry for your heavinesse.

Mrs. Gener. I fee thou art not quite tyr'd by shaking of thy selfe, 'tis a signe that as thou hast brought mee hither, so thou art able to beare mee backe, and so you are like good Robert. You will not let me have your masters gelding, you will not. Wel sir, as you like this journey, so deny him to me hereafter.

Rob. You fay well mistresse, you have jaded me (a pox take you for a jade.) Now I bethinke my selfe how damnably did I ride last night, and how

divellishly have I bin rid now.

Mrs. Doe you grumble you groome? Now the bridl's of, I turne thee to grazing, gramercy my good horfe, I have no better provender for thee at this time, thou hadft best like Æsops Asse to feed upon Thistles, of which this place will assord thee plenty. I am bid to a better banquet, which done, ile take thee up from grasse, spur cutt, and make a short cutt home. Farewell.

Robin. A pox upon your tayle.

Enter all the Witches and Mal, at feverall dores.

All. The Lady of the feaft is come, welcome, welcome.

Mrs. Is all the cheare that was prepared to grace the wedding feaft, yet come?

Gooddy Dick. Part of it's here.

The other we must pull for. But whats hee?

Mrs. My horfe, my horfe, ha, ha, ha.

All. Ha, ha, ha. Exeunt.

Rob. My horfe, my horfe, I would I were now fome country Major, and in authority, to fee if I would not venter to rowze your Satanicall fisterhood: Horse, horse, see thou be, & where I point thee, cary me: is that the trick on't? the divel himselfe shall be her carrier next if I can shun her: & yet my Mr. will not believe theres any witches: theres no running away, for I neither know how nor whether, befides to my thinking, theres a deepe ditch, & a hye quick-fet about mee, how shall I passe the time? What place is this? it looks like an old barne: ile peep in at fome cranny or other, and try if I can fee what they are doing. Such a bevy of beldames did I never behold; and cramming like to many Cormorants: Marry choke you with a mischiefe.

Gooddy Dickifon. Whoope, whurre, heres a sturre, never a cat, never a curre, but that we must have this

demurre.

Mal. A fecond courfe.

Mrs. Gen. Pull, and pull hard For all that hath lately bin prepar'd For the great wedding feaft.

Mal. As chiefe.

Of Doughtyes Surloine of rost Beefe.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Meg. 'Tis come, 'tis come.

Mawd. Where hath it all this while beene?

Meg. Some

Delay hath kept it, now 'tis here, For bottles next of wine and beere,

The Merchants cellers they shall pay for't.

Mrs. Gener. Well,

What fod or rost meat more, pray tell.

Good. Dick. Pul for the Poultry, Foule, & Fish,

For emptie shall not be a dish.

Robin. A pox take them, must only they feed upon hot meat, and I upon nothing but cold fallads.

Mrs. Gener. This meat is tedious, now fome Farie.

Fetch what belongs unto the Dairie.

Mal. Thats Butter, Milk, Whey, Curds and Cheefe.

Wee nothing by the bargaine leefe.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Goody Dickifon. Boy, theres meat for you.

Boy. Thanke you.

Gooddy Dickif. And drinke too.

Meg. What Beast was by thee hither rid?

Mawd, A Badger nab. Meg. And I bestrid

A Porcupine that never prickt.

Mal. The dull fides of a Beare I kickt.

I know how you rid Lady Nan.

Mrs. Gen. Ha, ha, ha, upon the knave my man. Rob. A murrein take you, I am fure my hoofes

payd for't.

Boy. Meat lie there, for thou hast no taste, and drinke there, for thou hast no relish, for in neither of them is there either salt or savour.

All. Pull for the poffet, pull.

Robin. The brides posset on my life, nay if they come to their spoone meat once, I hope theil breake up their feast presently.

Mrs. Gen. So those that are our waiters nere,

Take hence this Wedding cheere.

We will be lively all, and make this barn our hall.

Gooddy Dick. You our Familiers, come,

In fpeech let all be dumbe, And to close up our Feast, To welcome every gest

A merry round let's daunce.

Meg. Some Musicke then ith aire

Whileft thus by paire and paire,

We nimbly foote it; strike.

Musick.

Mal. We are obeyd.

Sprite. And we hels ministers shall lend our aid.

Dance and Song together. In the time of which the Boy freakes.

Boy. Now whilest they are in their jollitie, and do not mind me, ile steale away, and shift for my selse, though I lofe my life for't. Exit.

Meg. Enough, enough, now part,

To fee the brides vext heart, The bridegroomes too and all, That vomit up their gall

For lacke o'th wedding chere.

Gooddy Dickifon. But flay, wheres the Boy, looke out, if he escape us, we are all betrayed.

Meg. No following further, yonder horsemen come,

In vaine is our purfuit, let's breake up court. Gooddy Dickison. Where shall we next met?

Mawd. At Mill. Meg. But when ?

Mrs. At Night.

Meg. To horfe, to horfe. 2. Where's my Mamilian.

I. And my Incubus. Robin flands amaz'd at this.

3. My Tyger to bestri'd.

Mal. My Puggie. Mrs. Gen. My horse.

All. Away, away,

The night we have Feafted, now comes on the day.

Mrs. Come firrah, stoope your head like a tame jade,

Whil'ft I put on your Bridle.

Rob. I pray Mistresse ride me as you would be rid.

Mrs. That's at full fpeed.

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Rob. Nay then Ile try Conclusions.

A great noyse within at their parting.

Mare Mare, see thou be,

And where I point thee carry me.

Excunt.

Enter Mr. Generous, making him ready.

Gen. I fee what Man is loath to entertaine, Offers it felfe to him most frequently, And that which we most covet to embrace, Doth feldome court us, and proves most averse; For I, that never coo'd conceive a thought Of this my woman worthy a rebuke, (As one that in her youth bore her fo fairely That she was taken for a seeming Saint) To render me fuch just occasion, That I should now distrust her in her age; Distrust! I cannot, that would bring me in The poore aspersion of fond jealousie; Which even from our first meeting I abhorr'd. The Gentile fashion sometimes we observe To funder beds; but most in these hot monthes Iune, Iuly, August, so we did last night. Now I (as ever tender of her health) And therefore rifing early as I use, Entring her Chamber to bestow on her A cuftom'd Vifite; finde the Pillow fwell'd, Vnbruis'd with any weight, the sheets unruffled, The Curtaines neither drawne, nor bed layd down; Which showes, she slept not in my house to night. Should there be any contract betwixt her And this my Groome, to abuse my honest trust; I should not take it well, but for all this Yet cannot I be jealous. Robin—

Enter Robin.

Gen. Is my horfe fafe, lufty, and in good plight? What, feeds he well?

Yes fir, he's broad buttock'd and full flanck'd, he doth not bate an ace of his flesh.

Gen. When was he rid last? *Rob.* Not fir fince you backt him.

Gen. Sirrah, take heed I finde you not a Knave, Have you not lent him to your Mistresse late?

So late as this last Night?

Who I fir, may I dye fir, if you finde me in a Rob.lye fir.

Then I shall finde him where I left him Gen.

laft.

Robin. No doubt Sir.

Gener. Give me the Key o'th Stable.

Robin. There Sir.

Gen. Sirrah, your Mistresse was abroad all night, Nor is she yet come home, if there I finde him not, I shall finde thee, what to this prefent houre I never did fuspect; and I must tell thee

Will not be to thy profit. Exit.

Rob. Well fir, finde what you can, him you shall finde, and what you finde elfe; it may be for that, inflead of Gramercy horfe, you may fay Gramercy Robin; you will believe there are no Witches! had I not been late brideled, I coo'd have fayd more, but I hope she is ty'd to the racke that will confesse something, and though not fo much as I know, yet no more then I dare justifie-

Enter Generous.

Have you found your Gelding fir ?

Gen. Yes, I have.

Rob. I hope not fpurr'd, nor put into a fweat, you may fee by his plump belly and fleeke legs he hath not bin fore travail'd.

Gener. Y'are a fawcy Groome to receive horses Into my Stable, and not aske me leave.

Is't for my profit to buy Hay and Oates

For every strangers jades?

Rob. I hope fir you finde none feeding there but

your owne, if there be any you suspect, they have nothing to champe on, but the Bridle.

Gener. Sirrah, whose jade is that ty'd to the

Racke?

Rob. The Mare you meane fir ? Gener. Yes, that old Mare.

Rob. Old doe you call her? You shall finde the marke still in her mouth, when the Bridle is out of it? I can affure you 'tis your owne Beast.

Gen. A beast thou art to tell me so, hath the

wine

Not yet left working? not the *Myter* wine? That made thee to beleeve Witchcraft? Prithee perfwade me,

To be a drunken Sot like to thy felfe;

And not to know mine owne.

Rob. Ile not perfwade you to any thing, you will beleeve nothing but what you fee, I fay the Beaft is your owne, and you have the most right to keepe her, shee hath cost you more the currying, then all the Combs in your Stable are worth. You have paid for her Provender this twentie yeares and upwards, and furnisht her with all the Caparisons that she hath worne, of my Knowledge, and because she hath been ridden hard the last Night, doe you renounce her now?

Gener. Sirrah, I feare fome stolne jade of your owne

That you would have me keepe.

Rob. I am fure I found her no jade the last time I rid her, she carried me the best part of a hundred Miles in lesse then a quarter of an houre.

Gener. The divell fhe did!

Robin. Yes fo I fay, either the divell or she did; an't please you walke in and take off her Bridle, and then tell me who hath more right to her, you or I.

Gen. Well Robert, for this once Ile play the Groome,

And doe your office for you. Exit.

Rob. I pray doe Sir, but take heed lest when the Bridle is out of her mouth, she put it not into yours; if she doe, you are a gone man: if she but say once—Horse, horse, see thou be.

Be you rid (if you please) for me.

Enter Mr. Generous, and Mrs. Generous, he with a Bridle.

Gener. My blood is turn'd to Ice, and my all vitals

Have ceas'd their working! dull flupidity
Surprifeth me at once, and hath arrefted
That vigorous agitation; Which till now
Exprest a life within me: I me thinks
Am a meere Marble statue, and no man;
Vnweave my age O time, to my first thread;
Let me loose fiftie yeares in ignorance spent:
That being made an infant once againe,
I may begin to know, what? or where am I
To be thus lost in wonder.

Mrs. Gen. Sir.

Gen. Amazement still pursues me, how am I chang'd

Or brought ere I can understand my selfe,

Into this new World.

Rob. You will beleeve no Witches?

Gen. This makes me beleeve all, I any thing; And that my felfe am nothing: prithee Robin Lay me to my felfe open, what art thou, Or this new transform'd Creature?

Rob. I am Robin, and this your wife, my Mrs.

Gen. Tell me the Earth

Shall leave it's feat, and mount to kiffe the Moone;

Or that the Moone enamour'd of the Earth, Shall leave her fpheare, to stoope to us thus low. What? what's this in my hand, that at an instant Can from a foure leg'd Creature, make a thing So like a wife ?

Rob. A Bridle, a jugling Bridle Sir. Gage. A Bridle, hence inchantment, A Viper were more fafe within my hand Then this charm'd Engine.

Casts it away. Robin takes it up. Rob. Take heed Sir what you do, if you cast it hence, and fhe catch it up, we that are here now, may be rid as far as the *Indies* within thefe few houres, Mistresse down of your Mares bones, or your Marybones whether you pleafe, and confesse your selfe to be what you are; and that's in plaine English a Witch, a grand notorious Witch.

Gen. A Witch! my wife a Witch! Rob. So it appeares by the florie. Gener. The more I strive to unwinde My felfe from this Meander, I the more Therein am intricated; prithee woman

Art thou a Witch?

Mrs. It cannot be deny'd,

I am fuch a curst Creature. Gen. Keep aloofe, And doe not come too neareme, O my trust; Have I fince first I understood my felfe, Bin of my foule fo charie, still to studie What best was for it's health, to renounce all The workes of that black Fiend with my best force And hath that Serpent twin'd me fo about, That I must lye so often and so long With a Divell in my bosome!

Mrs. Pardon fir.

Gen. Pardon! Can fuch a thing as that be hop'd?

Lift up thine eyes (loft woman) to you Hils; It must be thence expected: look not down Vnto that horrid dwelling, which thou hast fought At fuch deare rate to purchase, prithee tell me, (For now I can believe) art thou a Witch?

I am.

Gen. With that word I am thunderstrooke, And know not what to answer, yet resolve me Hast thou made any contract with that Fiend The Enemy of Mankind?

Mrs. O I have.

Gen. What? and how farre?

Mrs. I have promis'd him my foule.

Gen. Ten thousand times better thy Body had Bin promis'd to the Stake, I and mine too,

Then fuch a compact ever had bin made. Oh-

What cheere fir, show your felfe a man, Rob.though the appear'd to late a Beaft; Mistreffe confesse all, better here than in a worse place, out with it.

Gen. Refolve me, how farre doth that contract ftretch?

Mrs. What interest in this Soule, my felfe coo'd claime

I freely gave him, but his part that made it I still referve, not being mine to give.

Gen. O cunning Divell, foolish woman know Where he can clayme but the least little part, He will usurpe the whole; th'art a lost woman,

Mrs. I hope not fo. Gen. Why hast thou any hope?

Mrs. Yes Sir I have.

Gen. Make it appeare to me.

Mrs. I hope I never bargain'd for that fire, Further then penitent teares have power to quench.

Gen. I would fee fonie of them.

You behold them now. (If you looke on me with charitable eyes) Tinctur'd in blood, blood iffuing from the heart, Sir I am forry; when I looke towards Heaven I beg a gracious Pardon; when on you Me thinkes your Native goodnesse should not be Leffe pittifull than they: 'gainst both I have err'd, From both I beg attonement.

Gener. May I prefum't ?

Mrs. I kneele to both your Mercies. Gener. Know'st thou what a Witch is ?

Mrs. Alas, None better,

Or after mature recollection can be

More fad to thinke on't.

Gen. Tell me, are those teares As full of true hearted penitence, As mine of forrow, to behold what flate What desperate state th'art falne in.

Mrs. Sir they are.

Gen. Rife, and as I doe, fo heaven pardon me; We all offend, but from fuch falling off, Defend us. Well, I doe remember wife, When I first tooke thee, 'twas for good and bad; O change thy bad to good, that I may keep thee, As then we past our faiths, till Death us fever. I will not aggravate thy griefe too much, By Needles iteration: Robin hereafter Forget thou hast a tongue, if the least Syllable Of what hath past be rumour'd, you loofe me; But if I finde you faithfull, you gaine me ever.

Rob. A match fir, you shall finde me as mute as if

I had the Bridle still in my mouth.

Gen. O woman thou had'ft need to weepe thy felfe Into a fountaine, fuch a penitent fpring

As may have power to quench invisible flames In which my eyes shall ayde; too little all, If not too little, all's forgiven, forgot; Only thus much remember, thou had'ft extermin'd Thy felfe out of the bleft fociety Of Saints and Angels, but on thy repentance I take thee to my Bosome, once againe, My wife, fifter, and daughter: faddle my Gelding, Some bufinesse that may hold me for two dayes Calls me aside. Exeunt.

Rob. I shall Sir, well now my Mistresse hath promis'd to give over her Witchery, I hope though I still

continue her man, yet she will make me no more her journey-man; to prevent which the first thing I doe shall be to burne the Bridle, and then away with the Witch.

Exit.

Enter Arthur and Doughty.

Arth. Sir you have done a right noble courtefie, which deferves a memory, as long as the name of

friendship can beare mention.

Dough. What I have done, I ha' done, if it be well, 'tis well, I doe not like the bouncing of good Offices, if the little care I have taken shall doe these poore people good, I have my end in't, and so my reward.

Enter Bantam.

Bant. Now Gentlemen, you feeme very ferious.

Arth. 'Tis true we are so, but you are welcome to

the knowledge of our affayres.

Bant. How does thine Vncle and Aunt, Gregory and his fifter, the Families of Seelyes agree yet, can you tell?

Arth. That is the businesse, the Seely houshold is

divided now.

Bant. How fo I pray?

Arth. You know, and cannot but with pitty know

Their miferable condition, how
The good old couple were abus'd, and how
The young abus'd themfelves; if we may fay
That any of them are their felves at all
Which fure we cannot, nor approve them fit
To be their owne difpofers, that would give
The governance of fuch a house and living
Into their Vasfailes hands, to thrust them out on't
Without or Law or order, this consider'd

This Gentleman and my felfe have taken home

By faire entreaty, the old folkes to his house, The young to mine, untill some wholesome order By the judicious of the Common-wealth, Shall for their persons and estate be taken.

Bant. But what becomes of Lawrence and his

The lufty couple, what doe they now?

Dough. Alas poore folks, they are as farre to feeke of how they doe, or what they doe, or what they fhould doe, as any of the rest, they are all growne *Ideots*, and till some of these damnable jades, with their divellish devises bee found out, to discharme them, no remedy can be found, I mean to lay the Country for their Hagships, and if I can anticipate the purpose, of their grand Mr. Divell to confound cem before their lease be out, be sure ile do't.

A shout within.

Cry. A Skimington, a Skimmington, a Skimington.

Dough. Whats the matter now, is Hell broke loofe?

Enter Mr. Shakstone.

Arth. Tom Shakftone, how now, canst tell the newes?

Sha. The news, ye heare it up i'th aire, do you not?

Within. A Skimington, a Skimington, a Skimington.

Sha. Hearke ye, do you not heare it? theres a Skimington, towards gentlemen.

Dou. Ware Wedlocke hoe.

Bant. At whose fuit I prithee is Don Skimington come to towne.

Sha. Ile tell you gentlemen, fince you have taken home old Seely and his wife to your house, and you their son and daughter to yours, the house-keepers

Lawrence, and his late bride Parnell are fallen out by themselves.

Arth. How prithee?

Sha. The quarell began they fay upon the wedding night, and in the bride bed.

Bant. For want of bedflaves?

Sha. No but a better implement it feemes the bridegroome was unprovided of, a homely tale to tell.

Dou. Now out upon her shee has a greedy worme in her, I have heard the fellow complain'd on, for an over mickle man among the maids.

Arth. Is his haste to goe to bed at afternoone

come to this now?

Dough. Witchery, witchery, more witcherie still flat and plaine witchery. Now do I thinke upon the codpeece point the young jade gave him at the wedding: shee is a witch, and that was a charme, if there be any in the World.

Arth. A ligatory point. Bant. Alas poore Lawrence.

Sha. He's comming to make his mone to you about it, and she too, since you have taken their masters & mistresses to your care, you must do them right too.

Dough. Marry but ile not undertake her at these

yeares, if lufty Lawrence cannot do't.

Bant. But has she beaten him?

Sha. Grievously broke his head in I know not how many places: of which the hoydens have taken notice, and will have a Skimmington on horfe-backe prefently. Looke ve, here comes both plaintiffe and defendant.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell.

Dough. How now Lawrence, what has thy wedlock brought thee already to thy night-cap?

Lawr. Yie gadwat fir, I ware wadded but aw to feun.

Par. Han yeou reefon to complayne or ay trow yeou gaffer Downought? Wa warth the day that ever I wadded a Downought.

Ar. Ban. Sha. Nay hold Parnel hold.

Dough. We have heard enough of your valour already, wee know you have beaten him, let that fuffice.

Parn. Ware ever poore mayden betrayed as ay ware unto a fwagbellied Carle that cannot aw waw that cannot.

Dou. What faies she?

Dou. I know not, she catterwawles I think. Parnel be patient good Parnell, and a little modest too, it is not amisse, wee know not the relish of every eare that heares vs, lets talke within our selves. Whats the defect? Whats the impediment? Lawrence has had a lusty name among the Batchellors.

Par. What he ware when he ware a Batchelor, I know better than the best maid ith tawne. I wad I

had not.

Ar. Ba. Sha. Peace Parnell.

Par. 'Tware that, that coffen'd me, he has not now as he had than?

Ar. Ba. Sha. Peace good Parnell.

Parn. For then he could, but now he connot, he connot.

Ar. B. Sha. Fie Parnel fie.

Par. I fay agean and agean, hee connot, he connot.

Ar. Ba. Sha. Alas poore Parnel.

Par. I am not a bit the better for him fin wye ware wad.

Cries.

Dou. Heres good stuffe for a jurie of women to

passe upon.

Arth. But Parnel, why have you beaten him fo grievously? What would you have him doe in this case?

Dou. He's out of a doing case it seemes.

Par. Marry fir, and beat him will I into his grave,

or backe to the Priest, and be unwadded agone, for I wonot bee baund to lig with him and live with him, the laife of an honest woman for aw the layves good i' Loncoshire.

An honest woman: thats a good mind Par-

nel. What fay you to this Lawrence?

Keepe her of o'me, and I shan teln yeou, and she be by I am no body: But keep her off and fearch me, let me be fearcht as never witch was fearcht, and finde ony thing mor or lasse upo me than a fufficient mon shold have, and let me me be honckt bv't.

Art. Do you heare this Parnell?

Par. Ah leear, leear, deell tacke the leear, troift yee and hong yee.

Dou. Alasse it is too plaine, the poore fellow is

bewitcht.

Heres a plaine Maleficium verfus hanc now.

Ar. And fo is the bewitcht too into this immodesty.

Ban. She would never talke fo elfe.

Law. I prayn yeow gi' me the lere o' that Latine fir.

Dough. The meaning is, you must get halfe a dozen bastards Within this twelvemoneth, and that will mend your next mariage.

Law. And I thought it would ma' Parnel, love me

i'd be fure on't, and gang about it now right.

Y'are foone provided it feems for fuch a journey.

Dou. Best tarry till thy head be whole Lawrence.

Pa. Nay, nay, ay's white casten away ent I be unwadded agen: And then ine undertack to find 3 better husbands in a bean cod.

Sha. Hearke gentlemen, the shew is comming.

Ar. What shall we stay & fee't. Ban. O by all means Gent.

Dou. 'Tis best to have these away first.
Par. Nay mary shan yeou not sir, I heare yeou

well enogh, & I con the meaning o' the show well enogh, & I stay not the show & see not the show, & ma' one i' the show, let me be honckt up for a show ile ware them to mel or ma with a woman that mels or mae's with a testril a longie, a dowlittle losell that connot, & if I skim not their skimingtons cockskeam for't, ma that warplin boggle me a week lonker, & thats a curse eno' for any wife I tro.

Dough. Agreed, perhaps 'twill mend the fport.

Enter drum (beating before) a Skimington, and his wife on a horfe; Divers country ruflicks (as they paffe) Par. (puls Skimington of the horfe: and Law. Skimingtons wife: they beat em. Drum beats alar. horfe comes away: The hoydens at first oppose the Gentlemen: who draw: the clownes vaile bonnet, (make a ring Par. and Skim. fight.

Dou. Beat drum alarum.

Enough, enough, here my masters: now patch up your shew if you can, and catch your horse again, and when you have done drinke that.

Rabble. Thanke your worship. Exeunt shout.

Par. Lat'hem as they laik this gang a procession

with their aydoll Skimington agean.

Arth. Parnel, thou didft bravely.

Parn. I am fure I han drawne blood o' theyr aydoll.

Law. And I thinke I tickled his waife.

Par. Yie to be fure, yeou bene eane of the owd ticklers.

But with what con yeou tell?

Law. Yieu with her owne ladel.

Par. Yie marry a ladell is fomething.

Dou. Come you have both done well, goe in to my house, see your old master and mistresse, while I travell a course to make yee all well againe, I will now a witch hunting.

Par. Na course for hus but to be unwadded agone.

Arth. Sha. Bant. Wee are for Whet, and his Aunt you know.

Dou. Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Mrs. Generous, and Mal. Spencer.

Welcome, welcome, my girle, what hath thy puggy Yet fuckt upon thy pretty duggy?

Mal. All's well at home, and abroad too.

What ere I bid my Pug, hee'l doo. You fent for mee?

Mrs. I did.

Mal. And why?

Mrs. Wench ile tell thee, thou and I

Will walk a little, how doth Meg?

And her Mamillion.

Mal Of one leg Shee's growne lame.

Mrs. Because the beast

Did misse us last Goodfriday Feast,

I gest as much.

Mal. But All-Saints night

She met though she did halt downe right. Mrs. Dickifon and Hargrave prithee tel,

How do they?

Mal. All about us well.

But Puggy whifperd in mine eare That you of late were put in feare.

Mrs. The flave my man.

Mal. Who Robin?

Mrs. Hee.
Mal. My Sweet-heart?
Mrs. Such a tricke ferv'd me.

Mal. About the bridle, now alacke. Mrs. The villain brought me to the rack.

Tyed was I both to rack and manger.

Mal. But thence how fcap't you?

Mrs. Without danger,

I thank my spirit.

Mal. I but than

How pacified was your good man? Mrs. Some paffionate words mixt with forct tears

Did fo inchant his eyes and eares I made my peace, with promife never To doe the like; but once and ever A Witch thou know'ft. Now understand New businesse wee tooke in hand. My Husband packt out of the towne Know that the house, and all's our owne.

Enter Whetstone.

Whet. Naunt, is this your promise Naunt? (What Mal! How doest thou Mal?) You told mee you would put a tricke upon these Gentlemen, whom you made mee invite to supper, who abused and called me bastard. (And when shall I get one upon thee my fweet Rogue?) And that you would doe I know not what; for you would not tell mee what you would doe. (And shall you and I never have any doing together) supper is done, and the table ready to withdraw: And I am rifen the earliest from the boord, and yet for ought I can fee I am never a whit the neerer. What not one kiffe at parting Mal?

Mrs. Well Cozen this is all you have to do: Retire the Gallants to fome privat roome, Where call for wine, and junckets what you pleafe, Then thou shalt need to do no other thing Than what this note directs thee, observe that And trouble me no farther.

Whet. Very good, I like this beginning well: for where they fleighted me before, they shall finde me a man of note. Exit.

Mal. Of this the meaning. Mrs. Marry Lasse To bring a new conceit to passe. Thy Spirit I must borrow more,

To fill the number three or foure; Whom we will use to no great harm, Only affift me with thy charme. This night wee'l celebrate to sport: 'Tis all for mirth, we mean no hurt.

Mal. My Spirit and my felfe command; Mamillion, & the rest at hand,

Shall all affift.

Mrs. Withdraw then, quicke, Now gallants, ther's for you a trick.

Exeunt.

Enter Whetstone, Arthur, Shakstone, Bantam.

Whet. Heer's a more privat roome gentlemen, free from the noise of the Hall. Here we may talke, and throw the chamber out of the casements. Some wine and a short banquet.

Enter with a Banquet, Wine, and two Tapers.

Whet. So now leave us.

Arth. Wee are much bound to you master Whetflone for this great entertainment: I fee you command the house in the absence of your vnkle.

Whet. Yes, I thanke my Aunt; for though I be but a daily guest yet I can be welcome to her at

midnight.

Shak. How shall we passe the time?

Bant. In some discourse.

Whet. But no fuch discourse as we had last, I befeech you.

Bant. Now master Whetflone you restect on me. 'Tis true, at our last meeting some few words Then past my lips, which I could wish forgot;

I thinke I call'd you Bastard.

Whet. I thinke fo too; but whats that amongst friends, for I would faine know which amongst you all knowes his owne father.

Bant. You are merrie with your friends, good

master By-Blow, and wee are guests here in your Vnckles house, and therefore priviledged.

Enter Mistresse Generous, Mal and Spirits.

Whet. I prefume you had no more priviledge in your getting than I. But tell me gentlemen, is there any man here amongst you, that hath a minde to fee his father?

Bant. Why, who shall shew him?

Whet. Thats all one; if any man here defire it, let him but speake the word, and 'tis sufficient.

Bant. Why, I would fee my father.

Mistreffe Gener. Strike.

Mufique.

Enter a Pedant dauncing to the musique; the strain don, he points at Bantam, & looks full in his face.

Whet. Doe you know him that lookes fo full in your face?

Bant. Yes well, a pedant in my fathers house.

Who beeing young, taught me my A, B, C.

Whet. In his house, that goes for your father you would fay: For know one morning, when your mothers husband rid early to have a Nisi prius tryed at Lancaster Syzes, hee crept into his warme place, lay close by her fide, and then were you got. Then come, your heeles and tayle together, and kneele unto your own deare father.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Bant. I am abused.

Whet. Why laugh you Gentlemen? It may be more mens cases than his or mine.

Bant. To be thus geer'd.

Arth. Come, take it as a jest. For I prefume 'twas meant no otherwife.

Whet. Would either of you two now fee his father in earnest.

Shak. Yes, canst thou shew me mine?
Mrs. Gen. Strike.

Enter a nimble Taylor dauncing, using the fame poslure to Shakstone.

Whet. . Hee lookes on you, fpeake, doe you know him?

Shak. Yes, he was my mothers Taylor, I remember

him ever fince I was a childe.

Whet. Who when hee came to take measure of her upper parts had more minde to the lower, whilest the good man was in the fields hunting, he was at home whoring.

Then, fince no better comfort can be had,

Come downe, come downe, aske bleffing of your dad.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Bont. This cannot be indur'd. Arth. It is plaine Witchcraft.

Nay fince we are all bid unto one feaft,

Lets fare alike, come shew me mine too.

Mrs. Gener. Strike.

Enter Robin with a fwitch and a Currycombe, he points at Arthur.

Whet. He points at you.

Arth. What then? Whet. You know him.

Arth. Yes, Robin the groome belonging to this house.

Whet. And never ferved your father? Arth. In's youth I thinke he did.

Whet. Who when your supposed father had businesse at the Lord Presidents Court in Yorke, stood for his Atturney at home, & so it seems you were got by deputy: what all a mort? if you will have but a little patience, stay & you shall see mine too:

And knew I show you him the rather,
To finde who hath the best man to his Father.

Mrs. Strike——

Musicke. Enter a Gallant, as before to him.

Whet. Now Gentlemen make me your Prefident, learne your duties, and doe as I doe——A bleffing Dad.

Bant. Come, come, let's home, we'l finde fome other time,

When to dispute of these things-

Whet. Nay Gent. no parting in fpleene, fince we have begun in mirth, let's not end in melancholy; you fee there are more By-blowes than beare the name; It is growne a great kindred in the Kingdome. Come, come, all friends; Let's into the Cellar and conclude our Revels in a lufty health.

Shak. I faine would firike, but cannot. Bank. Some firange fate holds me. Arth. Here then all anger end,

Let none be mad at what they cannot mend.

Exeunt.

Mal. Now fay what's next?

Mrs. I'th' Mill there lyes
A Souldier yet with unfcratcht eyes,
Summon the Sifter-hood together
For we with all our Spirits will thither;
And fuch a Catterwalling keepe,
That he in vaine shall thinke to sleepe.
Call Meg, and Doll, Tib, Nab, and Iug,
Let none appeare without her Pug.
We'l try our utmost Art and skill.
To fright the stout Knave in the Mill.

Excunt.



ACTVS, V. SCENA I.

Enter Doughty, Miller, Boy in a Cap.

Doughty.

Hou art a brave Boy, the honour of thy Country; thy Statue shall be set up in braffe upon the Market Croffe in Lancaster, I bleffe the time that I answered at the

Font for thee: 'Zookes did I ever thinke that a Godfon of mine should have fought hand to fift with the Divell!

He was ever an unhappy Boy Sir, and like enough to grow acquainted with him; and friends may fall out fometimes.

Thou art a dogged Sire, and doest not know the vertue of my Godsonne, my sonne now; he shall be thy sonne no longer: he and I will worry all the Witches in Lancashire.

Mil. You were best take heed though.

Dough. I care not, though we leave not above three untainted women in the Parish, we'll doe it.

Mil. Doe what you please Sir, there's the Boy stout enough to justifie anything he has fayd. Now 'tis out, he should be my Sonne still by that: Though he was at Death's dore before he would reveale anything, the damnable jades had fo threatned him, and as foone as ever he had told he mended.

Dought. 'Tis well he did fo, we will fo fwing them in twopenny halters Boy.

For my part I have no reason to hinder any Mil.

thing that may root them all out; I have tasted enough of their mischiese, witnesse my usage i' the Mill, which could be nothing but their Roguerie. One night in my sleepe they set me a stride stark naked a top of my Mill, a bitter cold night too; 'twas daylight before I waked, and I durst never speake of it to this houre, because I thought it impossible to be beleeved.

Dought. Villanous Hags!

Mil. And all last Summer, my Wife could not make a bit of butter.

Dough. It would not come, would it?

Mill. No Sir, we could not make it come, though the and I both together, churn'd almost our harts out, and nothing would come, but all ran into thin waterish geere: the Pigges would not drinke it.

Dought. Is 't possible ?

Mil. None but one, and he ran out of his wits upon't, till we bound his head, and layd him a fleepe, but he

has had a wry mouth ever fince.

Dought. That the Divell should put in their hearts to delight in such Villanies! I have sought about these two dayes, and heard of a hundred such mischievous tricks, though none mortall, but could not finde whom to mistrust for a Witch till now this boy, this happy boy informes me.

Mil. And they should neere have been fought for me if their affrightments and divellish devices, had not brought my Boy into such a sicknesse; Whereupon indeed I thought good to acquaint your worship, and bring the Boy unto you being his Godfather, and as

you now flick not to fay his Father.

Dought. After you I thanke you Gossip. But my Boy thou hast satisfied me in their names, and thy knowledge of the women, their turning into shapes, their dog-trickes, and their horse trickes, and their great Feast in the Barne (a pox take them with my Surloyne, I say still.) But a little more of thy combat with the Divell, I prithee; he came to thee like a Boy thou sayes, about thine owne bignesse?

Boy. Yes Sir, and he asked me where I dwelt, and what my name was.

Dough. Ah Rogue!

Boy. But it was in a quarrelfome way; Whereupon I was as flout, and ask'd him who made him an examiner?

Dough. Ah good Boy.

Mil. In that he was my Sonne.

Boy. He told me he would know or beat it out of me,

And I told him he should not, and bid him doe his worst;

And to't we went.

Dough. In that he was my fonne againe, ha boy; I fee him at it now.

Boy. We fought a quarter of an houre, till his sharpe nailes made my eares bleed.

Dough. O the grand Divell pare 'em.

Boy. I wondred to finde him fo strong in my hands, seeming but of mine owne age and bignesse, till I looking downe, perceived he had clubb'd cloven feet like Oxe feet: but his face was as young as mine.

Dough. A pox, but by his feet, he may be the Club-footed Horse-coursers father, for all his young lookes.

Boy. But I was afraid of his feet, and ran from him towards a light that I faw, and when I came to it, it was one of the Witches in white upon a Bridge, that fcar'd me backe againe, and then met me the Boy againe, and he strucke me and layd mee for dead.

Mil. Till I wondring at his flay, went out and found him in the Trance; fince which time, he has beene haunted and frighted with Goblins, 40. times; and never durft tell any thing (as I fayd) because the Hags had so threatned him till in his sicknes he revealed it to his mother.

Dough. And she told no body but folkes on't.

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VVell Goffip *Gretty*, as thou art a Miller, and a close thiefe, now let us keepe it as close as we may till we take 'hem, and fee them handsomly hanged o' the way: Ha my little Cuffe-divell, thou art a made man. Come, away with me.

Execunt.

Enter Souldier.

Soul. These two nights I have slept well and heard no noise

Of Cats, or Rats; most fure the fellow dream't,
And fcratcht himselfe in's sleep. I have traveld'
Defarts,

Beheld Wolves, Beares, and Lyons: Indeed what not?

Of horrid shape; And shall I be asrayd
Of Cats in mine owne Country? I can never
Grow so Mouse-hearted. It is now a Calme
And no winde stirring, I can beare no sayle;
Then best lye downe to sleepe. Nay rest by me
Good Morglay, my Comrague and Bedsellow
That never sayl'd me yet; I know thou did'st not.
If I be wak'd, see thou be stirring too;
Then come a Gib as big as Ascapart
We'l make him play at Leap-frog. A brave Soul-

We'l make him play at Leap-frog. A brave Souldiers lodging,

The floore my Bed, a Milstone for my Pillow, The Sayles for Curtaines. So good night.

Lyes downe.

Enter Mrs. Generous, Mall, all the Witches and their Spirits(at feverall dores.)

Mrs. Is Nab come?

Mal. Yes.

Mrs. Where's Fug?
Mal. On horseback yet,

Now lighting from her Broome-staffe.

Mrs. But where's Peg?

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Mal. Entred the Mill already.

Mrs. Is he fast ?

Mal. As fencelesse as a Dormouse.

Mrs. Then to work, to work my pretty Lap-

Pinch, here, fcratch,

Doe that within, without we'l keep the watch.

The Witches retire: the Spirits come about him with a dreadfull noife; he flarts.

Sold. Am I in Hell, then have among'ft you divels;

This fide, and that fide, what behinde, before? Ile keep my face unfcratch'd difpight you all: What, doe you pinch in private, clawes I feele But can fee nothing, nothing pinch me thus? Have at you then, I and have at you fill; And ftil have at you.

Beates them off, followes them in, and Enters againe.

One of them I have pay'd,
In leaping out oth' hole a foot or eare
Or fomething I have light on. What all gone?
All quiet? not a Cat that's heard to mew?
Nay then Ile try to take another nap,
Though I fleepe with mine eyes open.

Exit

Enter Mr. Generous, and Robin.

Gen. Robin, the last night that I lodg'd at home My Wife (if thou remembrest) lay abroad, But no words of that.

Rob. You have taught me filence.

Gen. I rofe thus early much before my houre,
To take her in her bed; 'Tis yet not five:
The Sunne fcarce up. Those horses take and lead
'em

Into the Stable, fee them rubb'd and dreft, We have rid hard. Now in the interim I Will step and see how my new Miller fares, Or whether he flept better in his charge, Than those which did precede him.

Rob. Sir I shall.

Gen. But one thing more-

Whifpers.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Now from the last nights witchcraft we are freed.

And I that had not power to cleare my felfe From base aspersion, am at liberty For vow'd revenge: I cannot be at peace (The night-spell being took of) till I have met With noble Mr. Generous: in whose fearch The best part of this morning I have spent, His wife now I fuspect.

Rob. By your leave Sir.

Arth. O y'are well met, pray tell me how long is't

Since you were first my Father?

Rob. Be patient I befeech you, what doe you meane Sir ?

Arth. But that I honour

Thy Master, to whose goodnesse I am bound, And ftill must remaine thankfull, I should prove Worfe then a Murderer, a meere Paricide By killing thee my Father.

Rob. I your Father? he was a man I alwayes

lov'd

And honour'd. He bred me.

Arth. And you begot me ? oh you us'd me finely last night?

Gen. Pray what's the matter Sir?

Arth. My worthy friend, but that I honour you As one to whom I am fo much oblig'd, This Villaine could not ftirre a foot from hence

Till perisht by my sword.

Gener. How hath he wrong'd you?

Be of a milder temper I intreat, Relate what and when done?

Arth. You may command me,

If aske me what wrongs, know this Groome pretends

He hath strumpeted my mother, if when, blaz'd Last night at midnight. If you aske me further

Where, in your owne house; when he pointed to me

As had I been his Baftard.

Rob. I doe this? I am a horse agen if I got you, Master, why Master.

Gen. I know you Mr. Arthur, for a Gentle-

Of faire endowments, a most folid braine, And fetled understanding. Why this fellow These two dayes was scarce fundred from my side, And for the last night I am most assur'd He flept within my Chamber, 12. miles off, We have nere parted fince.

Arth. You tell me wonders. Since all your words to me are Oracles, And fuch as I most constantly believe. But Sir, shall I be bold and plaine withall, I am fuspitious all's not well at home; I dare proceed no farther without leave, Yet there is fomething lodged within my breast Which I am loath to utter.

Gen. Keepe it there,

I pray doe a feafon (O my feares) No doubt ere long my tongue may be the Key To open that your fecret: Get you gone fir And doe as I commanded.

Rob. I shall Sir. Father quoth he I should be proud indeed of such a sonne. Gen. Please you now walk with me to my Mill, I faine would fee

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How my bold Soldier speeds. It is a place Hath beene much troubled.

Enter Soldier.

Arth. I shall waite on you.—See he appeares.

Gen. Good morrow Soldier. Sold. A bad night I have had

A murrin take your Mill-sprights.

Gen. Prithee tell me, hast thou bin frighted then?

Sold. How frighted Sir, A Doungcart full of Divels coo'd not do't.

But I have bin fo nipt, and pull'd, and pinch'd,

By a company of Hell-cats.

Fairies fure.

Sold. Rather foule fiends, Fairies have no fuch clawes:

Yet I have kept my face whole thanks my Semiter,

My trufty Bilbo, but for which I vow, I had been torne to pieces. But I thinke

I met with fome of them. One I am fure

I have fent limping hence.

Gen. Didst thou fasten upon any? Sold. Fast or loose, most sure I ma Fast or loose, most fure I made them flye, And skip out of the Port-holes. But the last

I made her fqueake, she had forgot to mew, I fpoyl'd her Catter-wawling.

Arth. Let's fee thy fword. Sold. To look on, not to part with from my hand.

'Tis not the Soldiers custome.

Arth. Sir, I observe 'tis bloody towards the point.

Sold. If all the rest scape scot-free, yet I am fure

There's one hath payd the reckoning.

Gen. Looke well about,

Perhaps there may be feene fome tract of bloud. Lookes about and findes the hand. Sold. What's here? is't possible Cats should have hands

And rings upon their fingers.

Arth. Most prodigious. Gen. Reach me that hand.

Sold. There's that of the three I can best spare. Gen. Amazement upon wonder, can this be;

I needs must know't by most infallible markes.

Is this the hand once plighted holy vowes,

And this the ring that bound them? doth this last

Afford what former never durst beleeve?
O how have I offended those high powers?
That my great incredulity should merit

A punishment fo grievous, and to happen Vnder mine owne roofe, mine own bed, my bosome.

Arth. Know you the hand Sir?

Gen. Yes and too well can reade it.
Good Master Arthur beare me company
Vnto my house, in the society
Of good wan there's great solace

Of good men there's great folace. Arth. Sir Ile waite on you.

Gen. And Soldier do not leave me, lock thy Mill,

I have imployment for thee.

Sold. Î shall fir, I think I have tickled some of your Tenants at will, that thought to revell here rent-free; the best is if one of the parties shall deny the deed, we have their hand to shew.

Execunt.

A Bed thrust out, Mrs. Gener. in't; Whetstone, Mail Spencer by her.

Whet. Why Aunt, deere Aunt, honey Aunt, how doe you, how fare you, cheere you, how is't with you! you have bin a lufty woman in your time, but now you look as if you could not doe with all.

Mrs. Good Mal let him not trouble me.

Mal. Fie Mr. Whetstone you keep such a noise in

the chamber that your Aunt is defirous to take a little reft and cannot.

Whet. In my Vncles absence who but I should

comfort my Aunt,

Am not I of the Bloud, am not I next of Kin? Why Aunt?

Mrs. Gen. Good Nephew leave me.

Whet. The Divell shall leave you ere ile forsake you, Aunt, you know, Sic is So, and being so sicke doe you thinke ile leave you, what know I but this Bed may prove your death-bed, and then I hope you will remember me, that is, remember me in your Will.—(Knocke within.) Who's that knocks with such authority. Ten to one my Vncles come to towne.

Mrs. Gen. It it be fo, excufe my weaknes to him,

fay I can speake with none.

Mal. I will, and scape him if I can; by this accident all must come out, and here's no stay for me—(Knock again) Againe, stay you here with your Aunt, and ile goe let in your Vncle.

Whet. Doe good Mal, and how, and how fweet

Aunt?

Enter Mr. Gener., Mal, Arthur, Soldier, and Robin.

Gen. Y'are well met here, I am told you oft frequent

This house as my Wives choyse companion,

Yet have I feldome feene you.

Mal. Pray, by your leave Sir,

Your wife is taken with a fuddaine qualme

She hath fent me for a Doctor.

Gen. But that labour ile fave you, Soldier take her to your charge.

And now where's this ficke woman.

Whet. O Vncle you come in good time, my Aunt is fo fuddainly taken as if she were ready to give up the spirit.

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Gen. 'Tis almost time she did, speake how is't wife

My Nephew tels me you were tooke last night
With a shrewd sicknesse, which this Mayde confirmes.

Mrs. Yes fir, but now defire no company. Noyfe troubles me, and I would gladly fleepe.

Gener. In company there's comfort, prithee wife Lend me thy hand, and let me feele thy pulse, Perhaps some Feaver, by their beating I May guesse at thy disease.

Mrs. Gen. My hand, 'tis there.

Gen. A dangerous ficknes, and I feare t death, 'Tis oddes you will not fcape it. Take that backe And let me prove the t' other, if perhaps

I there can find more comfort.

I there can finde more comfort.

Mrs. Gen. I pray excuse me. Gener. I must not be deny'd,

Sick folkes are peevifh, and must be ore-rul'd, and so shall you.

Mrs. Gen. Alas I have not strength to lift it up. Gener. If not thy hand Wife, shew me but thy wrist,

And fee how this will match it, here's a Testate That cannot be out-fac'd.

Mrs. Gener. I am undone.

Whet. Hath my Aunt bin playing at handee dandee, nay then if the game goe this way I feare she'll have the worst hand on't.

Arth. 'Tis now apparant

How all the last nights businesse came about, In this my late suspicion, is confirm'd.

Gen. My heart hath bled more for thy curst re-

lapfe

Than drops hath iffu'd from thy wounded arme. But wherefore should I preach to one past hope? Or where the divell himselfe claimes right in all, Seeke the least part or interest? Leave your Bed,

Vp, make you ready; I must deliver you Into the hand of Iustice. O deare friend It is in vaine to guesse at this my griese 'Tis so inundant. Soldier take away that young But old in mischiese.

And being of these Apostas's rid so well, Ile see my house no more be made a Hell.

Exeunt.

Enter Bantam, and Shakston.

Ban. Ile out o' the Country, and as foone live in

Lapland as Lancashire hereafter.

Away with them.

Shak. What for a false illustree apparition? I hope the divell is not able to perswade thee thou art a Bastard.

Bant. No, but I am afflicted to thinke that the divell should have power to put such a trick upon us, to countenance a Rascal, that is one.

Shak. I hope Arthur has taken a course with his Vncle about him by this time, who would have thought such a soole as hee could have beene a

Witch?

Bant. Why doe you thinke there's any wife folks of the quality; Can any but fooles be drawne into a Covenant with the greatest enemy of mankind? yet I cannot thinke that Whetflone is the Witch? The young Queane that was at the Wedding was i'th house yee know.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell, in their first Habits.

Shak. See Lawrence and Parnell civilly accorded againe it feems, and accounted as they were wont to be when they had their wits.

Law. Bleft be the houre I fay may hunny, may fweet Pall, that Ay's becom'd thaine agone, and thou's

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becom'd maine agone, and may this ea kiffe ma us tway

become both eane for ever and a day.

Parn. Yie marry Lall, and thus shadden it be, there is nought getten by fawing out, we mun faw in or we get nought.

Bant. The world's well mended here; we cannot

but rejoyce to fee this, Lawrence.

Lawr. And you been welcome to it Gentlemen.

Parn. And we been glad we han it for you. Shak. And I protest I am glad to see it.

Parn. And thus shan you fee't till our deeing houre.

Ween eon leove now for a laife time, the Dewle shonot ha the poore to put us to peeces agone.

Bant. Why now all's right and straight and as it

should be.

Law.. Yie marry that is it, the good houre be bleffed for it, that put the wit into may head, to have a mistrust of that pestilent Codpeece-point, that the witched worch Mal Spencer go me, ah woe worth her, that were it that made aw so nought.

Bant. & Shak. Is't possible?

Parn. Yie marry it were an Inchauntment, and about an houre fince it come intill our hearts to doe, what yeou thinke, and we did it.

Bant. What Parnell ?

Parn. Marry we take the 'point, and we casten the point into the fire, and the point spitter'd and spatter'd in the fire, like an it were (love blesse us) a laive thing in the faire; and it hopet and skippet, and riggled, and frisket in the faire, and crept about laike a worme in the faire, that it were warke enough for us both with all the Chimney tooles to keepe it into the faire, and it stinket in the faire, worsen than ony brimstone in the faire.

Bant. This is wonderfull as all the rest.

Lawr. It wolld ha fcar'd ony that hadden their wits till a feen't, and we werne mad eont it were deone.

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Parn. And this were not above an houre fine, and you cannot devaife how we han lov'd t' on t' other by

now, yeou woud een bliffe your feln to fee't.

Lawr. Yie an han pit on our working geere, to fwinke and ferve our Master and Maistresse like intill painfull fervants agone, as we shudden.

Bant. 'Tis wondrous well.

Shak. And are they well agen?

Parn. Yie and weel's laike heane bliffe them, they are awas weel becom'd as none ill had ever beene aneast 'hem; Lo ye, lo ye, as they come.

Enter Seely, Ioane, Gregory, and Win.

Greg. Sir, if a contrite heart strucke through with fence

Of it's sharpe errors, bleeding with remorfe The blacke polluted staine it had conceived Of soule unnaturall disobedience May yet by your faire mercy finde Remission; You shall upraise a Sonne out o' the gulph Of horrour and despaire, unto a blisse That shall for ever crowne your goodnesse, and Instructive in my after life to serve you, In all the duties that besit a sonne.

Seel. Enough, enough, good boy, 'tis most apparant

We all have had our errors, and as plainly It now appearse, our judgments, yea our reason Was poyson'd by some violent infection, Quite contrary to Nature.

Bant. This founds well.

Seely. I feare it was by Witchcraft: for I now (Bleft be the power that wrought the happy means Of my delivery) remember that Some 3. months fince I croft a wayward woman (One that I now fufpect) for bearing with A most unseemly disobedience, In an untoward ill-bred some of hers,

When with an ill looke and an hollow voyce She mutter'd out these words. Perhaps ere long Thy selfe shalt be obedient to thy sonne. She has play'd her pranke it seemes.

Greg. Sir I have heard, that Witches apprehended under hands of lawfull authority, doe loose their

power;

And all their fpells are infantly diffolv'd.

Seel. If it be fo, then at this happy houre,
The Witch is tane that over us had power.

Foane. Enough Childe, thou art mine and all

is well.

Win. Long may you live the well-fpring of my bliffe,

And may my duty and my fruitfull Prayers, Draw a perpetuall ftreame of bleffings from you.

Seely. Gentlemen welcome to my best friends house.

You know the unhappy cause that drew me hether.

Bant. And cannot but rejoyce to see the remedy so neere at hand.

Enter Doughty, Miller, and boy.

Dought. Come Gossip, come Boy——Gentlemen you are come to the bravest discovery——Mr. Seely and the rest, how is't with you? you look reasonable well me thinkes.

Seely. Sir, we doe find that we have reason enough to thank you for your Neighbourly and pious care of us.

Doughty. Is all fo well with you already? goe to, will you know a reason for't Gentlemen: I have catcht a whole Kennel of Witches. It seems their Witch is one of 'hem, and so they are discharm'd, they are all in Officers hands, and they will touch here with two or three of them for a little private parley, before they goe to the 'Iustices. Master Generous is comming

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hither too, with a fupply that you dreame not of, and

your Nephew Arthur.

Bant. You are beholden Sir to Master Generous in behalfe of your Nephew for faving his land from forfeiture in time of your distraction.

Seely. I will acknowledge it most thankfully.

Shak. See he comes.

Enter Mr. Generous, Mrs. Generous, Arthur, Whetflone, Mal, Soldier, and Robin.

Seel. O Mr. Generous, the noble favour you have fhew'd

My Nephew for ever bindes me to you.

Gener. I pittyed then your mifery, and now Have nothing left but to bewayle mine owne In this unhappy woman.

Seel. Good Mistresse Generous-

Arth. Make a full flop there Sir, fides, fides, make fides.

You know her not as I doe, fland aloofe there Miftreffe with your darling Witch, your Nephew too if you pleafe, because though he be no witch, he is a wel-willer to the infernal science.

Gener. I utterly difcard him in her blood And all the good that I intended him

I will conferre upon this vertuous Gentleman.

What. Well Sir, though you be no Vnckle, yet mine Aunt's mine Aunt, and shall be to her dying day.

Doug. And that will be about a day after next

Sizes I take it.

Enter Witches, Constable, and Officers.

O here comes more o'your Naunts, Naunt *Dickenfon* & Naunt *Hargrave*, ods fish and your Granny *Fohn-fon* too; we want but a good fire to entertaine 'em.

Arth. See how they lay their heads together?

Witches charme together.

The Witches of Lancashire.

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Gill. No fuccour. Maud. No reliefe. Peg. No comfort!

All. Mawfy, my Mawfy, gentle Mawfy come.

Maud. Come my sweet Puckling.

Peg. My Mamilion.

Arth. What doe they fay?

Bant. They call their Spirits I thinke.

Dough. Now a shame take you for a fardell of fooles, have you knowne so many of the Divels tricks, and can be ignorant of that common feate of the old Iugler; that is, to leave you all to the Law, when you are once seized on by the tallons of Authority? Ile undertake this little Demigorgon Constable with these Common-wealth Characters upon his staffe here, is able in spite of all your bugs-words, to stave off the grand Divell for doing any of you good till you come to his Kingdome to him, and there take what you can finde.

Arth. But Gentlemen, shall we try if we can by examination get from them something that may abbreviate the cause unto the wifer in Commission for the peace before wee carry them before 'em.

Gen. & Seel. Let it be fo.

Dought. Well fay, fland out Boy, fland out Miller, fland out Robin, fland out Soldier, and lay your accufation upon 'em.

Bant. Speake Boy doe you know these Creatures,

women I dare not call 'em ?

Boy. Yes Sir, and faw them all in the Barne together, and many more at their Feast and Witchery.

Rob. And so did I, by a Divellish token, I was rid thither, though I rid home againe as fast without switch or spur.

Mill. I was ill handled by them in the Mill.

Sold. And I fliced off a Cats foot there, that is fince a hand, who ever wants it.

Seel. How I and all my family have fuffered you all know.

Lawr. And how I were betwitcht my Pall. here

knowes.

Parn. Yie Lall, and the Witch I knaw, an I prayen yeou goe me but leave to fcrat her wellfavorely.

Bant. Hold Parnell.
Parn. Yeou can blame no honest woman, I trow, to fcrat for the thing fhe leoves.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha.

Dough. Doe you laugh Gentlewoman? what fay you to all these matters?

Mrs. Gen. I will fay nothing, but what you know you know,

And as the law shall finde me let it take me.

Gil. And fo fay I. Mawd. And I.

Mal. And I, other confession you get none from us.

Arth. What fay you Granny?

Peg. Mamilion, ho Mamilion, Mamilion.

Arth. Who's that you call?

Peg. My friend, my Sweet-heart, my Mamilion. Witches. You are not mad?

Dought. Ah ha, that's her Divell, her Incubus I warrant; take her off from the rest they'l hurt her. Come hether poore old woman. Ile dandle a Witch a little, thou wilt speake, and tell the truth, and shalt have favour doubt not. Say art not thou a Witch?

They storme.

Peg. 'Tis folly to diffemble yie fir, I am one. And that Mamilion which thou call'ft Dought. upon

Is thy familiar Divell is't not? Nay prithee speake.

Peg. Yes Sir.

Dough. That's a good woman, how long haft had's acquaintance, ha?

Peg. A matter of fixe yeares Sir.

Dough. A pretty matter. What was he like a man?

Peg. Yes when I pleas'd.

Dought. And then he lay with thee, did he not fometimes?

Peg. Tis folly to diffemble; twice a Weeke he never fail'd me.

Dough. Humh-and how? and how a little? was he a good Bedfellow?

Peg. Tis folly to speake worse of him than he is. Dough. I trust me is't. Give the Divell his due.

He pleas'd me well Sir, like a proper man.

Dought. There was fweet coupling. Peg. Onely his flesh felt cold.

Arth. He wanted his great fires about him that he has at home.

Dough. Peace, and did he weare good clothes? Peg. Gentleman like, but blacke blacke points and all.

Dought. I, very like his points were blacke enough. But come we'l trifle w' yee no longer. Now shall you all to the Iustices, and let them take order with you till the Sizes, and then let Law take his course, and Vivat Rex. Mr. Generous I am forry for your cause of forrow, we shall not have your company?

Gener. No fir, my Prayers for her foules recovery

Shall not be wanting to her, but mine eyes

Must never see her more.

Rob. Mal, adiew fweet Mal, ride your next journey with the company you have there.

Mal. Well Rogue I may live to ride in a Coach

before I come to the Gallowes yet.

Rob. And Mrs. the horse that stayes for you rides better with a Halter than your gingling bridle.

Exeunt Gen. & Robin.

Dought. Mr. Seely I rejoyce for your families attonement.

Seel. And I praise heaven for you that were the means to it.

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Dough. On afore Drovers with your untoward Cattell. Exeunt feverally.

Bant. Why doe not you follow Mr. By-blow. I thanke your Aunt for the tricke she would have father'd us withall.

What. Well Sir, mine Aunt's mine Aunt, and for that trick I will not leave her till I fee her doe a worfe.

Baut. Y'are a kinde Kiniman.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

FINIS.



Song. II. Act.

Come Mawly, come Puckling,
And come my fweet Suckling,
My pretty Mamillion, my Ioy,
Fall each to his Duggy,
While kindly we huggie,
As tender as Nurfe over Boy.
Then suck our blouds freely, and with it be jolly,
While merrily we fing, hey Trolly Lolly.

We'l dandle and clip yee,
We'l flroke yee, and leape yee,
And all that we have is your due;
The feates you doe for us,
And thofe which you flore us
Withall, tyes us onely to you.
Then suck our blouds freely, and with it be jolly,
While merrily we fing, hey Trolly Loply.



THE EPILOGVE.



Ow while the Witches must expect their due
By lawfull Iustice, we appeale to you
For favourable censure; what their crime
May bring upon 'em, ripenes yet of time

Has not reveal d. Perhaps great Mercy may
After just condemnation give them day
Of longer life. We represent as much
As they have done, before Lawes hand did touch
Vpon their guilt; But dare not hold it fit,
That we for Iustices and Iudges fit,
And personate their grave wisedomes on the Stage
Whom we are bound to honour; No, the Age
Allowes it not. Therefore unto the Lawes
We can but bring the Witches and their cause,
And there we leave 'em, as their Divels did,
Should we goe further with 'em? Wit forbid;
What of their storie, further shall ensue,
We must referre to time, our selves to you.



Londons Ius Honorarium.

Exprest in fundry Triumphs, pagiants, and shews:

At the Initiation or Entrance of the Right Honourable

George Whitmore, into the Maioralty of the samous and

farre renouned City of London..

All the charge and expence of the laborious proiects, and obiects both by Water and Land, being the fole vndertaking of the Right Worshipfull, the fociety of the Habburdashers.

Redeunt spectacula.



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Whitmore, Lord Maior of this renowned Metrapolis, London.

Right Honorable,

T was the speech of a Learned and grave Philosopher the Tutor and Counseler to the Emperour Gratianus, Pulcrius multo parari.

quam creari nobilem. More faire and famous it is to be made, then to be borne Noble, For that Honour is to be most Honored, which is purchast by merrit, not crept into by descent: For you; whose goodnesse, hath made you thus great, I make my affectionate presentment of this annual Celebration, concerning which: (without flattery be it spoken) there is nothing so much as mentioned (much less enforced) in this your Ius honorarium, which rather commeth not short, then any way exceedeth the hope and expectation which is now vpon you, and therefore worthily was your

fo free Election, (without either emulation, or competitorship conferd vpon you, since of you it may be vndeniably spoken: that none euer in your place was more sufficient or able, any cause whatsoeuer shall be brought before you, more truly to discerne; being apprehended more aduisedly to dispose, being digested, more maturely to despatch. After this short tender of my feruice vnto you, I humbly take my leaue, with this sentence borrowed from Seneca: Decet timeri Magistratum, at plus diligi.

Your Lordships in all observance,

Thomas Heywood.



To the Right Worshipfull Samuell Cranmer, and Henry Pratt, the two Sheriffs of the Honourable Citty of London, Lately Elected.

Right Worshipfull,

He cheife Magistrats next vnto the Lord Maior, are the two sheriffes, the name Sheriffe implyeth as much as the Reeue and Gouernour of a Sheire, for Reeue: is Graue

and Gouernour of a Sheire, for Reeue: is Graue Count or Earle (for so faith Master Verstigan:) and these, were of like authority with the Censors, who were reputed in the prime and best ranke amongst the Magistrates of Rome? They were so cal'd a Cessendo, of ceasing, for they set a rate vpon every mans estate: registring their names, and placing them in a fit century: A second part of their Ossice consisted in the reforming of maners, as having power to inquire into every mans life and carriage. The Embleame of which Authority was their Tirgula censoria borne before them: they are (by others) resembled to the Tribunes of

the people, and thefe are cal'd Sacro Sancti, whose persons might not be injured, nor their names any way fcandaliz'd, for whofoeuer was proued to be a delinquent in either, was held to be Homo facer; an excommunicated person, and hee that sew him was not liable vnto any Indgement: their Houfes stand open continually, not onely for Hospitality, but for a Sanctuary to all fuch as were distrest: neither was it lawfull for them to be abfent from the Colledge one whole day together, during their Yeare. Thus you fee how neere the Dignities of this Citty, come neere to thefe in Rome, when it was most flourishing. The first Sheriffes that bore the name and office in this Citty, were Peter Duke, and Thomas Neale, Anno 1209. The nouissimi, now in present Samuell Cranmer and Henry Pratt. Anno 1631. To whom I direct this Short Remembrance.

Your Worships euer

Attendant,

Thomas Heywood.



LONDONS

Ius Honorarium.

Hen Rome was erected: at the first establishing of a common weale, Romulus the founder of it, instituted a prime officer to gouerne the Citty, who was cald præfectus zrbis, i.e. the præfect of the City, whose vncontroulable authority, had power, not onely to examine, but to determine, all causes & controuersies, & to sit vpon, and cenfure all delinquents, whether their offences were capitall or criminall: Intra centiffimum lapidem, within an hundred miles of the City, in processe of time the Tarquins being expeld, & the prime foueraignty remaining in the confuls. They (by reason of their forraigne imployments) hauing no leafure to administer Iustice at home, created two cheife officers, the one they cald prætor vrbanus, or Maior, the other peregrinus: The first had his iurifdiction, in and ouer the Citty, the other excercifed his authority meerely vpon strangers.

The name *Prætor* is deriued from *Prætsendo* or *Præeundo*, from priority of place, which as a learned Roman Author writs, had abfolute power ouer all

publique aud priuat affaires, to make new Lawes, and abolish old, without controwle, or contradiction: His authority growing to that height, that whatsoeuer he decreed or censured in publique, was cald *Ius Honorarium*, the first on whome this dignity was conferd in *Rome*, was *fpur*: furius Camillus, the sonne of Marcus: And the first Pretor or Lord Maior appointed to the Gouernment of the Honorable Citty of London, was Henry Fitz Allwin, aduaunced to that Dignity, by King Iohn, Anno. 1210. so much for the Honor and Antiquity of the name and place, I proceede to the showes.

Vpon the water.

Are two craggy Rockes, plac'd directly opposit, of that distance that the Barges may passe betwixt them: these are full of monsters, as Serpents, Snakes, Dragons, &c. fome spitting Fier, others vomiting water, in the bases thereof, nothing to be seene, but the sad relicks of shipwracke in broken Barkes and split Vessels, &c. The one is cald Silla, the other Charibdis, which is scituate directly against Messana; Scilla against Rhegium: and what soever shippe that passeth these Seas, it it keepe not the middle Channell, it is either wrackt upon the one, or deuoured by the other; Medio tutifsimus ibit. Vpon these Rocks are placed the Syrens, excellent both in voyce and Instrument: They are three in number, Telfipio, Iligi, Aglaofi; or as others will have them called, Parthenope, skilfull in musicke; Leucosia, upon the winde Instrument; Ligni, upon the Harpe. The morrall intended by the Poets, that whofoever shall lend an attentive eare to their musicke, is in great danger to perish; but he that can warily avoyd it by stopping his eares' against their inchantment, shall not onely secure themselves, but bee their ruine: this was made good in Vliffes the speaker, who by his wisedome and pollicy not onely preferved himfelfe and his people, but was the caufe that they from the rocks cast themselves headlong into the Sea. In him is personated a wife and discreete Magistrate.

Vliffes his specch.

Behold great Magistrate, on either hand Sands, shelves, and Syrtes, and upon them stand Two dangerous rocks, your fascty to ingage, Boasting of nought fave shipwrake spoyle and strage. This Sylla, that Charibdis, (dangerous both) Plact in the way you rowe to take your oath.

Yet though a thousand monsters yowne and gape
To ingurdge and swallow you, ther's way to scape;
Vlisses by his wisedome found it, steare
You by his Compasse, and the way lyes cleare,
Will you know how's looke upward then; and sayle
By the signe Libra, that Celestiall scale,
In which (some write) the Sunne at his creation
First shone; and is to these times a relation
Of Divine Fustice: It in justice shind,
Doe you so (Lora) and be like it divind.

Keepe the even Channell, and be neither fwayde, To the right hand nor left, and fo evade Malicious envie (never out of action,) Smooth vifadgd flattery, and blacke mouthd detraction, Sedition, whifprings, murmuring, private hate,

All ambushing, the godlike Magistrate.

About these rockes and quicksands Syrens haunt,
One singes connivence, the other would inchaunt
With partiall sentence; and a third ascribes,
In pleasing tunes, a right to gifts and bribes;
Sweetning the eare, and every other sence,
That place, and office, may with these dispence.
But though their tones be sweete, and shrill their notes,

They come from foule brefts, and impostum'd throats, Sea monsters they be stilled, but much (nay more, 'Tis to be doubted,) they frequent the shoare.

Yet like Vlisses, doe but stop your eare
To their inchantments, with an heart sincere;
They fayling to indanger your estate,
Will from the rocks themselves precipitate.

Proceede then in your bleft Inauguration,
And celebrate this Annual Ovation;
Whill you nor this way, nor to that way leane,
But shunne the extreames, to keepe the golden meane.
This glorious City, Europs chiefest minion,
Most happy in fo great a Kings dominion:
Into whose charge this day doth you invest,
Shall her in you, and you in her make blest.

The first show by land.

He first show by Land, (presented in Pauls Church yard, is a greene and pleafant Hill, adorned with all the Flowers of the fpring, upon which is erected a faire and flourishing tree, furnished with variety of faire and pleafant fruite, under which tree, and in the most eminent place of the Hill, sitteth a woman of beautiful afpect, apparrelled like Summer: Her motto, Civitas bene Gubernata. i. a Citty well governed. Her Attendants (or rather Affociats) are three Damfels habited according to their qualitie, and reprefenting the three Theologicall vertues, Faith, Hope, and Charity: Amongst the leaves and fruits of this Tree, are inscerted diverse labels with severall fentences expressing the causes which make Cities to flourish and prosper: As, The feare of God, Religious zeale, a Wife Magistrate, Obedience to rulers, Vnity, Plaine and faithfull dealing, with others of the like nature. At the foot of the Hill fitteth old Time, and

by him his daughter Truth, with this infcription; Veritas eft Temporis Filia, i. Truth is the Daughter of Time; which Time speaketh as followeth.

Tymes speech.

Non nova funt femper, & quod fuit Ante relictum est fit que quod haud fuerat, &c. I F Time (fome fay) have bin here oft in view

Vet not the fame, old Time is each day new.

Who doth the future lockt up houres inlarge,

To welcome you to this great Cities charge.

Time, who hath brought you hither (grave and great)
To inaugure you, in your Prætorium feate:

Thus much with griefe doth of him felfe professe
Nothing's more precious, and esteemed lesse.

Yet you have made great use of me, to aspire
This eminence, by desert, when in sull quire
Avees and Acclamations, with loud voyce,
Meete you on all sides, and with Time rejoyce.

This Hill, that Nimph apparreld like the Spring, a Thefe Graces that attend her, (every thing) As fruitful trees, greene plants, flowers of choise smell, All Emblems of a City governd well; Which must be now your charge. The Labels here

Mixt with the leaves will shew what fruit they beare:

The feare of God, a Magistrate discreete, Iustice and Equity: when with these meete,

Obedience unto Rulers, Vnity,

Plaine and just dealing, Zeale, and Industry: In fuch blest symptoms where these shall agree,

Cities, shall like perpetuall Summers bee.

You are now Generall, doe but bravely lead, And (doubtleffe) all will march, as you shall tread: You are the Captaine, doe but bravely stand

To oppose vice, see, all this goodly band
Now in their City Liveries will apply

Themfelves to follow, where your Colours fly.
You are the chiefe, defend my daughter Truth,

And then both Health and Poverty, Age and Youth, Will follow this your Standard, to oppose Errour, Sedition, Hate, (the common foes.)

But pardon Time (grave Lord) who speaks to thee, As well what thou now art, as ought to be.

Then Time maketh a paufe, and taking up a leaveleffe & withered branch, thus proceedeth.

See you this withered branch, by Time o're growne A Cities Symbole, ruind, and trod downe. A Tree that bare bad fruit; Dissimulation, Pride, Malice, Envy, Atheisme, Supplantation, Ill Government, Prophannes, Fraud, Oppression, Neglect of vertue, Freedome to transgression, Obedience, here with power did difagree, All which faire London be fill farre from thee.

The fecond flow The fecond flow by Land, is preby land. fented in the upper part of Cheapfide,
which is a Chariot; The two beafts that are placed
before it, are a Lyon paffant, and a white Vnicorne in
the fame posture, on whose backs are feated two
Ladies, the one representing *Iustice* upon the Lyon,
the other *Mercy* upon the Vnicorne. The motto
which *Iustice* beareth, is *Rebelles protero*; the inscription which *Mercy* carrieth, is *Imbelles protego*: Herein
is intimated, that by these types and symboles of
Honour (represented in these noble beasts belonging
to his Majestie) all other inseriour magistracies and
governments either in Common weales, or private
Societies, receive both being and supportance.

The prime Lady feated in the first and most eminent place of the Chariot, representeth London, behinde whom, and on either side, diverse others of the chiefe Cities of the Kingdome take place: As Westminster, Yorke, Bristoll, Oxford, Lincolne, Exeter, &c. All these are to be distinguished by their severall Escutchons; to them London being Speaker, directeth

he first part of her speech as followeth.

You noble Cities of this generous Isle, London the speaker. May thefe my two each Ladies ever fmile.

(Instice, and mercy) on you. You we know Are come to grace this our triumphant show. And of your curtefy, the hand to kifte

Of London, this faire lands Metropolis. Why fifter Cittyes fit you thus amazd? Ist to behold above you, windows glaf'd

With Diamonds' fled of glaffe ? Starres hither fent,

This day to deck our lower Firmament?

Is it to fee my numerous Children round Incompasse me? So that no place is found. In all my large streets empty ? My yffue spred In number more then stones whereon they tread. To fee my Temples, Houses, even all places, With people covered, as if Tyl'd with faces?

Will you know whence proceedes this faire increase, This ioy? the fruits of a continued peace, The way to thrive; to prosper in each calling, The weake, and shrinking states, to keepe from falling,

Behold; my motto shall all this dif-

play,

Serve and obey: the Motto of the Worshp. Company of the Hab-

Reade and observe it well; Serve

and obay.

Obedience though it humbly doth begin, It foone augments unto a Magazin Of plenty, in all Citties'tis the grownd, And doth like harmony in musicke found: Nations and Common weales, by it alone Flourish: It incorporates, many into one, And makes vnanimous peace content and joy, Which pride, doth still Insidiate to destroy.

And you grave Lord, on whom right honour calls. Both borne and bred i' th circuit of my wals, By vertue and example, have made plaine, How others may like eminence attaine.

Perfift in this bleft concord, may we long, That Citties to this City may fill throng,

To view my annuall tryumphs, and fo grace, Those honored Pretors that supply this place.

Next after the Chariot, are borne the two rocks, Sylla and Caribdis, which before were prefented upon the water: upon the top of the one stands a Sea Lyon vpon the other a Meare-maide or Sea-Nimphe, the Sirens and Monsters, beeing in continual agitation and motion, fome breathing fire, others fpowting water, I shall not neede to spend much time in the Description of them, the worke being sufficiently able to Commend it felfe.

The third shew by Land Presented neere vnto the great Crosse in Cheape-side, beareth the title of the Palace of Honour: A faire and curious structure archt and Tarrest aboue, on the Top of which standeth Honour, a Glorious prefens, and richtly habited, shee in her speech directed to the right Honorable: the Lord Maior, discouers all the true and direct wayes to attaine vnto her as, first:

A King: Eyther by fuccession or Election. A Souldier, by valour and martiall Discipline.

A Churchman by Learning and degrees in fcooles.

A Statesman by Trauell and Language, &c.

A Lord Major by Commerce and Trafficke both by Sea and Land, by the Inriching of the Kingdome, and Honour of our Nation.

The Palace of Honour is thus governed

Industry Controwler, his Word Negotior

Charity Steward, the Word Miferior.

Liberality Trefurer, the Word Largior.

Innocence and Henchmen, the words,

Patior: Precor. And fo of the reft, and according to this Pallace of

Honour is facioned not onely the management of the

whole Citty in generall: but the House and Family of

the Lord Major in particular.

Before in the Front of this pallace is feated Saint Katherin, the Lady and Patroneffe of this Worshipfull Society of whom I will giue you this short Character, the name it selfe imports in the Originall, Omnis ruina, which (as some interpret it) is as much as to say, the fall and ruin of all the workes of the Diuell: Others deriue the word from Catena, a Chaine wherein all cheife Vertues and Graces are concatinated and link't together, so much for her name.

For her birth, shee was lineally descended from the Roman Emperours, the daughter of *Cossus* the sonne of *Constantine* which *Cossus* was Crowned King of *Armenia*, for *Constantine* having conquered that King dome, grew Inamored of the Kings Daughter by whom he had Issue, this *Costus* who after succeeded his Grand

Father.

Conflantine after the death of his first Wife made an expedition from Roome, and having Conquered this Kingdome of Great Britaine: he tooke to his Second Wife Helena, which Helena was she that found the Crosse vpon which the Sauiour of the World was Cru-

cified, &c.

Costus Dying whilft Katherine was yet young, and thee being all that Time liuing in Famogosta, (a cheife City) because shee was there Proclaimed and Crowned was called Queene of Famogosta, she liued and dyed a Virgin and a Martyr vnder the Tiranny of Maxentius, whose Empresse, with many other great and eminent persons she had before converted to the Faith. So much for her character. Her speech to the Lord Maior as followeth.

Katherine, long fince Sainted for true piety,
The Lady patroneffe of this Society,
A queene, a Virgin, and a Martir: All
My Attributes: Inuite you to this Hall

Cald Honours pallace: nor is this my Wheele, Blind Fortunes Embleame, she that makes to reele; Kingdomes and Common weales, all turning round, Some to aduance, and others to Confound:

Some to advance, and others to Confound:

Mine is the Wheele of Faith, (all wayes in motion)
Stedfast in Hope, and Constant in Devotion.
It imitates the Spheres fwift agitation,
Orbicularly, still moving to Salvation:
That's to the Primus motor: from whom Flowes,
All Goodnesse, Vertue: There, true Honour growes.
Which: If you will attaine t' must be your care,
(Grave Magistrate) Instated as you are,
To keepe this Curoular action, in your charge,
To Curbe the opressor, the oppress to inlarge;
To be the Widdowes Husband, th' Orphants Father,
The blindmans eye, the lame mans foot: so gather

A treafure beyond valew, by your place; (More then Earths Honour,) trew Cælestiall grace, Ayme first at that: what other Honors be, Honour Her selse can best Instruct thats shee.

At that word fine poynteth vpward to a Glorious prefens which personates *Honor* in the top of the pallace, who thus secondeth *Saint Katherens Speech*.

Honours Speech.

The way to me though not debard,
Yet it is dificult and hard.
If Kings arrive to my profession
Tis by Succession, or Election
When Fortitude doth Assion grace,
The Souldier then with me takes place
When Stooddy, Knowledge and degree
Makes Scollers Eminent heere with mee;
They 'are lifted with the Honored: and
The Trauilar, when many a land

He hath 'peirst for language, and much knowes A great respected statesman growes. So you, and fuch as you (Grave Lord) Who weare this Scarlet, vie that Sword Collar, and Cap of Maintenance. Thefe are no things, that come by chance Or got by fleeping but averfe From thefe I am gain'd: by care, Commerce, The hazarding of Goods, and men To Pyrats Rocks, Shelues, Tempest, when ? You through a Wilderneffe of Seas, Dangers of wrack, Surprife, Defeafe Make new descoveryes, for a lasting story Of this our Kingdomes fame and Nations glory Thus is that Collar, and your Scarlet worne, And for fuch caufe, the Sworde before you Borne. They are the emblems of your Power, and heere Though curb'd within the Limmet of one yeare, Yet manadge as they ought by your Indeuour, Shall make your name (as now) Honored for ever, Vnto which Pallace of peace, rest and blisse, Supply of all things, where nought wanting is Would thefe that shall succeede you know the way?

Tis plaine, God, the King Serue and Obay.

I cannot heare forget that in the prefentment of my papers to the Master, Wardens, & Committies of this Right Worshipfull Company of the Haberdashers (at whose fole expence and charges all the publick Triumphes of this dayes Solemnity both by water and land, were Celebrated) nothing here deuised or expressed was any way forraigne vnto them, but of all these my conceptions, they were as able to Iudge, as ready to Heare, and to direct as well as to Censure; nether was there any disculty which needed a comment, but as soone known as showne, and apprehended as read: which makes me now consident of the best ranke of the Cittisens: That as to the Honour and strength both of the Citty and Kingdome in generall, they excercise

Armes in publicke, fo to the benefit of their Iudgements, and inriching of their knowledge, they neglect not the studdy of arts, and practise of literature in private, so that of them it may be truly said they are, Tam Mercurio quam Marte periti: I proceede now to the last Speech at night in which Visses at the taking leave of his Lordship at his Gate, vseth this short Commemoration, of all that hath been included in the former pageants, poynting to them in order, the manner thereof thus.

Night growes, Inuiting you to rest, prepare To rife to morrow to a whole Yeares care, Enuy still waites on Honour, then provide Vlisses Wifdome may be still your guide To stere you through all dangers: Husband Time That this day brings you to a place fublime, By the Supporture of his daughter Truth This Ancient Citty in her pristine Youth, Your froord may reestablish: and fo bring Her still to florish; like that lasting Spring That London in whose Circuit you were bred And borne therein, to be the Cheife and Head Drawne by thefe two beafts in an Equall line May in your Mercy and your Iustice shine. So Honour who this day did you Invite Vnto Her palace bids you thus Good Night, No following day but adde to your Renowne And this your Charge, with numerous Bleffings crowne.

I have forborne to fpend much paper in needeleffe and Inpertinent deciphering the worke, or explaining the habits of the perfons, as being freely exposed to the publicke view of all the Spectators. The maine show, being performed by the most excellent in that kind, Maister Gerard Christmas hath express his Modals to be exquisite (as having spared nei-ther Cost

nor care, either in the Figures or ornaments. I shall not neede to point vnto them to fay, this is a Lyon, and that an Vnicorne, &c. For of this Artist, I may bouldly and freely thus much speake, though many about the towne may enuie their worke, yet with all their indeuor they shall not be able to compare with their worth. I Conclude with Plautus in slicho: Nam curiofus est nemo qui non sit malevolus.

FINIS.



Londini Sinus Salutis,

Londons Harbour of Health,

and Happinesse.

Expressed in fundry Triumphs, Pageants and Showes; at the Initiation of the Right Honorable,

CHRISTOPHER CLETHROWE,
Into the Maioralty of the farre Renowned
City London.

All the Charges and Expences of this prefent [Ovation; being the fole undertaking of the Right Worshipfull Company of the *Ironmongers*.

The 29. of October, Anno Salutis. 1635.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

--- Redeunt Spectacula,---





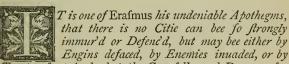
TO THE RIGHT

Honorable, Christopher Clethrowe,

Lord Maior of this Renowned

Metropolis, London,

RIGHT HONOURABLE,



Treaton furprized; but the Counfells and Decrees of a wife Magistrate, are in-expugnable. Time, and your Merit, have call'd you to this Office and Honor: As all eyes are upon you, fo all hearts are towards you; never was any more freely voyc't in his Election, and therfore none more hopefull in expectation: your Abilitie, what you can doe, is known; your purpose, what you intend, you have amply delivered; your purpose, what you intend, you have amply delivered; onely the Performance remaines: In which, there is no question, but that you will accommodate all yeur future Proceedings to these three heads: Pro Rege, pro Lege, pro Grege; for as you are a Magistrate, fo you are a Judge: A calling, both of Trust, and Trouble: Of Trust; because all such as sit in Iudicature, are Perfons ordained by GOD, to examine Causes differentely; Heare both Parties Considerately,

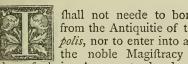
and Cenfure all matters unpartially: For Iustice is the Badge of Vertue, the staffe of Peace, and the maintainance of Honor. Of Trouble; because in no part of your Time; during your regency, neither in publicke, or private, forraine, or domestick things, whether you meditate alone, or converse with others, you shall find the least vacancie, which remembers me of that which Dion witneffeth of one Similis, who living long in great Place and Authoritie under the Emperour Adrian, after much intreaty, got leave to retire himselfe into the Countrey, where after feaven contented yeeres expiring, hee caufed this Epitaph to be Insculpt upon his tombe: Similis hic jacet, cujus ætas multorum fuit annorum. Septem tamen Duntaxat, Annos vixit. Lanctantius further teacheth us, that it is most requisite, in all fuch as have charge in the Common Weale, under their Prince and Governour, fo to know the bownds of their Calling, and understand the full effects of their dutie, that by executing Iustice, they may be feared, and by shewing Mercy, bee loved: I conclude all in this short fentence, Non, quid Ipfe velis, fed quod lex & Religio Cogat, Cogita, Ever fubmitting my felfe to your better Iudgement, and remaining, to your Lordship most obsequious.

THO. HEYWOOD.



LONDONS

SINVS SALVTIS.



shall not neede to borrow my Induction from the Antiquitie of this Famous Metropolis, nor to enter into a large discourse, of the noble Magistracy and government

thereof; being Arguments already granted, and therefore unnecessary to be disputed: and yet I hold it not altogether Impertinent to remember fome few things of remarke, which have happened in the Prætorships of the Right Honourable, the Lord Maiors of this Renowned Citie, who have beene Free of the Right

Worshipfull Company of the Iron-mongers.

In the year 1409, RICHARD MARLOE, of the fame Fraternitie, bearing the Sword, there was a Show prefented by the Parish Clerkes of London, at a place called Skinners Well, and now Clerken Well, which was of matter from the Creation of the World; and lasted for the space of Eight Intyre dayes: EDWARD the Fourth (then King) being prefent with his Oueene. and the greatest part of his Nobilitie, which RICHARD MARLOE, was after Inaugurated Into the fame Honor, Anno 1417. In the yeere 1566. Sir Christopher Draper, being Lord Maior, King Iames, of late and most Sacred memory, was borne the Sixth day of Fune, Anno 1569. In Sir ALEXANDER AVE-

NONS Maioralty, was the suppression of the Rebells in the North, Anno 1581. Sir Francis Harvey being Mayor, was the French Mounfiers comming over into England, and his Royall entertainement by Queene ELIZABETH, Anno 1607. Sir THOMAS CAMBEL being Invested into the same Honor: All the like Showes and Triumphs belonging unto the folemnitie of this day, which for fome yeeres, had beene omitted and neglected, were by a speciall commandement from his Majestie, King IAMES, againe retained, and have beene till this present day continued; whom since hath fucceeded in the fame Honor, Sir IAMES CAMBEL, his Sonne, a worthy Senator of this Citie, yet living. (The last of this worthy and Worshipfull Company, who hath fate in that feate of Iustice) now this day fucceeded by the Right Honourable, CHRISTOPHER CLETHROWE: but I leave all circumstances, and come to the Showes, now in prefent Agitation,

The first Showe by Water:

TS an Artificiall Moddell, partly fashioned like a Rock, and beautified with fundry varieties, and rarities, in all which Art (in Imitating) striveth to exceed Nature: The Decorements that adorne the Structure, I omit, and descend to the Persons that furnish it, which are the Three Cælestiall Goddesses, Iuno, Pallas, Venus: In Iuno, is figured Power and State: In Pallas or Minerua, Arms and Arts; In Venus, Beautie and Love: The first best knowne by her Peacocks; the fecond by her Owles; the third by her Swans & Turtles, who is also attended by her Sonne Cupid, in whom is Emblem'd Love; by whom fome have thought, the Vniverse to have beene Created, because of the Beautie, Glory, and Flourishing forme thereof, as also, that Love (though pictured young) yet in Age exceeds all things: But Venus, because borne of the Seas, I hold most proper to speake upon the Waters: These Three Goddesses are fent from Jupiter, with feverall Prefents, to honour this dayes Triumphs, and him to whom they are devoted; Iuno brings Power, Pallas Wifedome, Venus Love; whose Speech is as followeth:

Venus the Speaker.

He Three Calestiall goddesses this day
Descend (Grave Prætor) to prepare your way
To your new Oath, and Honor: Iove, whose station
Is still above, hath sent to this Ovation
And glorious Triumph, Vs: Iuno the great
And Potent Queene; who to your Iurall seat,
Brings State and Power: Pallas, who from Ioves
brain

Derives her felfe, and from the highest straine Of all the other gods, claimes her descent, Her Divine Wisedome, doth this day present.

But I, Emergent Venus, Loves faire Queene,
Borne of the Seas; and therefore best beseene
To speake upon the Waters, bring a gift,
Priz'd equally with theirs; that which shall list
You up on voyces, and from the low frame
Of fordid Earth, give you (above) a name:
From iust affections, and pure thoughts, Love springs,
And these are Impt with no Icarian wings,
But Plumes Immortall, such as Angels beare,
To fixe your Name in an eternall spheare.

Which to attaine; Take Iuno for your guide, Maintaine her Peacocks riches, not her pride; Who to prove all Earths glory is but vaine, Lookes but upon her feete, and flaggs her traine.

Observe next Pallas Owles, and from them take This notion; you must watch even as they wake: For all such as the management of state Shall undergoe, rife earlie, and bed late, So Wisedome is begot; from Wisedome Love, (Sweete Child of such a Parent) may't then prove: That as this day you doe attract the eyes,

4

And expectation of the great, and wife,
So in the happy progreffe of your yeere,
You may their hearts and foules to you Indeere:
From Love, your Waters paffage understand,
But Power and Wisedome wellcoms you on land.

THe next Modell by Land, which was onely showne upon the Water, is one of the twelue Cælestiall fignes: Sagitarius called Croton; hee, before he was translated into the Heavens, was said to bee the Sonne of Pan, and the Nimph Euphemes, and in his Infancy, was Conlacteus Mufarum. i. Hee fuckt of the same brest with the Mules, his mother being their Nurse and dwelt in Helicon; hee was Famous for his skill in Archerie, wonderous fwift of foote, and when the Nine Sisters fung to their severall instruments of Musick, his custome was to dance before them in fundry active figures and postures. For which, and other indowments, knowne to be eminent in hee was at their request to *Iupiter* translated amongst the starres. in the plat-forme, on which hee is borne: at the foure corners, are feated foure other dignified with the like Constellations: Virgo, best knowne by the name of Astrea and Iusta, the daughter of Iupiter, and Themis; and for her Iustice and Integritie, thither transferr'd, and numbred amongst the Twelue: Next Ariadne, best knowne amongst the Astrologians, by the name of Corona, the Crowne, which was faid to bee forged by Vulcan in Lemnos, the materialls thereof were Gold, and Indian Gemmes, of extraordinary splendor, which shee lending to Thefeus at that time when her Father Minos had expos'd him to the Minotaure, by the lufter thereof, hee paffed freely through the darknesse of the Laborinth: Some fay, it was first given her by Liberpater, or Bacchus, the Sonne of Jupiter and Semele, and was the price of her Virginitie: but howfoever, shee being most ingratefully forfaken by Thefeus, in the Ile of Naxos; was there found by Bacchus, who having

espoused her with great solemnitie, caused her after her death, with this Crowne to bee Inuested in the Firmament. The Third, Caffiopeia, Caffiopeia. the wife of Cepheus, who preferring her owne beautie before the Nereides, who were the daughters of Neptune, was for that infolence, doom'd to be bound in a chayre, hand and foote, and fo placed amongst the spheares, where shee remaines Conspicuous, in Thirteene Starres. The Fourth, is Andromeda, the Daughter of Cepheus and Caffio- Andromeda. peia, who by the wrath of Neptune, being chain'd unto a Rocke, and ready to bee devoured by a Sea Monster, was delivered thence by Perfeus, the Sonne of Iupiter, and Danaa, to whom being after married, was call'd Perfa, and Stellified by Minerua: The Speaker is an Astrologian.

¶ The Speech followeth:

Ate rifen in the Heaven is Sagitary,
(With you, great Lora) who doth about him carry Fifteene bright Starres, most Influent, and these all Appearing in the Circle hiemall: His Bow devided in that beaten roade, Call'd Galaxia, where the gods have troade So oft; that looke upon it in the night, When all the rest's dull, that alone shines bright: (As you now at this instant :) Hee fifteene Starres, did I fay? How you then; who betweene Your landing and repose, by power divine, Have full Three-score, about your state to shine: For every Company's a Starre this day, Vifible to all, and over these you sway: But twelve in chiefe; and those wee must confesse, Of greater lustere made, to guide the leffe: All enior one like Freedome, all are Free, And all (Great Prætor) to bee rul'd by thee: Commanding all the reft, who in thy fpheare, Now rifing, art to shine a compleate yeere.

You may observe his Bow still ready bent,
In which there is a perfect Emblem ment
Of Divine Instice: Th' Arrow, with a Starre
Headed, Implies, that her power reacheth farre;
And no opposure, fraude, violence, or rape,
Can (when shee aimes to strike) her vengeance scape;
Yet though the string be drawne up to his eare,
(As alwayes press) hee rather seemes with seare
To threat, then punish, and though hee can still
Let loose his shafts, hee seldome shoots to kill.

Observe it well, the Morrall doth imply, All Instice should be mixt with lenitie, So, Imitate the gods, fince them wee know, Apt still to Mercie, but to vengeance flow: And the Calestiall bodies, though they trade Above, yet were for our example made. As oft as man finnes, should Iove punnish vice, His Ouiver would be emptied in a trice, And man-kind, at once perish: O mixe them Mercy with Iustice, Interweave againe Inflice with Mercy; fo shall you in your state, Not Starres alone, but the gods Imitate: So shall your Terrene body, in the end, All the Cælestiall bodies farre transcend, And deckt with better lights then those you fee Above the spheares, shine to eternitie.

He Third Plat-forme, is contrived onely for Pastime, to please the vulgar, and therefore deserves no further Charractar, then a plaine nomination, as devised onely to please the eye, but no way to feast the eare: and so I leave it to proceede to the next.

The Fourth Moddell, is a Castle munified with fundry Peeces of Ordnance; and Accomodated with all such Persons as are needfull for the desence of such a Citadell: the Gunner being ready to give fire upon all occasions; as for the curious Art in the

contriving thereof, I make no question but the worke it selfe is sufficiently able to commend the Workeman, being knowne to be an excellent Artist, of which, the spectatours may best censure; I will onely deliver unto you a word or two concerning the presenter, which is *Mars*.

Hee is flyled the third amongst the gods, because hee stands in that degree amongst the Planets: and is faid to be the fonne of Iupiter; fome write that Rellona was his Nursse, others that she was his Mother, and some his fifter. Yet none of thefe improper, for Ennio which is Bellona, implies no more then an incouragement of the minde to hardinesse and valour in all Skyrmishes and Battailes. His fundry is also cal'd Ares which fignifieth Dammage Denomina-or detriment, and Mavors quafi Mares vorans, of devouring of men; and by the Gentiles, had the Denomination of the god of Battailes. He was antiently figured an angry man fitting in a Chariot, armed with a sheild and other weapons, both offensiue, and defensive. Vpon his head a plumed Helmet, his fword mounted vpon his thigh, hee held in one hand a whip, in the other, the Raines, being drawne in his Chariot by wylde and vntam'd Horses. Before him was portraied a Wolfe devouring a Lambe, the Wolfe being the beaft particularly offered vpon his shrine, and because the two Romane Twinnes the first founders of Rome, Romvlvs and Remvs, were fained to be the fonnes of Mars (of which the one flewe the other) therefore Romylvs is figured upon his Chariot as the vnnatural furvivor. The Athenians were the first that ever facrificed to this god of Warre, which Celebration was call'd Ekaton pephomena for whosoever had flaine an Hundred of the publike Enemies, was bownd to facrifice a man upon his Altar, fituate in the Ile Lemnos, but after the bloodinesse, and inhumanitie thereof, displeasing the Athenians, they changed that custome, and in stead of a man, offered a gelded Hogge, which they call'd Nefrendes: Varro writes,

that amongst the *Romans*, Sicinnivs Dentatvs, having fought one hundered and Ten feverall Duells, and being Victor in them all, receiving Forty five wounds, whose skarres were visible upon his body, all before, and none backward: Hee was for his Valour, honoured with Twenty five severall Crownes, and received moreover, an Hundred and Forty golden Bracelets; and was the first amongst the *Romanes*, that ever made oblation to this Deity: *Mars* sitting in the front of the Tower, speakes as followeth.

The Speech of Mars.

B Ellipotent Mars is from his fpheare come downe,
To heighten these brave Triumphs of Renowne,
Seated in this mur'd Citadel, desend A Pecce goes off.
With Bullets wrapt in Fire, and Cloudes condens.

The Tormentary Art, not long fince found, Which shatters Towers, & by which Ships are drown'd,

I bring along; to let you understand

Thefe guard your fafety, both by Sea, and Land.
O, when I late faw from mine orbe Divine,
So many Sonnes of Mars, amongh you, shine
In compleat Arms, Plum'd Casks, and Ensigns fpred
By such brave Captaines, and Commanders led:
No Souldier, but his Poslure to the life,
Acting to'th Musick of the Drum and Fysse,
Some practising small Bombards, some the great,
Whose very thunder, rows a meeting heate:
This Peacefull Citie, I much prays d, whose power
Could to a Campe, it selfe change in an houre:
Proceed in your brave Practise; whilst I tell
Wherein your Iron and Steele doth most excell.

Without these Metalls, Nature could produce Nothing that is conducefull to mans use: The Plow, without the Coulter and the Share, Could make no Furrows, and those Graines that are Vpon them throwne, were lost to them that sowe them, Without the Sickle, or the Sythe to move them: The Gardeners Art, would ceafe to be a trade, If take from him the Matocke, and the Spade. In Denns and Caves wee should be fore'd to dwell, Were there no Axes made, that Timber fell: Nor on the Seas could wee have Shipps to fayle, Without the Sawe, the Hammer, and the Nayle: Aske those that take in Angling most delight, Without the baited Hooke, no fish will bite. The Iron Crowe turnes up the Indian mould, Trenching the Earth untill they dig out Gold. If with the Iron the Adamant should contend, There should be no more Compasse, but an end Of all Discovery: Even the Horse wee ride Vnshod, would founder, who takes greatest pride, When the most curb'd, and playing with the bit, Hee fnowes the ground, and doth the Spurre forgit. There is no Art, Craft, Faculty, or Frade. Without it, can fubfift: Your Sword is made Of these mixt Metalls (Sir) Iustice would cease, If (as in Warre) it were not us'd in Peace: Power makes it yours, your wifedome now direct you; Whilft Peace fwayes heere, Mars shall abroad protect you.

He speech being ended, the Ordnance goeth off from the Castle; and now I come to the fist and last.

Heere I might enter into large discourse, concerning the commodiousnesse of Iron and Steele, and to speake of Tuball Cain, who made the first Forge, and found out the vse of these Metalls: as also Vulcan the deisted Smith and of his Cyclopean Hammers with which hee was said to have beaten out Ioves Thunderboults, with other fixions to the like purpose, these having before been exposed to the publick view vpon occasion of the like solemnity, & knowing withall that Cibus his collus, relisheth not the quesie stomackes of these times. I therefore purposly omit them proceeding to the last Pageants, styled Sinus falutis, first the

Boofome, or harbour of Health and Happinesse. The sculpture being adorned with eight several persons, representing such vertues as are necessary to bee imbraced by all such Majestrates, who after their stormy and tempessuous progresse through all judicature causes incident to their places, seeke to anchor in that safe

and fecure Port fo flyled.

Every Magistrate is a minister vnder God, appointed by his divine ordinance to that calling to be a protector of the Church, a preseruer of discipline and Peace, consonant with his lawes, the lawes of nature, and the land, which hee ought faithfully to execute, with corporall punishment, correcting the proud and disobedient, and against all unjust oppressors, defending the conformable and humble. The first vertue adorning the structure is stiled Fortitudo togata, which gowned Fortitude is thus defined.

A conftancy of minde perfevering in honest purpose rightly undertaken and according to his place and calling, tollerating private injuries for lawdable cause, dispising pleasures, corrupt guists, detraction, and the like: and these meerly for vertues sake and preferring the publike good before his owne private gaine, &c. Of which Fabritius was a noble president, who refusing the gold sent him by Pyrhus was no whit affrighted with the terror of his Elephants; to speake or act any thing against the dignity of the Republicke. Of whom Eutropius reports, Pyrhus to have said: the Sunne is more easie to bee altered in his course, then this Fabritius to be removed from his honesty.

Manfuetudo, or gentlenesse is a vertue mediating wrath and suppressing all desire of revengeand remitting offences, for publicke concords sake, which notably appeared in *Pericles*, who when one had bitterly rayled on him, for space of one whole after noone, in the open market place: night comming, hee caused his fervants to light him to his house

with Torches.

Candor, or fincerity is when without fimulation we our felues fpeake, and with no diffidence furpect the good meaning of others: wishing all just men well, rejoycing at theire prosperity, and commisserating their disaster: It is reported of Trajanus the Emperour, that when Sura Licinius one of the Tribunes, was accused unto him, to have Insidiated his life, not questioning the faith of so knowne a friend; the same night, un-invited, supt with him privately in his house, and the Table being with-drawne, trusted himselfe to be trim'd by Sura's Barbar.

Patientia Philosophica, Is a Vertue obePhylosophica dient unto reason, in bearing wrongs, and sufphica fering adversities; it moderates griefe, and bridles nature, so that it never rebells against Iustice, Modesty, Constancy, or any other vertue; Xenophon ports Cyrus and Agefolanus to be of such Philosophical patience, that in their height of determination in all their actions, and speech, they appeared to all

men affable, and offenceleffe.

Placabilitie is a vertue, having corespondence with that which I before stil'd Manfuetudo, or Gentlenesse; Philofuchia, or study of Peace, and Concord, is when a Magistrate thinks Humbly of himselfe, moderating his owne anger, and bearing with the Instrmities of others, pardoning Injuries, and maintaining unitie, being provident that all unnecessary controverse bee aton'd, least the publike Peace and Vnitie of the Church, or Commonweale be disturbed, or hindred; of which Vertue, Abraham was a most Imitable President, who, though in Authoritie, Wisedome, and age, hee had, Prioritie before Lot, yet not-with-standing, gave place to him; only for Concords sake.

Humanitie, which the *Greekes* call *Ethos*, Is Iuf-Humanitas. tice, coupled with Gentleneffe, Equitie, Vpright-life, Affabilitie, and the like, for which are remark't, *Alexander*, *Cyrus*, *Octavius Cæfar*, &c. It hath also beene observed amongst Schollars (In which number I may Catalogue your Lordship), that the more learned they have beene, they have shewed themselues

the more humane, and humble.

The last is Nemesis, or Zeale, which is an ardent love of Gods glory, of Iustice, Pietie, Sanctitie, &c. With an earnest Indignation against whatsoever is evill, supporting the Religious, and severely punishing the wicked, and refractory. Phinees zelo Instammatus Confodit scortatorem, &c. So much to Illustrate the Persons, I come now to the Speech.

EE that is call'd to bee a Majestrate, A Guide, a Ruler, or a Candidate, Must of fo great a burden know the weight; But first the stepps that mount him to that height: Shall I direct you then, what fayle to beare? (Like a good Pilot) and what courfe to steare: (Your pardon, Great Sir) daring to defery A paffage, which you better know then I. There is a double Fortitude, both Crown'd With merited Palme; one Gunn'd, the other Gown'd; The Souldier claymes the first, as his by due, The next, the Civill Sword, now borne by you: By which, as great a glory you shall win In Peace, as hee in Warre, by curbing finne, And cherishing vertue; In the second place, Stands Gentlenesse, and Mercy, O what grace Hath Peace, with Pitty mixt? Metalls best feele, When Iron is well Incorporate with Steele: A body to calcin'd to publike ufc, As to support Right, and suppresse abuse: Sinceritie may chalenge the third claffe, Next Patience, which by fuffering, doth furpaffe All other Vertues: Placability, Study of Concord, and Fidelity; Last, holy Zeale, and that doth crowne the rest: All thefe being harbour'd in your honour'd breft, Shall (maugre shelues and rocks) your passage cleare,

And bring you to the Port, to which you steare:
You are the Citties Chiefe, the Prime, the Sole,
In expectation: like the stedfast Pole:
Proove constant in your Course, be still the same,
So let your Sword (tutch'd with Truth's Adamant)

In your yeeres compasse, that to all mens view (Skilfull in stearage) it may still goe true:
So, those that were before you, and rul d well,
Equall you shall, although not Antecell.

There remaines the Speech at Night, which is onely a Sumnary, or reiteration of the former Showes, Applied to the taking leave of his Lordship, and to commend him to his rest: Mars being the Speaker.

¶ The Speech at Night.

Hoebus his Steedes hath Rabled in the West, And Night (fucceeding Day) inuites to rest: The three Calestiall Queenes, fent from above, Leaving with you their Power, their Wisdom, Love Now take their leaves: The Centaure doth bestow On you his Iustice, with his Shaft, and boxe, Who to your best repose, bequeath's you heere, To mount himfelfe againe unto his fpheare: The Night being come, he cannot well be mist: For without him, his Orbe cannot fubfift: Neither can mine: Now must my Starre display It's Luminous Rays, being borrowed thence this day, To waite upon your Triumphs, and shall still Protect you, and your weighty charge, untill Hee, which shall all your upright Actions bleffe, Conduct you to your Port of Happinesse.

These Frames, Modells, and Structures, were Fashioned, Wrought, and Perfected, by the Two Artists, Iohn, and Mathias Chrismas; Successors to

their Father, Mr. GERALD CHRISMAS, late disceased, as well in the Exquisite performance of his qualititie, as in his true sinceritie, and honesty; of whom I may considently speake, as no man could out-vie him in these Workes, which hee underwent, so none could out-match him in his word, For any thing hee undertooke; concerning whom I make no scruple, thus Ingeniously to conclude: Ars patris, in fili's ctiam, post fata viget.

FINIS.

Londini Speculum: or,

Londons Mirror, Exprest in sundry Triumphs,
Pageants, and Showes, at the Initiation of
the right Honorable Richard Fenn, into
the Mairolty of the Famous and
farre renowned City LONDON.

All the Charge and Expence of these laborious projects both by Water and Land, being the sole undertaking of the Right Worshipful Company of the *Habberdashers*.

Written by Tho. Heywood.



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Barthtolmews. 1637.





To the Right Honour-

able *Richard Fenn*, Lord Maior of this Renowned *Mctropolis LONDON*.

Right Honourable:



Xcufe (I intreate) this my boldnesse, which proceedeth rather from *Custome* in others, then *Curiofity* in my *Selfe*, in prefuming to prompt your *Memory* in fome things

tending to the greatnes of your high place and Calling; You are now entred into one of the most famous Mairolties of the Christian World. You are also cald Fathers, Patrons of the Afflicted, and Procurators of the Publicke good. And whatsoever hath reference to the true consideration of Fusice and Mercy, may be Analogically conferd upon pyous and just Magistrates.

And for the Antiquity of your yearely Government, I read that the Athenians elected theirs Annually; and for no longer continuance: And fo of the Carthagians, the Thebans, &c. And the Roman Senate held, that continued Magifleacy was in fome

The Epistle Dedicatory.

respects unprositable to the Weale-publicke, against which there was an Ast in the Lawes of the twelve Tables. And it is thus concluded by the Learned, that the Dominion of the greatest Magistrates which are Kings and Princes, ought to be perpetuall; but of the lesse which be Prætors, Cenfors, and the like, only Ambulatory and Annuall. I conclude with that saying of a wise man, Prime Officers ought to Rule by Good Lawes, and commendable Example, Iudge by Providence, Wisdome and Iustice, and Desend by Prowes, Care and Vigilancy: These things I can but Dictate, of which your Lordship knoweth best how to Dispose: ever (as now) remayning your Honors

Humble fervant,

Thomas Heywood.



Londini Speculum,

OR,

Londons Mirrour.

LL Triumphes have their Titles, and so this, according to the nature thereof, beareth a name: It is called *Londini* Κατόπτρον, that is, *Speculum*, more plainly, *Londons Mir*-

rour, neither altogether unproperly fo termed, fince fhe in her felfe may not onely perspicuously behold her owne vertues, but all forraigne Cities by her, how to

correct their vices.

Her Antiquity she deriveth from Brute, lineally discended from Eneas, the sonne of Anchises and Venus, and by him erected, about the yeare of the world two thousand eight hundred fifty sive: before the Nativity of our blessed Saviour, one thousand one hundred and eight: first cald by him Trinovantum, or Troy-novant, New Troy, to continue the remembancer

of the old, and after, in the processe of time Caier Lud, that is, Luds Towne, of King Lud, who not onely greatly repaired the City, but increased it with goodly and gorgeous buildings; in the West part whereof, he built a strong gate, which hee called after his owne name Lud-gate, and so from Luds Towne, by contraction of the word and dialect used in those times, it came since to be called London.

I will not infift to speake of the name of Maior, which implyeth as much as the greater, or more prime person; such were the Prætors, or Præsecti in Rome, neither were the Dictators any more, till Julius Cæsar aiming at the Imperiall Purple, was not content with that annuall honour, which was to passe successively from one to another, but he caused himselfe to be Elected Perpetuus Dictator, which was in effect no lesse than

Emperor.

And for the name of Elder-man, or Alder-man, it is fo ancient, that learned Master Cambden in his Britan, remembreth unto us, that in the daies of Royal King Edgar, a noble Earle, and of the Royall blood, whose name was Alwin, was in such favour with the King, that he was stiled Healf Kunning, or halfe King, and had the stile of Alderman of all England: This man was the first founder of a samous Monastery in the Isle of Ely, where his body lies interred, upon whose Tombewas an inscription in Latin, which I have, verbatim, thus turned into English, Here resleth Alwin, couzen to King Edgar, Alderman of all England, and of this Holy Abbey the miraculous founder. And fo much (being tide to a briefe difcourfe) may ferve for the Antiquity of London, and the Titles for Major or Alderman.

I come now to the Speculum, or Mirrour. Plutarch tels us, That a glaffe in which a man or woman behold their faces, is of no estimation or value (though the frame thereof be never so richly deckt with gold & gemmes, unlesse it represent unto us the true sigure and obiest. Moreover, that such are soolish and stattering

glaffes, which make a fad face to looke pleafant, or a merry countenance melancholy: but a perfect and a true Christall, without any falsity or stattery, rendreth every object its true forme, and proper sigure, distinguishing a smile from a wrincle; and such are the meanes many times to bridle our refractory affections: for who being in a violent rage, would be pleafed that his servant should bring him a glasse wherein hee might be hold thetorvity and strange alteration of his countenance? Minerva playing upon a Pipe, was mockt by a Satyre in these words.

Non te decet forma istæc, pone fistulas, Et Arma capesse componens recte genus.

That visage mis-becomes, thy Pipe Cast from thee, Warlike dame, Take unto thee thy wonted Armes, And keepe thy Cheekes in frame.

But though she despited his Councell for the present, when after, playing upon the same Pipe, in which she so much delighted, shee beheld in a river such a change in her sace, shee cast it from her, and broke it assumer, as knowing that the sweetnes of her musick could not countervaile or recompence that deformity which it put upon her countenance, and therefore I have purposed so true and exact a Mirrour, that in it may be discovered as well that which beautistes the governour, as deformes the government.

One thing more is necessitously to be added, and then I fall upon the showes in present agitation: namely, that the sellowship of the Merchant Adventurers of England were first trusted with the sole venting of the manusacture of Cloth out of this kingdome, & have for above this 4 hundred years traded in a priviledged, & wel governed course, in Germany, the Low Countries, &c., and have beene the chiefe meanes to raise the manusacture of all wollen commodities to that height in which it

now existeth, which is the most famous staple of the Land, and whereby the poore in all Countries are plentifully maintained; and of this Company his Lordship is free; as also of the *Levant*, or *Turkey*, and of the *East India* Company, whose trading hath beene, and is in these forraine adventures: also who spent many yeares and a great part of his youth in other Countries.

Now the first show by water is presented by St. Katherine, of whom I will give you this short Character: She was the daughter of King Costus, and had the generall title of Queene of Famogosta, because crowned in that City, being lineally difcended from the Roman Emperors, who as she lived a Virgin so she dyed a Martyr, under the Tyrant Maxentius, whose Empresse with divers other eminent perfons she had before converted to the Faith: The rideth on a Scallop, which is part of his Lordships Coate of Armes, drawne in a Sea-Chariot, by two Sea-horfes with divers other adornments to beautifie the peece; the Art of which, the eye may better discover, than my pen describe, and why she being a Princeffe, and Patroneffe of this Company of the Haberdashers, who onely ruled on the Land, should at this time appeare upon the water, and without any inst taxation, to make that cleare, shee thus delivereth her felfe.

St. Katherines fpeech by Water.

Reat Prator, and grave Senators, the craves
A free admittance on these curled waves,
Who doth from long antiquity professe
Her selfe to be your gratious Patronesse:
Oft have I on a passant Lyon sate,
And through your populous streets beene borne in state:

Oft have I grac't your Triumphes on the shore, But on the Waters was not seene before.

Will you the reason know why it doth fall, That I thus change my Element ? you shall:

When Triton with his pearly trumpets blew A streperous blast, to summon all the crew Of Marine gods and goddesses to appeare, (As the annual custome is) and meet you here: As they were then in councell to debate, What honour they might adde unto the state Of this Inauguration; there appear'd God Mercury, who would from Fove be heard: His Caducaus silence might command; Whilst all attentive were to understand The tenor of his message: who thus spake.

The Sire of gods, with what you undertake Is highly pleas'd, and greatly doth commend That faire defigne and purpose you intend; But he beheld a Machine from an high, Which at first fight daz'd his immortall eye; A royall Arke, whose bright and glorious beams Rivall the Sunnes, ready to proove your streames: A vessell of such beauty, burthen, state, That all the high Powers were amaz'd thereat; So beautified, so munified, so clad, As might an eight to the seaven wonders adde: Which must be now your charge; 'twas some motion,

That all of you attend her to the Ocean.

This notwithstanding, such was their great care, (To shew that o're you they indulgent are)
That Neptune from his Chariot bad me chuse
Two of his best Sea horses, to excuse
His inforc't absence: Thames (whose breast doth swell

Still with that glorious burthen) bad me tell, That *Ioves* command shall be no sooner done, But every Tide he'le on your errands runne From hence to the Lands end, and thence againe Backe, to conveigh your trafficke from the Maine: My message thus delivered; now proceed To take your oath; there is no further need

Of my affistance: who on Land will meete you, And with the state of greater Triumphes greete you.

These sew following Lines may, (and not impertinently) be added unto *Fupiters* message, delivered by *Mercury*, which though too long for the Bardge, may perhaps not shew lame in the booke, as being lesse troublesome to the Reader than the Rower.

Dance in thy raine-bow colours *Protocus*, change Thy felfe to thousand figures, 'tis not strange With thee, thou old Sea-prophet, throng the seas With *Phorcus* Daughters, the *Nereides*, And all the blew-hair'd Nymphes, in number more, Than Barkes that float, or Pibbles on the shore: Take *Æolus* along to fill her sailes With prosperous windes, and keepe within his gailes Tempestuous gusts: which was no sooner said, But done: for all the Marine gods obey'd.

The fecond flow, but the first by Land, is prefented by the great Philosopher Pythagoras, Samius, the sonne of Menarchus; which being outwardly Sphericall and Orbicular, yet being opened it quadrates it felfe iust into fo many Angles as there be Scepters, over which his Sacred Maiesty beareth title: namely, England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, concerning which number of foure, I thus Read: Pythagoras and his Schollers, who taught in his schooles, that Ten was the nature and foule of all number; one Reason which he gave (to omit the rest) was, because all nations, as well civill as barbarous, can tell no farther than to the Denary, which is Ten, and then returne in their account unto the Monady, that is one: For example, from Tenne wee proceed to Eleven and Twelve, which is no more than Ten and One, Ten and Two, and so of the rest, till the number rise to an infinite.

Againe hee affirmeth, that the strength and vertue of all number consisteth in the quarternion; for begin-

ning with one, two, three, and foure, put them together and they make ten; he faith further, that the nature of number confisheth in ten, and the faculty of number is comprized in foure: in which respect the Pythagoreans expresse their holy oath in the quaternion, which they cal'd τετρακτιν, as may appear in these words.

Per tibi nostræ animæ præbentem tetrada Iuro, Naturæ fontemque & firmamenta perennis.

For they held the foule of man to fubfift in that number, proportionating it into these foure Faculties, Mens, Scientia, Opinio, Senfus, the Mind, Knowledge, Opinion, and Sence, and therefore according to that number Pythagoras frames his Speech, alluding to those four Kingdomes over which his Maiesty beareth title.

The Speech of the fecond Show, delivered in Paules Church-yard.

Acred's the number foure, Philosophers fay, And beares an happy Omen; as this day It may appeare: foure Elements confpire, Namely, the Water, Earth, the Aire, and Fire, To make up man: the colours in him bred Are also foure, White, Pallid, Blacke, and red; Of foure Complexions he existeth foly, Flegmaticke, Sanguine, Choler, Melancholy. His meate foure feverall digestions gaines, In Stomacke, Liver, Members, and the Veines. Foure qualities cald prime within lie, Which are thus titled, Hot, Cold, Moist, and Drie. He acts his whole life on this earthy stage, In Child-hood, Youth, Man-hood, Decripit age. The very day that doth afford him light, Is Morning, the Meridian, Evening, Night. Foure feafons still fuccessively appeare,

Which put together make a compleat yeare.
The earth, with all the Kingdomes therein guided,
Is into foure distinguish a parts devided.
The foure Windes from the Worlds foure quarters blow,
Eurus, Favonius, Auster, Aquilo.
All Morall vertues we in foure include,
As Prudence, Iustice, Temperance, Fortitude.
Court, City, Campe, and Countrey, the foure C C C s;
Which represent to us the foure degrees,
Requir'd in every faire and flourishing Land,
Substract but one a Kingdome cannot stand.
Foure Colonels are in this City knowne,
Of which you, honoured Sir, have long beene one:
And those foure Crownes, (for so the high Powers
please)

Embleme the Kings foure Scepters, and foure Seas.
The fift (1) Imperial Arch above, prodaimes
That glorious Crowne, at which his Highnesse aimes.
Thus is our round Globe squared, figuring his power,
And yours beneath Him, in the number soure.

The third Show.

The third Pageant or Show meerly confifteth of Anticke gesticulations, dances, and other Mimicke postures, devised onely for the vulgar, who are better delighted with that which pleaseth the eye, than contenteth the eare, in which we imitate Custome, which alwaies carrieth with it excuse: neither are they altogether to be vilested by the most supercilious, and censorious, especially in such a confluence, where all Degrees, Ages, and Sexes are assembled, every of them looking to bee presented with some sancy or other, according to their expectations and humours: Since grave and wise men have beene of opinion, that it is convenient, nay necessitous, upon the like occasions, to mixe seria

iocis; for what better can fet off matter, than when it is interlaced with mirth? From that I proceede to the fourth.

The fourth Show.

It compulfive, that here I should argue what a Fort is, a Skonce, or a Cittadall, nor what a Counterskarse, or halfe Moone, &c. is; nor what the opposures or defences are: my purpose is onely to expresse my selfe thus farre, that this Fort which is stil'd Imperial, defenc'd with men and officers, suiting their functions and places proper to such a muniment; doth in the morall include his Majesties royall chamber, which is the City of London, for to that onely purpose was the pro-

iect intended.

The Speaker is Bellona, whom some held to be the Daughter, fome the Sister, others the Nurse of Mars the god of Warre; neither in any of these is any impropriety, or ought that is diffonant from authority, because Envo, which is Bellona, implyeth that which putteth spirit and courage into an army. &c. Antiquity called her Duellona, that is, the goddesse of warre, to whom their Priests sacrificed their owne blood, and before whose Temple the Facialis set a speare against fome prime pillar thereof, when any publicke warre was to be denounced: Shee was most honoured of the Thracians, the Scithians, and those wild and barbarous nations, upon whose Altars they used to facrifice a Vulture, which is a ravenous hird, used to prey upon dead carcasses, and assemble themselves in great flocks after any fought battaile: but this Discourse may to some appeare impertinent to the project in hand, and therefore I thus proceed to her speech.

Bellonaes Speech upon the Imperiall Fort.

This Structure (honour'd Sir) doth title beare
Of an Imperiall Fort, apt for that fpheare
In which you now moove, borrowing all her grace,

As well from your owne person as your place; For you have past through all the degrees that tended Vnto that height which you have now ascended.

You have beene in this City ('tis knowne well) A Souldier, Captaine, and a Colonell. And now in times faire progresse, to crowne all, Of this Metropolis chiefe Generall. You, of this Embleme, which this day we bring, To reprefent the Chamber of the King, Are the prime governour: a Royall Fort, And strongly scited, as not built for sport, But for example and defence: a Tower Supported by no leffe than Soveraigne power: The Theologicke vertues, the three Graces, And Charities have here their feverall places. Concordia Here Piety, true Zeale, study of Peace, parva res (By which fmall mites to Magozines increase) Crescunt, is the Motto Have residence: now opposite there are of the Com-To thefe, and with them at continuall warre, pany of the right Wor-Pride, Arrogance, Sloath, Vanity, Prestigion, **fhipfull** Habber-Prophanesse, the contempt of true Religion, dashers. With thousands more, who affiduatly waite This your Imperial Fort to infidiate.

You may observe i'th musicke of your Bels
Like found in Triumphes, and for funerall knels;
Marriage and death to them appeare all one,
Masking nor mourning cannot change their tone:
With our Fort 'tis not fo, whose faire pretence, is
To comply with the nature of offences,
Errors; she knowes in low termes how to chide
Great faults, with greater noise are terrist'd:
But she can load her Cannons, and speake loud
To encounter with the arrogant and proud:
Whats further in your Pretorship assign'd,

Whats further in your Prætorship afsign'd, You, in your Londons Mirrour there may find.

The fifth show, cald Londons Mirrour.

His beareth the title of the whole Triumphe; of Glasses pertinent to this our purpose, there bee severall sorts, as Opticke, Perspective, Prospective, Multiplying, &c. The presenter is Visus, or Sight; for what the minde is to the soule, the same is the eye to the body, being the most precious part thereof. Sight is the most soveraigne sence, the first of sive, which directeth man to the study & search of knowledge & wisedome; the eyes are placed in the head as in a Citadel, to be watch-towers and Centinels for the safety, and guiders and conducters for the solv.

We read that one *Marcus Varro* was fir-named *Strabo*, for the excellency and quickneffe of his fight, who from *Libæum*, a Province in *Scicilia*, could diftinguish and give an exact account of all fuch ships as came out of the haven of *Carthage*, which two places some hold to be more than an hundred *Italian* leagues distant: indeed no man can better estimate the vertue and value of the fight, than he that is made blinde and wants it, neither could I devise a more apt Speaker to present this *Mirrour*, than the sence of the fight, without which, the purest Christall is of no use at all.

The Pageant it felfe is decored with glasses of all forts: the persons upon or about it are beautifull Children, every one of them expressing their natures and conditions in the impresaes of their shields, eight of the prime of which suiting with the quality of the Optick sence, beare these severall Inscriptions: Afpice, Despice, Conspice, Prospice, Perspice, Inspice, Circumspice, Respice:

 $0\psi\sigma\iota s$, or *Opfis* the Speaker.

Behold me Sight, of the five fences prime; (Now best complying with the place and time) Presenting Londons Mirrour, and this Glasse

Shewes not alone what she is, or once was, But that the spacious Vniverse might see In her, what their great Cities ought to be; That every forraigne Magistrate from hence Might learne how to dispose his Opticke sence.

Afpice Saith, Looke toward and upon Defartfull men whom this Age frowneth on. And Despice cast downe thy powerfull eye On the poore wretch that doth beneath thee lye. Then Conspice take counfell first and paufe With meditation, ere thou iudge a caufe. Profpice bids looke afarre off, and view (Before conclude) what dangers may infue. Perspice wils, in sifting doubts, then scan The nature of the matter with the man. Let every cause be searcht, and duely sought, Saith Inspice, ere thou determinst ought. Circumspice faith, looke about to immure So great a charge, that all within be fure. Considerate Respice iniognes thee last, To cast thine eyes backe upon all things past.

For Londons felfe, if they shall first begin To examine her without, and then within, What Architectures, Palaces, what Bowers, What Citadels, what turrets, and what towers? Who in her age, grew pregnant, brought a bed Of a New Towne, and late delivered Of such a burthen, as in few yeares space, Can almost speake all tongues, (to her more grace.) Then her Cathedrals, Temples new reparing, An act of true devotion, no man sparing His helping hand; and many, 'tis well knowne, To further Gods house have forgot their owne.

Vnto her outward shape I doe not prize her,
But let them come within to anatomize her.
Her Prætor, scarlet Senate, Liveries,
The ordering of her brave societies:
Divine Astræa here in equall scale
Doth ballance Iustice, Truth needes not looke pale,

Nor poverty deiected, th' Orphants caufe, And Widowes plea finde helpe; no jubtile claufe Can make demurre in fentence: a faire hearing, And upright doome in every Court appearing: Still to preferve her fo, be't your indeavour, And she in you; you her shall live for ever.

I come now to the Linvoy, or last Speech, when his Lordship, after his dayes long and tedious trouble, retireth himselfe to his rest at night, in which *Pythagoras* the Speaker briefly runs over the passages of the Pageant before expressed, after this manner.

The Speech at Night.

WE to a Valediction are confined,
(Right Honoured) and intreat You beare in minde

What was this Day prefented: Your chiefe Saint A Martyr once of the Church militant, But now of the tryumphant, bids You fpare Your felfe this Night: for to a World of Care You are ingag'd to morrow, which muft last Till the whole progresse of Your Yeere be past. The Spheare-like Globe quadrated, lets You know, What Pro-Rex doth to the foure Scepters owe. Your Military honours, (in your Dayes Of lesse command) th' Imperiall Fort displayes, And Londons Mirrour, that all men may see What Magistrates have beene, and ought to be. Set is the Sunne long since, and now the Light Quite fayling us, Thrice Honourd Sir, good Night.

For the Artifts, and directors of these Pageants and showes, Fohn Christmas and Mathias, the two Sonnes of Gerard, their now deceased Father, a knowne Master in all those Sciences he profest: I can say no more but thus, that proportioning their Workes according to the limits of the gates through which they

were to passe, being ty'de not to exceede one Inch either in height, or breadth: My Opinion is, that sew Workemen about the Towne can paralell them, much lesse exceede them. But if any shall either out of Curiosity or malice taxe their ability, in this kind of Art, I referre them to the Carving of his Majesties Great Ship lately built at Woolwitch, which Worke alone is able both to satisfie Emulation, and qualifie Envie.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE I.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

Reprinted in the Sixth Volume of Dilke's Old Plays (1816).

Of the English Traveller the story, as far as it relates to Young Lionel and Reignald, is (as Langbaine observes) borrowed from the Mortellaria of Plautus. Indeed, so considerable a part of the play is closely copied from that performance, that it is curious Heywood did not think it necessary to acknowledge the obligation.

The English Traveller, it may be added further, is not the only drama which has been very deeply indebted to the Mortellaria. The Intriguing Chambermaid of Fielding is evidently founded upon it: and the entertainment given by the rakish fon, the old man's return from a voyage, the project of the knavish fervant to prevent the father's furprising the company that were carousing in his house by making him believe it was haunted, and his pretending that the young gentleman had purchased another in the room of it, are all introduced with little variation from the original. And these observations apply as closely to The English Traveller, as to the Intriguing Chambermaid.

PAGE 16.

Drinke Whig and fowere Milke.

"Whig" was formed from the whey of milk after the cheefe curd had been feparated from it by runnet, a fecond and inferior curd being feparated from the whey by an acid mixture; the remainder, after a flight fermentation, was called whig, and drunk by the poorer classes instead of small beer.

PAGE 26.

Alfaresse.

Alfarez, or alfares, seems to have been a subordinate officer (an ensign, says Reed). Don Juan, in Massinger's Rule a Wife and have a Wife, says, Leon had been recommended to him as his "Alferez."

Ib.

rebellings.

Qy. "Ravelines?"

PAGE 28.

In the height of their caroufing, all their braines Warned with the heate of wine, &c.

"This piece of pleasant exaggeration," says Charles Lamb, "(which, for its life and humour might have been told, or acted, by Petruchio himself) gave rife to the title of Cowley's Latin play, Naufragium Ioculare, and furnished the idea of the best feene in it."

Hazlitt confiders this account of shipwreck by drink "the most splendid passage in Heywood's comedies."

PAGE 48.

Pollute the Nuptiall bed with Michall finne.

The word "michall," or "mechal," has been already explained.

Mr. Dilke, not being able to understand it, substituted "mickle," though he consessed himself "not altogether satisfied with the alteration"!

PAGE 63.

What braue caru'd poasts; Who knowes but heere, In time, Sir, you may keepe your Shreualtie.

It appears from many of our old writers, that it was cuftomary for the sheriff to have posts in front of his house, ornamented in some particular way, probably for the purpose of pointing out his residence, or, as Warburton conjectures, "that the King's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication."

PAGE 65. Chauelah.

A corruption of Qui va là?

PAGE 167.

THE LATE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

In 1633 Pendle Forest again became the scene of pretended witchcrafts: and from various circumstances the trial which took place then has acquired even greater notoriety than that which preceded it twenty years before. The particulars are substantially comprised in the Examination of Edmund Robinson (1) son of Edm. Robinson, of Pendle Forest, Mason, taken at Padiham, before Richard Shuttleworth and John Starkie, Esqs., two of his Majesty's justices of the peace, within the county of Lancaster, 10th February, 1633.

Heywood and Brome, in their play, The late Lancashire Witches, follow the terms of this deposition very closely. It is very probable that they had seen and conversed with the boy, to whom, when taken up to London, there was a great resort of company. The Lancashire dialect, as given in this play, and by no means unfaithfully, was perhaps derived from conversations with some of the actors in this drama of real life—a drama quite as extraordinary as any that Heywood's imagination ever bodied forth from the world of siftion.

Alice Nutter (concerning whom fee The Wonderfull Difcoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaster by Thomas Potts, 1613) (2) was doubtless the original of the story of which Heywood availed himself in the The late Lancastrire Witches—a story frequently noticed by the writers of the seventeenth century—that

the wife of a Lancashire country gentleman had been detected in

⁽¹⁾ This examination (which is too long to be given here) is printed in extenso in Whitaker's Whalley, p. 213; Webster's Displaying of Witcherast, p. 347; and Baines's Lancashire, vol. i. p. 604.

⁽²⁾ Reprinted for the Chetham Society (*Remains Hiftorical and Literary, Vol. VI.*) in 1845, with an Introduction and Notes by James Croffley, Efq.; to which we are mainly indebted for the information given above.

practifing witchcraft and unlawful arts, and had been condemned and executed. "In that play there can be little hefitation in aferibing to Heywood the fcenes in which Mr. Generous and his wife are the interlocutors, and to Brome the fubordinate and farcical portions. It is a very unequal performance, but not defititute of those fine touches, which Heywood is never without, in the characters of English country gentlemen and the pathos of domestic tragedy."—Crossley (ubi fupra): Introduction, lxv—lxx.; Notes, pp. 34—38.

There is a reprint of this play by Mr. Halliwell, thus entitled: "The Poetry of Witchcraft illustrated by Copies of the Plays on the Lancashire Witches by Heywood and Shadwell. Brixton

Hill: Printed for Private Circulation only, 1853."

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth has written a romance on the subject of The Lancashire Witches.

PAGE 262.

Londons Ius Honorarium.

An exact reprint from the only copy known to be extant of this pageant, kindly placed at our difpofal by H. Huth, Efq., of whose invaluable library it is one of the many priceless treasures.

Heywood also wrote the pageants for 1632 and 1633: to these we have not succeeded in obtaining access; but we are enabled to give some account of them extracted from an interesting book published some thirty years ago by the Percy Society. (2).

That of 1632 is entitled: "Londini Artium et Scientiarum Scaturigo, Londons Fountain of Arts and Sciences; exprest in fundrie Triumphes, Pageants and Shews, at the Initiation of the Right Honorable Nich. Raynton, in the Majoralty of the famous and far-renowned City of London. All the charge and Expense of the Laborious Projects, both by Sea and Land, being the fole Undertaking and Charge of the Right Worshipfull Company of Haberdashers. Written by Thomas Heywood. Lond. 1632.' The Pageant of 1633 is entitled:—"Londini Emporia, or London's

⁽²⁾ Lord Mayor's Pageants: being Collections towards a hiftery of these Annual Celebrations. By F. W. Fairholt. Lond. (Percy Society), Part I., 1843.

Mercatura: exprest in fundry triumphs, pageants, and showes, at the inauguration of the Right Honorable Ralph Freeman into the Maioralty of the famous: and farre-renowned citty London. All the charge and expense of the laborious proiects, both by water and land being the fole undertaking of the Right Worshipfull Company of the Cloath-workers. Written by Thomas Heywood. Redeunt Spectacula. Printed at London by Nicholas Okes. 1633."

The pamphlet opens with the praife of merchantmen, detailing "the eight offices of piety in a merchant required:—"I. Rectitude of confcience; 2. Abfence of equivocation; 3. Honefly in bargaining; 4. Juftice; 5. Humility; 6. Charity to the poor; 7. Abfence of Avarice; 8. A renunciation of "all care and trouble of mind, which may hinder divine contemplation." Of courfe—"all thefe things defireable being knowne to be eminent in your lordfhip," Heywood tells us, "was the maine inducement to entitle this prefent show by this apt denomination Londoni Emporia."

The first pageant is exhibited on the water; "which is a seachariot, beautified and adorned with shel-sishes of fundry fashion and splendour." It is drawn by two griffins; upon them are feated two figures bearing pendants, "upon which are portrayed the armes of the two sheriffes now in place." Thames rides in the chariot, surrounded by water nymphs, and appears to arouse from a sleep, as the mayor's barge approaches. He addresses him in a speech, which contains an allusion to the "clensing of the river at this time by fundry water engines," in these strange words:—

"Can Thamefis himfelf fo far forget?
But 'tis long fince Tame and Ifis met,
That 'tis not rare; for we two are groune old,
And being rivers, fubiect to take cold;
Forc't with extremity of paine to grone,
As troubled with the gravell and the ftone,
(Whole fhelves are in our raines) but (Fates fo pleafe)
By artifts' helpe wee late have got fome eafe.
Thanks to our patriots!"

After explaining the pageant and its mystic allusions, he ends:-

[&]quot;But why should I, though best of Neptunes' sons,

(Whose streame almost by your permission runnes) Instruct him who can teach? since the last yeare, Till this day, never ran my tides so cleare As now they doe, were never so become With barges, ensignes, trumpets, system drum, Methinkes you make mee young againe to view, Old customes kept, and (in them) all things new."

The first show by land is placed in St. Paul's Churchyard. It is the trade-pageant of the company.—The shepherd and sheep, with his dog guarding them from the ever-watchful wolf. He sits "upon a dyall, to which his sheep-hooke is the gnomon," and he explains this, in his speech to the mayor.—

"As I, so you must on a dyall fit,
Which hath no gnomen but my staffe to it,
And such your sword is now, your wakefull eye
Must still be ope, to watch where you can spy
The ravenous woolse, to presse, and blocke the way,
Least hee on any of your slocke should prey.

And that your charge fo carefully be borne, That they be neuer but in feason shorne."

The fecond pageant "is a ship, most proper to the trade of merchant-adventurers," with Mercury as pilot, who addresses the mayor in a speech alluding to his own large mercantile occupation, and its consequent beneficial effects to the country.

"The third show by land, is a modell devised to humour the throng, who come rather to see than to heare: and without some such intruded anti-maske, many who carry their ears in their eyes, will not sticke to say, I will not give a pinne for the Show. Since therefore it confists only in motion, agitation, and action, and these (expressed to the life) being apparently visible to all, in vaine should I imploy a speaker, where I presuppose all his words would be drown'd in noyse and laughter. I therefore passe to the fourth and last."

"Which is a curious and neately framed architect, beautified with many proper and becoming ornaments: bearing the title of the Bower of Bliffe; an embleme of that future happineffe which not onely all just and upright magistrates, but every

good man, of what condition or quality foever, in the course of his life especially aimeth at." Herein are seated Prudence, Temperance, Justice and Fortitude, and "the three theologicall vertues, Faith, Hope and Charity, as handmaides attending to conduct all such pious and religious magistrates the way to the celestial bower of blisse." Prudence describes and descants upon all in a moral speech, in which she delares it

"Aptly may be titled Freeman's bower."

"The fpeech at night" alludes "to the twelve celefiall fignes, which may aptly be applied unto the twelve moneths during the lord mayor's government." The entire fpeech runs thus:—

"Sleepe may you foundly fir, to morrow preft To a yeares trouble, for this one nights reft, In which may ftarres and planets all confpire, To warme you fo by their celestiall fire; Aries whose Gold Fleece Greece doth so renowne, May both inrich you, and this glorious toune, That Taurus in your strength may so appeare, You this great weight may on your fhoulders beare; That the two Twins, the mother's bleft increase, May in this citty still continue peace. That Cancer who incites to hate and fpleene, May not in your faire government be feene, That Leo waiting on your indgement feate, May moderate his rage and fcorching heate; That the celestial Maide may you aduise, Virgins and orphans still to patronize; And rather then your justice heere should faile, Libra no more be feene with golden fcale; And that the Scorpions sting may be so charm'd. The poore may not be wrong'd nor innocent harm'd. That Chiron's bent bow fo may guide your will. You may still aime, but never shoote to kill: And Capricorne though all things faid to dare. Though he haue power, yet may have will to spare: That as Aquarius doth his water power, You may your goodness on this city shower:

Pifces, the last of twelve, the feet they guide, From head to foot, O may you so provide.

It ends with praife of "Mr. Gerald Chrifmas," who conftructed the pageant. Heywood having previously returned thanks to the wardens and committee of the Clothworkers company, "for their affability and courtesie, unto myselse, being at that time to them all a meere stranger, who when I sent my then unperfect papers, were as able to judge of them, as attentively to heare them; and rather judicially considering all things, then nicely carping at any thing."

END OF FOURTH VOLUME.





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Heywood, Thomas
The dramatic works of
Thomas Heywood

Wallaci

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